May 19, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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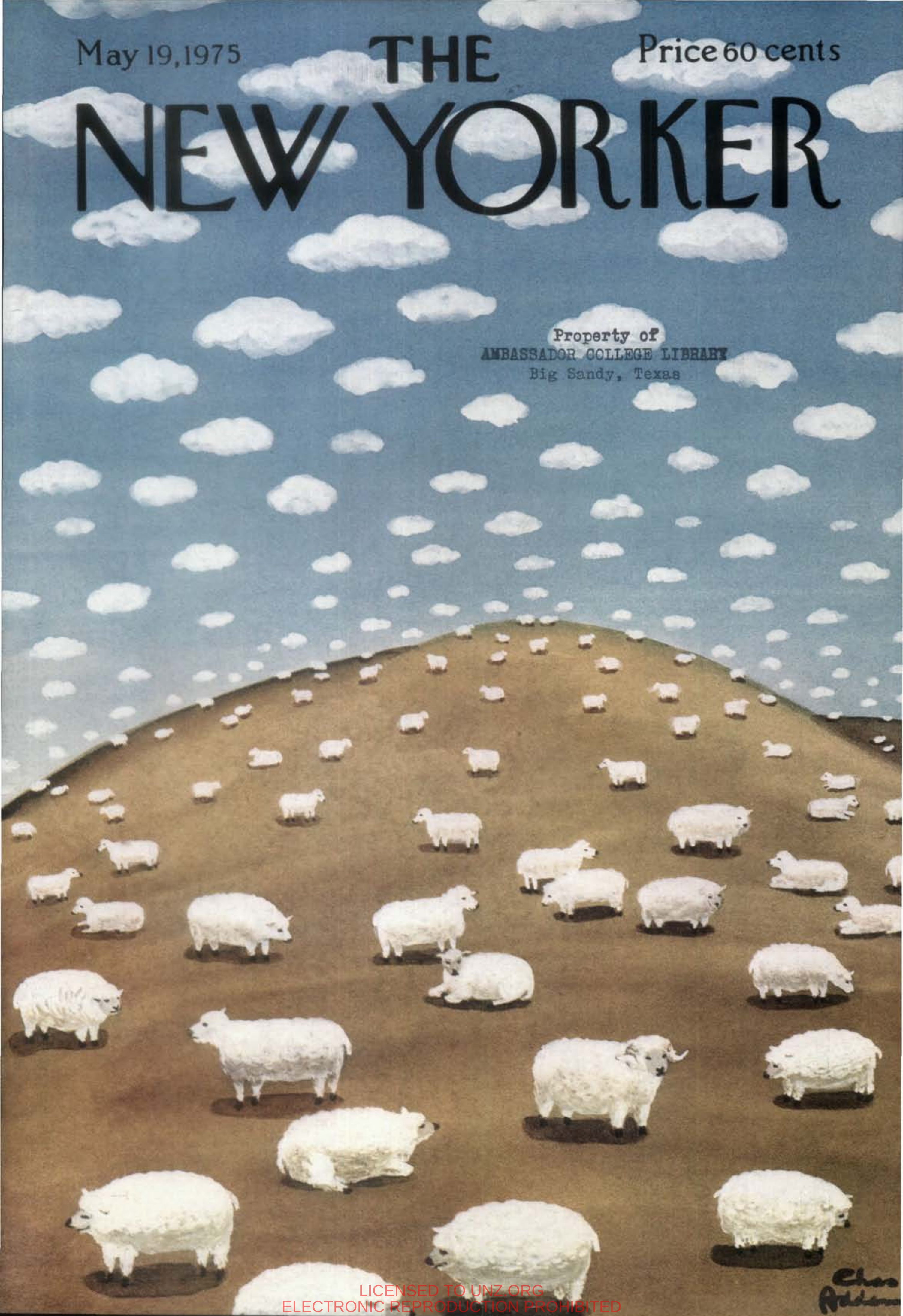
Chas Addams

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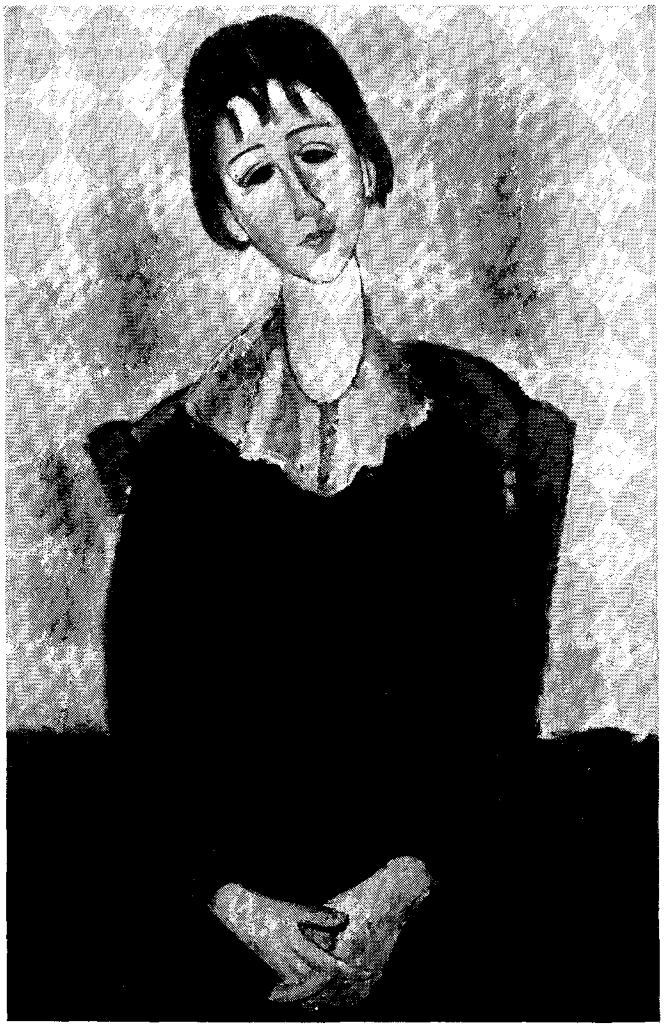

Fillette sur une chaise; Huguette, by Amedeo Modigliani, signed, 36in. by 23¾in. Sold on April 15th on behalf of an American Collector for $302,400, a record price for a work by this artist.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Curt Dawson, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue—Bette Midler is more volcanic than clamlike, and a good thing, too. A superstar in the making. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8. and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

Dance with Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Rudolf Friml's operetta **The Three Musketeers** is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ghosts and **The Measures Taken**—The Ibsen play, translated by Rolf Fjelde: Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ The Brecht play, translated by Eric Bentley: Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

The Glorious Age—A musical with a score and lyrics by Cy Young, who, with Mark Gordon, also wrote the book. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking struggle valiantly but in vain to save this failed musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

Harry Outside—A play by Corinne Jacker, with Kevin McCarthy and Lois Smith. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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In Praise of Love—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

Little Black Sheep—A play by Anthony Scully about some foulmouthed priests in a Jesuit house of study in New Haven. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 21, at 2.)

The Misanthrope—Molière survives a considerable buffeting at the hands of a production laid in the de Gaulle era. The stars are Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

A Musical - Merchant of Venice—Book by William Shakespeare, lyrics by Tony Tanner, and music by Jim Smith. Opens Wednesday, May 14, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

The National Lampoon Show—A sharp-witted, brutal, often dirty, and often funny revue. The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi especially so. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:15; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Philemon—A tenderhearted, overlong musical about a clown in Antioch, some two thousand years ago. By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks." (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. 246-6755. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Polly—Polly is Polly Peachum, here adrift in the New World, in John Gay's comic opera—

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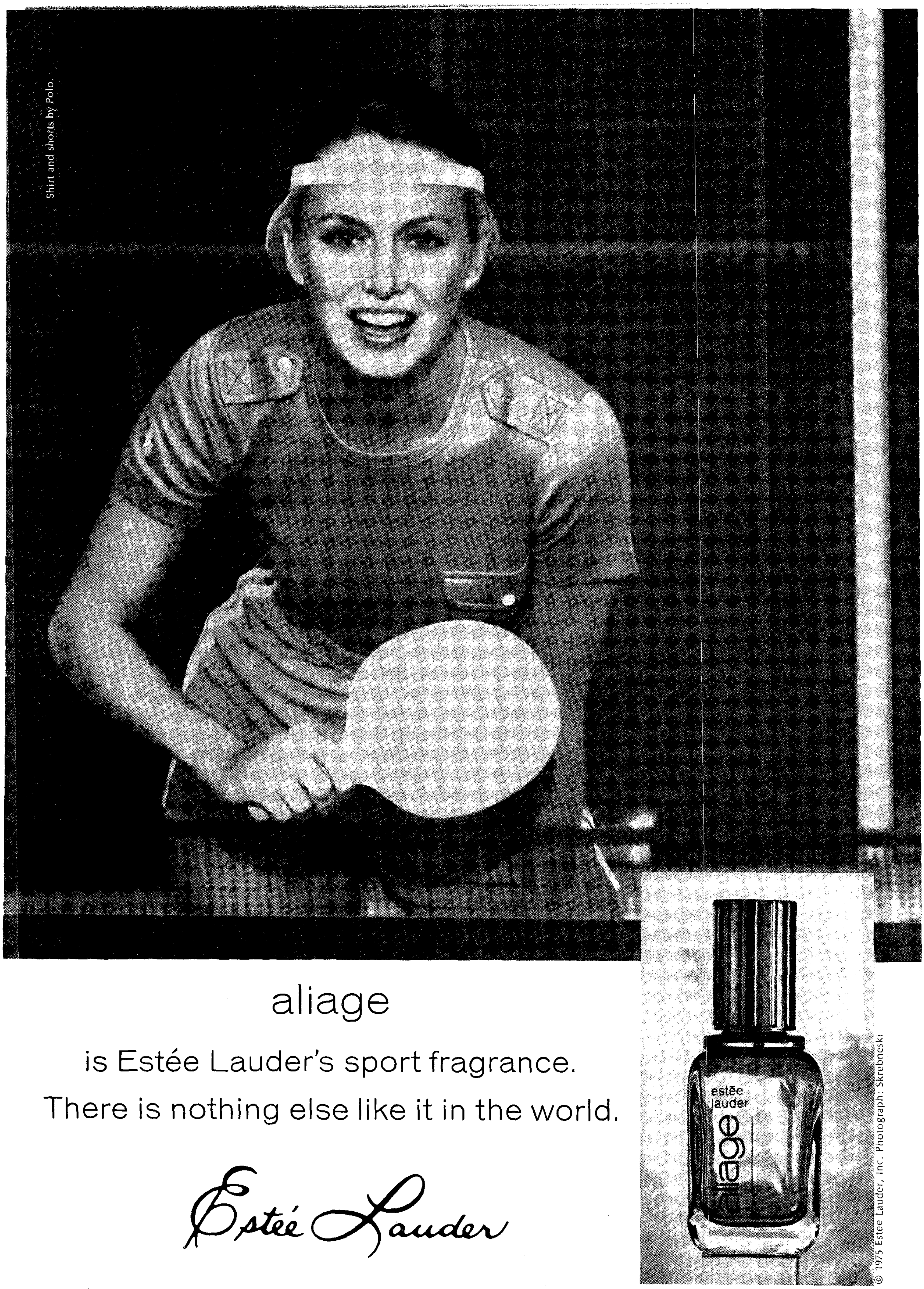
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a sequel to "The Beggar's Opera." This show comes nowhere near the brilliance of its great progenitor, but there is fun in it, all the same. The witty and ingenious costumes and scenery and the attractive score are by Carrie F. Robbins, Robert U. Taylor, and Mel Marvin, respectively. Robert Kalfin, who adapted it, also directed. Patricia Elliott, Robert Manzari, Betsy Beard, and Edward Zang are among the good performers. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rodgers & Hart—A musical production based on a concept by Richard Lewine and John Fearnley. The songs are drawn from the eighteen-year collaboration of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, and the cast includes Laurence Guittard and Virginia Sandifur. Directed by Burt Shevelove. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A-Season-Within-a-Season—Final performances in a series of plays by new black playwrights, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Through Sunday, May 18: **THE MOONLIGHT ARMS** and **THE DARK TOWER**, one-acters by Rudy Wallace. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 20-25: **WELCOME TO BLACK RIVER**, by Samm Williams. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

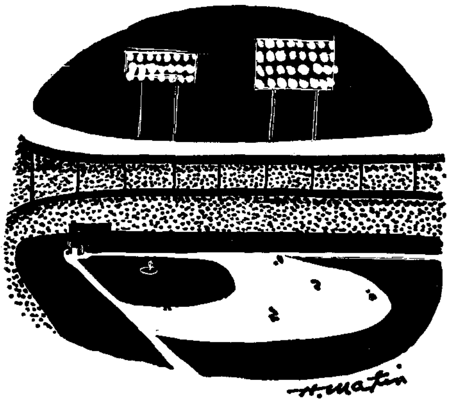
Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played by John Neville, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sidnee Poet Heroical—A play by Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones). Opens Thursday, May 15, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

The Taking of Miss Janie—Ed Bullins' powerful, complex, and often funny play about the turbulent sixties. The setting is southern California, and much of the action takes place at a party that three black college roommates give for their black and white friends. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Women Behind Bars—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Yanks 3, Detroit 0, Top of the Seventh and **Rubbers**—A double bill by Jonathan Reynolds, directed by Alan Arkin. Opens Friday, May 16, and will run through Saturday, June 14. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,265 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Dancing elephants, to say nothing of pink poodles. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays and Monday, May 26, at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 26.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—The first two programs in a **RAVEL FESTIVAL** of music and dance (sixteen of seventeen ballets are premières). Wednesday, May 14, at 8: "Sonatine" (with Madeleine Malraux, piano), "Piano Concerto in G," and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 345.). . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 8, and Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 8: "Sonatine," "Piano Concerto in G," "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," and "La Valse.". . . **REPERTORY:** Sunday, May 18, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 18, at 7: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Ivesiana," "Agon," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Western Symphony." . . . **RAVEL FESTIVAL:** Thursday and Friday, May 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, May 24, at 2 and 8: "Schéhérazade," "Introduction and Allegro," "Alborada del Gracioso," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Daphnis et Chloé." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—"Swan Lake": Wednesday matinée, May 14; Saturday matinée, May 17; and Wednesday evening, May 21. . . . ¶ "Ivan the Terrible": Wednesday evening, May 14; Monday evening, May 19; Wednesday matinée, May 21; and Saturday evening, May 24. . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty": Thursday and Friday evenings, May 15-16; Tuesday evening, May 20; Thursday evening, May 22; and Saturday matinée, May 24. . . . ¶ "Spartacus": Saturday evening, May 17, and Friday evening, May 23. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Agnes de Mille—And her Heritage Dance Theatre in a lecture-demonstration entitled "Conversations About the Dance," with Gemze de Lappe, Jeremy Blanton, Hortense Kooluris, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—Wednesday, May 21, and Friday, May 23, at 8: "Radiance of the Dark," "Passage," "Serendipity," "Roots," and "De la Tierra" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, May 22, and Saturday, May 24, at 8: "Las Desenamoradas," "Narcissus Rising," "Movements II," "Transplant II," and "Hushed Voices.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 25, at 2:15: "Noon," "Junkie," "De la Tierra," and "Radiance of the Dark." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-

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time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—**SONNY FORTUNE,** a fine creator of extended, developed alto-sax and flute solos, works with an exemplary quintet through Saturday, May 17. On Wednesday, May 21, explosively bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** starts leading his trio. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This four-hundred-seat club is a very good place to see those performers who, in the recessionless past, would have played concerts exclusively. Though the setting is far from intimate—one can come into quite close contact with nearly all three-hundred-and-ninety-nine of the other patrons while sitting at the narrowly spaced tables or in the post-show rush to the coat checkroom—practically every table (excepting those few whose sight lines are blocked by pillars) affords a better view of the action than choice seats in a concert hall or rock palace would. The **PERSUASIONS,** a sublime a-cappella street-corner soul and gospel quintet, alternate with the Brecker Brothers, who are neither cough-drop executives nor hosts on summer-replacement television but, rather, are co-leaders of an electronic rock-jazz outfit that will most likely appeal to Bottom Line jazz buffs. Through Thursday, May 15. Friday through Sunday, May 16-18, **MARY TRAVERS,** Peter- and Paul-less for some five years now, fronts her own folk-rooted organization opposite country-and-Southern singer Paul Davis. A Missouri-bred sextet, the Ozark Mountain Daredevils, trades sets with Brewer and Shipley, a successful (on past Top Forty surveys), if somewhat bland, folk-rock duo, Monday through Wednesday, May 19-21. Thursday, May 22, will be devoted to country-rock singer Emmy Lou Harris and her band. **MOSE ALLISON,** whose hair is now gray and frizzled and whose hairline has begun its retreat, performs with an often intense trio, starting Friday, May 23. Allison can still let loose an exuberant and altogether decent piano solo, which usually is rammed abruptly against a peaceful, floating vocal sung in his unchanged youthful, nasal voice. Blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND,** who has never looked as though he's spent much time hopping freights, appears opposite the Allison trio and grunts, cries, stomps, and plays his way into authenticity. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

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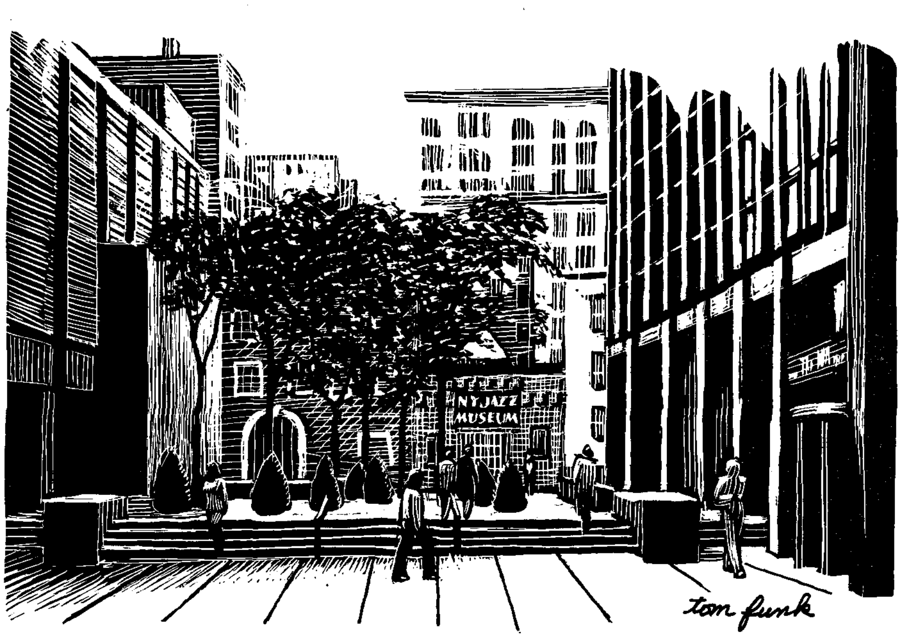
Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones operate in this lively little bar through Saturday, May 17. On Monday, May 19, Kenny Barron and his bassist, Bob Cunningham, claim the music corner. The music hours run from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD,** who displays a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH'S** new club is attractive, spacious, comfortable, and—rarest of the rare—clean. Rich has put together another big band, and it is a volcanic beauty, with some remarkable soloists. The rest of the show includes **MEL TORMÉ,** who once was called the Velvet Fog. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** a subtle and inventive pianist, reproduces the raw materials—the emotions, the rhythmic patterns, the harmonic strengths—that the old-master pianists of the thirties and forties quarried their styles out of. He is playing by himself, which is as it should be; bass players simply bounce off his left hand. From eight until one every night except Sunday, when Dick Hyman takes over. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, May 20, alto saxophonist Earle Warren and guitarist Al Casey sit in. Music from nine to three-thirty. Red Richards mans the piano nightly from five to nine. Closed Sundays.



Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—The recent appearance here by Cecil Taylor was overwhelmingly successful—the first two weeks were completely sold out, and scores of potential customers had to be turned away on weekends. The management foresees an even larger turnout for **ORNETTE COLEMAN,** who has begun a two-week engagement with his sextet; Tuesdays through Sundays from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here Mondays and Tuesdays with bassist John Beal and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** The trio is not to be missed. Warren Chiasson, a Canadian vibraharpist, has good flashes from six to nine except Sundays, when **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, performs with Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Snacks.

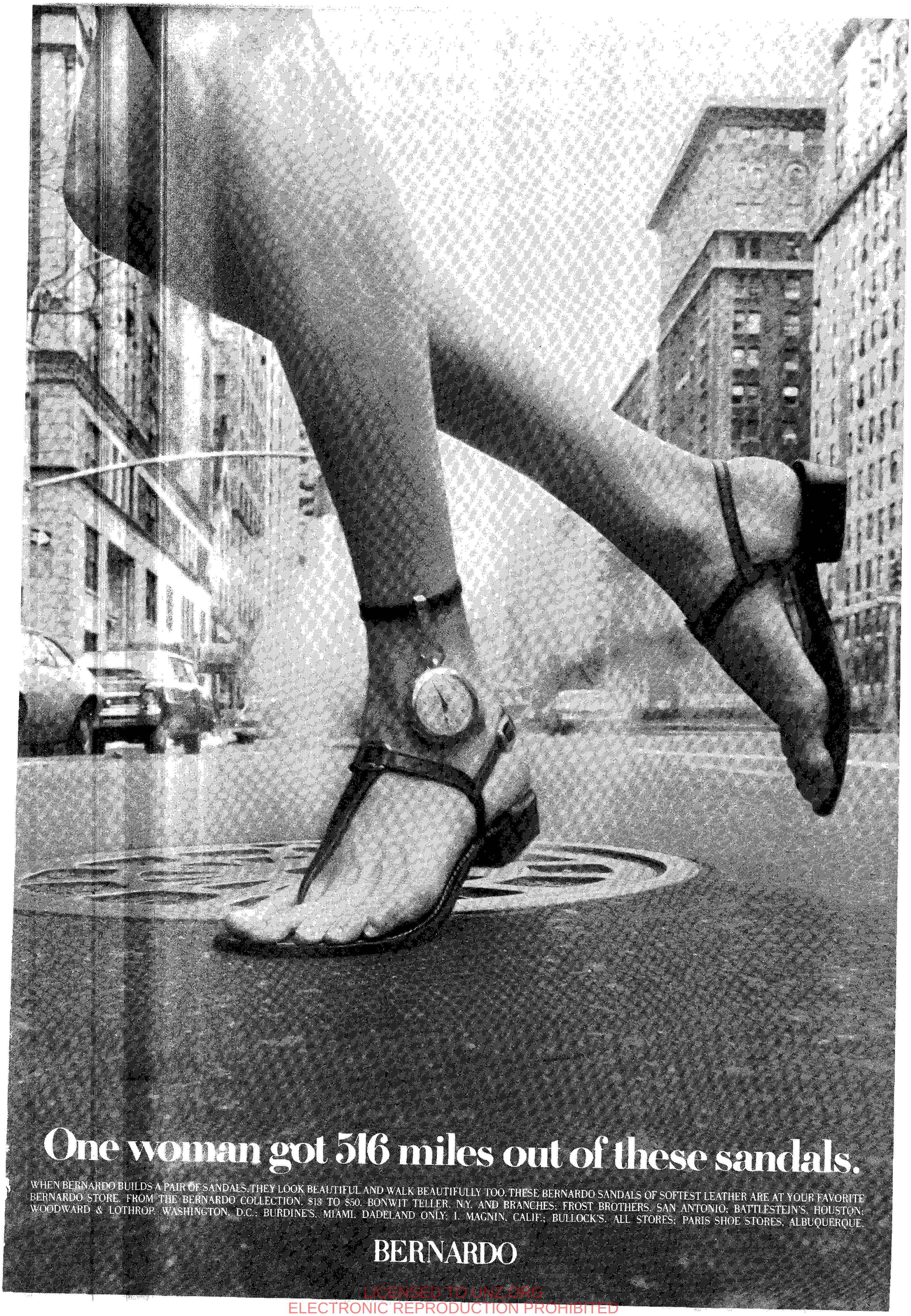
Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Max Kaminsky replaces Eldridge on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which **MABEL MERCER** has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its early-evening ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She sings—and miraculously well of late, particularly at her second show—at ten and midnight. Tuesdays through Saturdays.

•

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI** is probably in his late seventies, and he's made his way through life pulling off musical Hugh Troy jokes, laughing like a trombone, kicking the gong around, and playing jazz violin as well as anyone. (He and Stéphane Grappelli are presently neck and neck for first place in the exclusive Best-Jazz-Violinist-in-the-World Derby.) Age has made Venuti low and wide, and he now resembles the Monitor. He moves constantly when he plays, his face swivelling and firing off mysterious, granitic expressions, his shoulders doing the Sydney Greenstreet, and his hands plucking and sawing and fretting. His music is equally restless, and whatever he touches swings. With a double-stop here and a chalumeau passage there, he makes a blues into a serenade, a dirge, a lullaby. He



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BERNARDO

does "Body and Soul" as a rhapsody, and then, doubling the tempo, makes it a tattered, whipping flag. He luxuriates (while laughing on the inside) in bathetic versions of "Summertime" and Liszt and Victor Herbert. And he sets tempos on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "I Got Rhythm" and "I've Found a New Baby" that are fast enough to jelly the strongest accompanist. Which won't happen during this Venuti visit to Michael's Pub, for John Bunch and Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosengarden are on hand, and to date not one has slipped a beat. Rosengarden, in fact, has also been getting off some stirring four-bar breaks. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. Then, on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Closed Sundays.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated rhythm and blues nightly, from ten to three.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—A pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professionals who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the city's large orchestras; these quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Lillian Roth is here through Saturday, May 17, singing all the old songs in a husky, hoarse-sounding voice and with a good deal of charm. On Tuesday, May 20, John Phillips and his wife, Genevieve Waite, begin a return engagement. Phillips, with an amused look on his face, plays guitar for and sometimes sings along with his blond spouse, who comes over as a dolled-up camp queen with a voice like a rubber duck, and their between-song interchanges are strictly lame Burns & Allen. Appearing ahead of the Phillips-Waite follies are Denise Rogers and her backup group, who perform fine gospel numbers and songs like "The 59th Street Bridge Song" with an appealing gospel flavoring. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, Eric Bentley—Brecht scholar, academician, dramatist, and recording artist (he has made six albums of songs)—sings and plays piano and harmonium. When Bentley introduces a song or explains the harmonium, it's almost like sitting in on one of his lectures, but he is a charming, if tentative and somewhat absentminded-professorial, performer. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A small, triangular club that occupies the cellar of a tiny white-brick building south of Sheridan Square. **Chet Baker** hobnobs with pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris—who have become the house rhythm section—on Wednesdays and Thursdays. **David Amram** joins the regulars on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17; and trombonist Marshall Brown heads up a ragtime quintet on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24. Mondays have been claimed by Joe Lee Wilson, who sings in front of a combo led by saxophonist Monty Waters. Music from ten to three. Closed Tuesdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. **Chet Baker** calls it home, as he works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. Mellophonist Don Elliot's quartet is on hand Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, Richard Cole leads a quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, bright, frisky, and engaging, trumpeter **Howard McGhee** brings in his quartet. **Chuck Wayne** and **Joe Puma** exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

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Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavy-weight, unrestrained music in a modest, Spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. The musicians—drummer **Rashied Ali,** James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, David Durrah on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This restaurant, only a few months old, started out as an agreeable, unusually spacious and subdued listening room, but has grown more and more congested and frenetic—perhaps it is coming of age as a New York night club. Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, pianist Fred Thaler collaborates with bassist John Miller. **Attila Zoller,** a very fine and lively guitarist, plays with bassist Bill Takas on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini is present every Sunday and on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22. **Jaki Byard** and his sidekick from Bradley's, Major Holley, spend Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, under this roof. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

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Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—After winging around town for a while (a solo stint at the Cookery and memorable interludes as accompanist for Anita Ellis and Helen Humes), **Ellis Larkins** has landed here. The place is a bar-and-grill gussied up with scrubbed brick walls, memorabilia from the thirties and forties, and a behemoth of a 1938 jukebox, which offers Mildred Bailey and Charlie Barnet and Billie Holiday. Larkins works at an in-tune upright halfway down the room (which is stumbling dark), and he wheels out his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on such tunes as "Exactly Like You," "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You," "I'd Do Anything for You," and "Ain't Misbehavin'." It is advisable to zero in on the first song of each set, though, for Larkins often plays just four or five numbers before disappearing into an intermission long enough for one to recite "Hiawatha" in. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Larkins is weaving his tapestried silences Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

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Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A pleasant-looking, relaxed, and hassle-free bar and restaurant, with the obligatory exposed-brick walls, tin ceiling, and resident dog—in this case, a black shepherd named Tanya. On Sunday, May 18, pianist Sonelius Smith works with a quartet; Wednesdays are allotted to trumpeter Greg Bobulinski's quartet, along with vocalist **Joe Carroll.** Flutist Lloyd McNeil fronts an excellent combo—Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—that concentrates on infectiously rhythmic Brazilian-inspired jazz Thursdays through Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Powerhouse drummer **Elvin Jones** finishes up with his quintet on Sunday, May 18. On Tuesday, May 20, pianist **Bill Evans** arrives with his fine sidemen, drummer Marty Morrell and bassist Eddie Gomez. On Mondays, the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** band assembles itself on the acutely angled bandstand and lets go with some rousing, hard-hitting material, as well as a number of less successful ballads. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. The music—piano-bass duets, for the most part—is considerably more citified, and begins at eight. Thursdays through Sundays.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Four-string tenor guitarist **Tiny Grimes,** once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesdays and Thursdays, with Shelton Gary, and with Brian Torff on bass. Fridays and Saturdays, a bop quintet takes the stand. Tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette works with a quartet on Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Tony Gorody and his piano are in evidence in the Café from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Steven Weltner takes over the keyboard on Sundays from eight to midnight, and on Mondays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Vivienne Della Chiesa dispenses her arias at ten during the week, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Saturday. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. The room closes for the season after Saturday, May 17. . . . ¶ In the Edwardian Room, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the Palm Court Mondays through Fridays from five to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from five to one and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Billy Daniels is in residence at dinner and supper in this well-run mountain resort. On Monday, May 19, pianist **Dave Brubeck** will check in with his sons Darius and Danny. Dance music commences at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **Sy Oliver** orchestra plays for dancing from seven, every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the well-nourished Maisonette, the Charles Turecamo orchestra provides dance music from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Jeanne Walsh sings along with the band. Pianist Earl Rose plays between the dance sets. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Harpist Eleanor Fell plays in the King Cole Grille every night but Sunday, from seven-thirty to eleven.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper are the occasions for Joey Heatherton to sing in the Empire Room. Dancing to the Bill Harrington orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

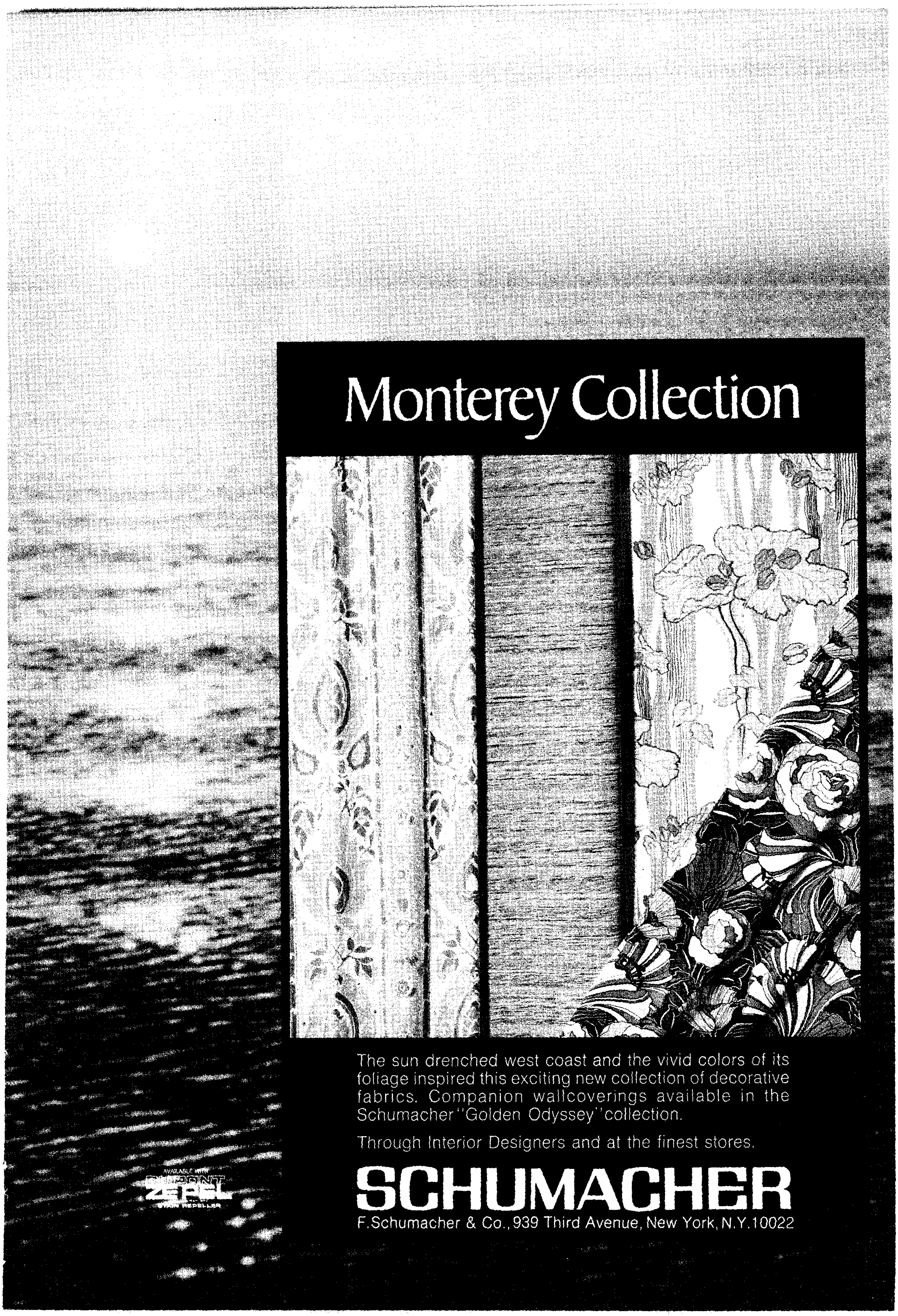
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings from all periods, including New England harbor-town scenes and depictions of circus life. Through May 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Twenty-three drawings, dated 1909-50, and three bronze sculptures. Through May 31. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joseph Beuys—An environment composed of copper and iron rods arranged against a wall,



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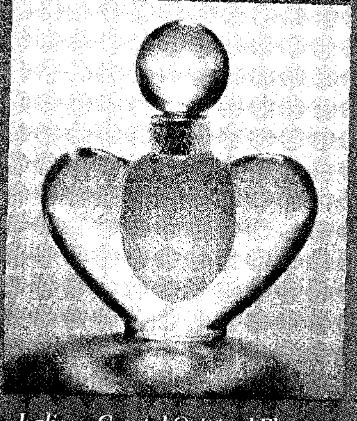

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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an antique wooden sled, and two blackboards on which there are drawings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Maurice Brianchon—Landscapes of the French countryside, still-lifes, and interiors. Through June 7. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

James Brooks—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, in a show running concurrently with his show at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Corneille—Gouache paintings inspired by the story of Pinocchio, done in a primitive style. Through Saturday, May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Thirty of his box constructions, plus some collages. Through May 31. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Ron Davis—Recent paintings. Through May 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Realist portraits, group compositions, and still-lifes in mixed mediums. Through May 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Collage paintings of male figures. Through June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Pierre Jacquemon—Abstract paintings, some suggesting landscapes and some suggesting figures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Robert Keyser—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Friday, May 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

James C. Leong—Misty-looking landscapes in oil. Through May 31. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Barry Le Va—Two rooms containing installations of felt (one set black, the other gray) in various shapes and sizes, strewn with ball bearings about an inch in diameter. Through Thursday, May 22. (Bykert, uptown, 24 E. 81st St.) . . . ¶ Another installation, this one of unpainted wood, also in various shapes and sizes. Through May 29. (Bykert, downtown, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Alberto Magnelli (1888-1971)—Examples of his early figurative paintings, as well as abstractions from later periods. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

André Masson—A comprehensive show of his surrealist works, 1937-43, including paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Richard A. Milholland—A series of pencil drawings entitled "Book of Jews." Through May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty paintings, with selections from his entire career. Through Sunday, May 18. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Wednesday through Saturday, 10 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 5.)

Robert Reid—Abstract watercolors derived from beach scenes. Through Saturday, May 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

George Rickey—Abstract stainless-steel kinetic pieces. Through Saturday, May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

William David Ridenhour—Black abstractions on paper. Through May 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jorge Noceda Sanchez—Surrealist paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ludwig Sander—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Paintings, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through Saturday, May 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Squares of uniform size in varying shades of color on acrylic canvases. Through May 31. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

George Schulman—Abstract paintings, ranging in size from large to miniature, with wide areas of color. Through Saturday, May 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Janet Stayton—Watercolors, soft canvases mounted in boxes, and a group entitled "Worksheets" that combines various mediums on paper. Through Saturday, May 17. (Deitcher, 20 E. 67th St.)

Frederick Wardy—Linear black-and-white oils. Through Saturday, May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Elbert Weinberg—Animals and mythological themes are the subjects for this sculptor's bronze, marble, and resin pieces. Through May 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jane Wilson / Ardeshir Mohassess—New still-life paintings, some representational and others abstract. / Colored-pencil and watercolor caricatures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: More than thirty artists are included in a tenth-anniversary show of "small works." Among the artists: Lynne Drexler, Shozo Nagano, and Roy Shifrin. Through June 14. . . . **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: About eighty-five artists are included in a show devoted to miniature and delicate works, some of them functional pieces, in mixed mediums, such as glass, wood, and ceramic. Through May 31. . . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Avery, Degas, Nevelson, and others. Through June 6. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Thirty works, among them two Modigliani portraits, a Picasso tapestry, and a Dali stage setting painted on glass. Through May 31. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Susan Goodrich and Ray Kass, and sculptures by John Anderson. Through May 30.

Sculpture—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Indoor and outdoor pieces (in bronze, terra-cotta, and stone, for instance) by Lucchesi, Manzù, Gross, and others. Through June 5. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Bronzes from the sixties, mostly, by British artists Robert Adams, Barbara Hepworth, Bernard Meadows, and Henry Moore. Through May 31. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: Five Constructivists—Abe Ajay, Stephen Edlich, Will Horwitt, J. Pindyck Miller, and Ulrich Niemeyer. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Luis Cruz Azaceta / Michael Isen—Large paintings of subway passengers and subway graffiti. / Painted-plaster sculptures, among them a bed with sheets, blankets, and pillow. Through May 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Five hammered-copper sculptures by a figurative artist. Through June 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Max Bill / Brett Whiteley—Paintings and sculptures by this Swiss artist, a Bauhaus graduate, who took up where Mondrian left off and has worked his way through (and out of, he says) mathematical concepts of art. / Ink drawings with a kind of Oriental dash, by an Australian artist. Through June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Drawings and etchings, as well as a few new paintings, in a show running concurrently with her retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Civitello—Acrylic still-lifes, in delicate colors, of ventilators, transformers, and other totemic-looking utilities. Through May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Doug Davis—Eight videotapes, two of them showing the artist typing his thoughts, which also appear on the screen. Through May 31. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gene Davis / Anne Dunn—Three color-field paintings in which the field is twelve or fourteen feet long and two inches high. / Colored-ink paintings of Manhattan rooftops and Provençal countryside. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstract paintings based on mountains and done in dark, earthy colors. Through Friday, May 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hicks (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the folk artist. Starts Friday, May 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings. Through May 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Polished and sandblasted stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through June 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Gorman Powers—Semi-abstract seascapes and landscapes in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, May 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Bridget Riley—Six large oils and fourteen gouaches by an Optical artist who previously worked in black and white but has now turned to color, often with splendidly vertiginous effect. Through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Tuttle—Abstract drawings done with white watercolor and pencil. Through Friday, May 16. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Siet Zuyderland—Fourteen paintings of Netherland prison interiors (including a particularly frightening restraining bed) and one of a West Side F.B.I. detention cell (the bars are bright yellow), done with steely precision in hard, enamel-like oils on paper by a Dutch artist whose fear of confinement is such that he says he will never break any law anywhere; first one-man show in New York. Through May 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 231 E. 60th St.: Paintings by Charles Conder, Robert Henri, James Morrice, and Maurice Prendergast, all of whom worked together in France in the eighteen-nineties. Through May 31. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: An exhibition that is a re-creation of one held by Denise René, the owner of this gallery, twenty years ago in Paris. Among the eight painters and sculptors are Vasarely, Agam, Soto, and Duchamp. Through Saturday, May 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

◆

Idelle Weber—The subjects of the five oils and three watercolors on view are the horrid messes of beer cans, broken glass, rags, newspapers, candy wrappers, shreds of plastic, food scraps, and other debris that appear along roadsides, in gutters, and on slum sidewalks. The paintings, done in an authoritative Photo-Realist style, dramatically illustrate Photo-Realism's strange ability to invest ordinary, ugly, even disgusting objects of our Pop culture with an appearance of home truth that borders on beauty. Through Saturday, May 17. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

◆

Cicely Aikman / Maria Lassnig—Paintings that combine interiors and exteriors and still-lifes. / Portraits of women, predominantly nudes. Through May 29. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Buxbaum—Glass sculptures. Through Saturday, May 17. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Donald Cole / Juan Gonzalez—Abstract images on unstretched canvas. / Colored-pencil drawings of landscapes and still-lifes. Through May 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Brenda Corbin and Peter McBain—Wood and stone carvings of abstract figures. Through May 31. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Tina Girouard—Paintings incorporating wall-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paper and cloth. Through Thursday, May 22. (112 Greene St.)

Glen Leet—Realist still-life paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through May 29. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

John Mandel—Paintings and drawings based on the human form. Through May 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Beverly Pepper—Steel sculptures, large and small, as well as models and photographs of the artist's work. Through June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Lisa Roggli—Rough-cut stone sculptures and drawings by a Swiss-born artist; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, May 21. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Hans Haacke—India-ink washes on unstretched canvas. / Fourteen panels relating to Seurat's "Les Poseuses" (one panel is a copy of that work and the others trace the original through the various hands that have owned it). Through May 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

William Schenck—Paintings of rodeos. Through Saturday, May 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Alphons Schilling / Ken Jacobs—Three projectors through which can be seen three groups of paintings, plus some drawings. / Two paintings that are united visually when looked at through an accompanying mirror. Through Saturday, May 24. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Frank Stella / Laura Grisi—Painted-metal reliefs. / Long, narrow cloth scrolls on which horizontal stripes are painted. Through Saturday, May 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Helen Wilson—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes in oil. Through May 28. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Kes Zapkus—Large abstract paintings. Through May 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by seven artists. Through May 28. . . . CALDWELL, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through May 28. . . . O.K. HARRIS, 383 West Broadway: Luis Jimenez, Michael Gitlin, and Alan Suicide showing sculptures, and Stephen Woodburn showing landscapes. Through Saturday, May 17. . . . SOHO 20, 99 Spring St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by all eighteen members of this feminist coöperative. Through June 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . YU, 393 West Broadway: Eleven sculptors have created drawings for the gallery space. Through May 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Hannah Achtenberg—Landscapes. Starts Friday, May 16. (Grenvil, 118 Christopher St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Joe Moss—Parabolic sound reflectors arranged so as to produce unexpected noises as people walk past. Through Friday, May 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Drawings by fifty artists (among them Willem de Kooning, Judy Lerner Brice, Robert Gordy, Michael Mazur, and William T. Wiley) representing all sections of the United States. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.) . . . UNION CARBIDE BUILDING, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The fourth international exhibit of works by young artists from about sixty countries. Through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.) . . . VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: Four Los Angeles artists showing paintings, drawings, and conceptual work. Through Friday, May 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

●

Arnold Genthe (1868-1942)—This German-born photographer is known for his street scenes in San Francisco's Chinatown done in the first decade of this century, and for a remarkable picture of a cluster of people on a San Francisco hillside watching the city burn after the earthquake. A rare contemporary print of the latter is on view in this show, together with a number of the Chinatown pictures, scenes of Japan and New Orleans, portraits of Isadora Duncan, Toscanini, Ezra Pound, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (with her dog, Pinky-Panky-Poo), among others, and studies of nude or draped dancers. Genthe worked in the soft-focus, pictorial style of the Photo-Secession, with an inclination toward Japanese, Whistlerian effects, which are particularly convincing when the subjects are actual Orientals, rather than the dressed-up Victorians who usually figure in this genre. The pictures of dancers are "artistic" to the point, sometimes, of silliness, as in an Alma-Tadema-like arrangement of the Marion Morgan dancers, or in a Three Graces pose struck by four members of the Elisabeth Duncan School. But the atmosphere of aestheticism that wafts out of this show is a genuine expression of the time, and, in their way, these fancy photographs are as vividly "documentary" as the plain ones that the term has come to denote. Through May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nir Bareket—Photographs of façades, walls, fences, doorways, courtyards, and alleys taken in Jerusalem by a man playing a game. This was to collect the numbers one to thirty-one from mailboxes, doorplates, traffic signs, commercial notices, and, above all, graffiti—and thus create a photographic calendar—a series of pictures in each of which a number (baldly or shyly) fills its slot. The quest took two years to complete, and the results are often as visually satisfying as they are mentally pleasing. Through Saturday, May 17. (Rina, 23 E. 74th St.)

Richmond Jones—These small, delicately concise photographs of architectural excerpts, taken in Manhattan and in Denby, Connecticut, are strikingly unobvious. In one picture, the entire frame is filled with gray clapboarding except for a sliver of a sign, which appears on top and is cut off just at a point where it cannot be read. Another photograph shows a segment of brick wall punctuated by an extremely tiny sign saying "Look Before Backing." Jones' meld of traditional techniques with radical conceptions is in itself a radical conception, and gives the photographs their special, quiet interestingness. Through Saturday, May 17. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Sherry Suris—Among the photographs here of Russian Jews taken shortly after their arrival in Israel there is a series of three pictures that will leave few viewers dry-eyed, and that also illustrates the importance of captions in photography of this sort. The series shows a middle-aged man and woman, first looking at each other and crying, then embracing, and finally stroking each other's face, and the caption reads, "A Russian Immigrant and Her Brother Reunited After Thirty Years." The point is that without the caption the pictures could mean anything—a farewell would be the most likely inference—and the poignancy of what is going on would be lost. In another room of this exhibition, color photographs of Easter and Christmas services in Jerusalem and Bethlehem are on view, and they are banal. Through May 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

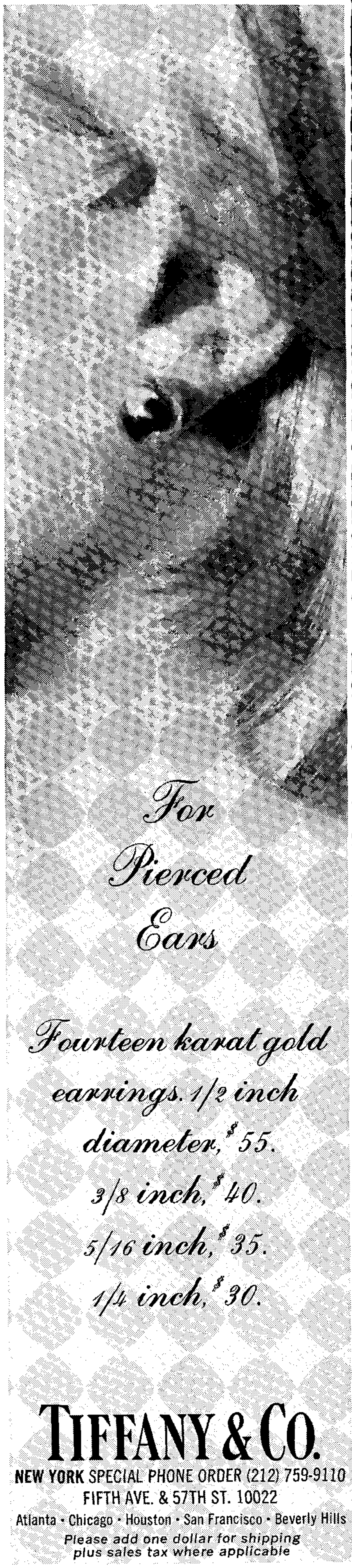
●

James Abbe (1883-1973)—An exhibition of portraits made in the twenties and thirties by one of the most sought-after of photographers of stage and film personalities. Through Saturday, May 24. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Michael Bishop / Les Krims—Large toned prints of an abstract character. / Manipulated color Polaroids of bizarre activities. Through Saturday, May 24. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rudy Burckhardt—An exhibition of photographs taken in the thirties and forties (plus a few from 1971) by a Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter. Through Saturday, May 24. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Charles Gatewood / Arthur Tress—Photographs of people taken by the artist on his travels around the country. / Each photograph by this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artist incorporates his shadow. Through June 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Larry Siegel / David Vestal—Pictures of Mexican landscapes and villagers./Recent photographs. Through May 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

George A. Tice—A twenty-year retrospective (1953-73) by a thirty-six-year-old photographer. Through Saturday, May 17. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **prints on prince street** (which, however, is located at 410 West Broadway, at Spring): A large exhibition of prints, many rare, by such luminaries of photography as Frederick H. Evans, Timothy O'Sullivan, Mathew Brady, Paul Nader, James Van DerZee, Eugène Atget, Lewis Carroll, Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Paul Outerbridge, Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Walker Evans, Lisette Model, and Diane Arbus. The works on view are solid, unsurprising examples of their makers' art; the prices are more out of the ordinary: $7,500 is asked for Ray's rayograph "Eggbeater and Abstracted Segment of Living Space," $2,200 for Cameron's "The Dream," and, most amazing of all, $2,300 for Chuck Close's "Nancy"—a photograph of the face and neck of the painter Nancy Graves, overlaid with a fine ruled grid and framed by masking tape on which numbers and letters are scribbled (thus qualifying it to be listed as "photograph with pencil drawing")—which Close painstakingly copied for one of his Photo-Realist paintings that look like blown-up black-and-white photographs. Through May 31. . . . **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: French photography dating from the eighteen-fifties to the early nineteen hundreds and including daguerreotypes, calotypes, and collodion-process prints by Baldus, Le Gray, Atget, and others. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.). . . **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Eight photographers, including August Sander and Paul Sussman. Through June 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) as well as objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Recent paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. . . . ¶ Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through May 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Ceramic tiles, some mounted singly, others mounted in groups, by the noted painter Helen Frankenthaler. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Forty-six recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Works by Americans in mixed mediums, all from the museum's collection, by Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, Jack Tworkov, and others. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 9, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Music at the Museum: On Tuesday, May 20, at 7:30, twentieth-century chamber music, performed by Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. For information about tickets, call 860-1300.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of the realist painter Isabel Bishop. Through June 1. A complementary show is at the Midtown Galleries, 11 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including gouaches and watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and watercolors of the Scottish coast by the American painter Jon Schueler. Through May 25. . . . ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of New York painting originating during the years 1941-47, including early examples of Abstract Expressionism by Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A loan show of more than fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. . . . ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Both exhibitions start Friday, May 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Khmer stone sculptures, Tibetan and Nepalese paintings, and bronzes from the Shang and Chou dynasties are part of an exhibit on loan from the Musée Guimet, in Paris. Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 5:45.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Through June 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Included are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York wood sculptures (decoys, cigar-store figures, and trade signs, for example) from the seventeenth century to the present. Through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime."... ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings make up a show that follows the subject of the nude in American art from Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley to Tom Wesselmann and Philip Pearlstein. Through July 13.... ¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Starts Friday, May 16. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Portraits by Kwasi Seitu Asantey. Through May 29. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing performances of Verdi's "Nabucco," with Judith Telep, soprano, and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. Wednesday, May 14, and Saturday, May 17, at 8. For tickets, call 595-1161.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," in English, staged by David Farrar, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Daniel Barenboim conducting the final concerts of the regular season on Thursday, May 15, at 8:30; Friday, May 16, at 2; and Saturday, May 17, at 8:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 14. "Soirée Parisienne" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 8:30 (with Ruth Welting, soprano); and a program of music for dance and drama on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, all at 8:30 (with dancers Johnna Kirkland and John Clifford).

Utah Symphony—Maurice Abravanel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty musicians who perform without a conductor, with Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Eliot Chapo, violin; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Thomas Nyfenger, piccolo. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 17, at midnight.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—Music by the late conductors George Szell and Dimitri Mitropoulos, performed by, among others, Berenice Bramson, soprano; Earl Carlyss, violin; and the Westchester Chamber Orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8:30.)

Composers Festival Orchestra—Alvin Brehm conducting the second of two concerts of contemporary American music, this one with Dwight Peltzer, piano; Gerald Tarack, violin; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 19, at 8:30.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting, with Jean Antrim, flute; Margaret Ross, harp; and Ian Finkel, xylophone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 20, at 2:30.)

Group for Contemporary Music and Manhattan Orchestra—Charles Wuorinen conducting an all-Stravinsky program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, May 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger and Richard Westenburg conducting. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.)... ¶ Brigitte Levy and Myung-Whun Chung conducting, with Mr. Chung also acting as piano soloist. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, May 22, at 5:30.) No tickets necessary for either concert.

Juilliard Orchestra—Richard Dufallo conducting a program of twentieth-century music. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Tuesday, May 20, at 8:30. For free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting the final concert of the season, with Natalie Hinderas, piano, and the Symphony of the New World Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting the first in a series of three concerts at the restored Castle Clinton, in Battery Park. A performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Irene Gubrud, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Jae Woo Lee, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; the Oratorio Society of New York; and the Westchester Philharmonic Choral Society. (Saturday, May 24, at 4. For information about free tickets, call UN 5-3571.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the final concert of the season, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a program of Greek music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

Geraldine O'Grady—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 2:30.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in the last in a series of recitals, this an all-German program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 19, at 8.)

Carla Hübner—Piano, in the first of two programs of twentieth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final concert of the season, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—With Wally Kane, saxophone, and Richard Fitz, percussion. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 22, at 8:30.)

New York Renaissance Band—Music by composers of the seventeenth century. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 24, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—Final offerings in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 14, at 5:45: **DOROTHY DONEGAN.** ... ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 5:45: **RUTH GORDON.**

Jazz Composer's Orchestra—Performing the première of Sharon Freeman's "Time Piece," plus other works, Thursday, May 15, at 7. A workshop rehearsal of the Freeman composition on Wednesday, May 14, at 7. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Admission by contribution on Thursday, admission free on Wednesday.)

Eagles and Dan Fogelburg—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 16, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

Eddie Palmieri and Friends—Town Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8:30.

Bonnie Raitt—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.

Frank Foster Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, May 18, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Georges Moustaki—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8.

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M'BOOM re: percussion—"A Tribute to the Drums," with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—"An Evening of Harlem Stride Piano." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 24, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, May 14, at 8:05.... ¶ Yankees (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Thursday, May 15, at 8:05.... **yankees:** Vs. Oakland, Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 2.... ¶ Kansas City, Monday through Wednesday, May 19-21, at 8.... ¶ Texas, Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, at 8.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 17, and the Withers, Saturday, May 24.... **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. The Vineland, Saturday, May 24.... **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: New York Sets vs. Los Angeles. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Wednesday, May 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, May 17.... **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8, from Monday, May 19, through Saturday, July 19.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **brooklyn philharmonia:** David Amram conducting a program of works by twentieth-century composers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 17, at 3.)... **light opera of manhattan:** "Naughty Marietta." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Stage Shows—By the Meri Mini Players—"Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz," Saturday, May 17, at 12:30 and 2:30.... ¶ "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Sunday, May 18, at 2:30. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. For tickets, call 697-0730.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Between the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Marian Seldes and Kathryn Walker reading from the poems and letters of Louise Bogan. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. Sunday, May 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-2500.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 14, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources.... ¶ Five sales of Americana. Thursday, May 15, at 2: Paintings and folk art.... Friday, May 16, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelain.... Friday, May 16, at 2: Pottery.... Saturday, May 17, at 10:15: Pewter, glass, and lighting devices.... Saturday, May 17, at 2: Furniture and decorations.... ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 16.... ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 8: Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3400. Exhibition starts Friday, May 16.... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 17.

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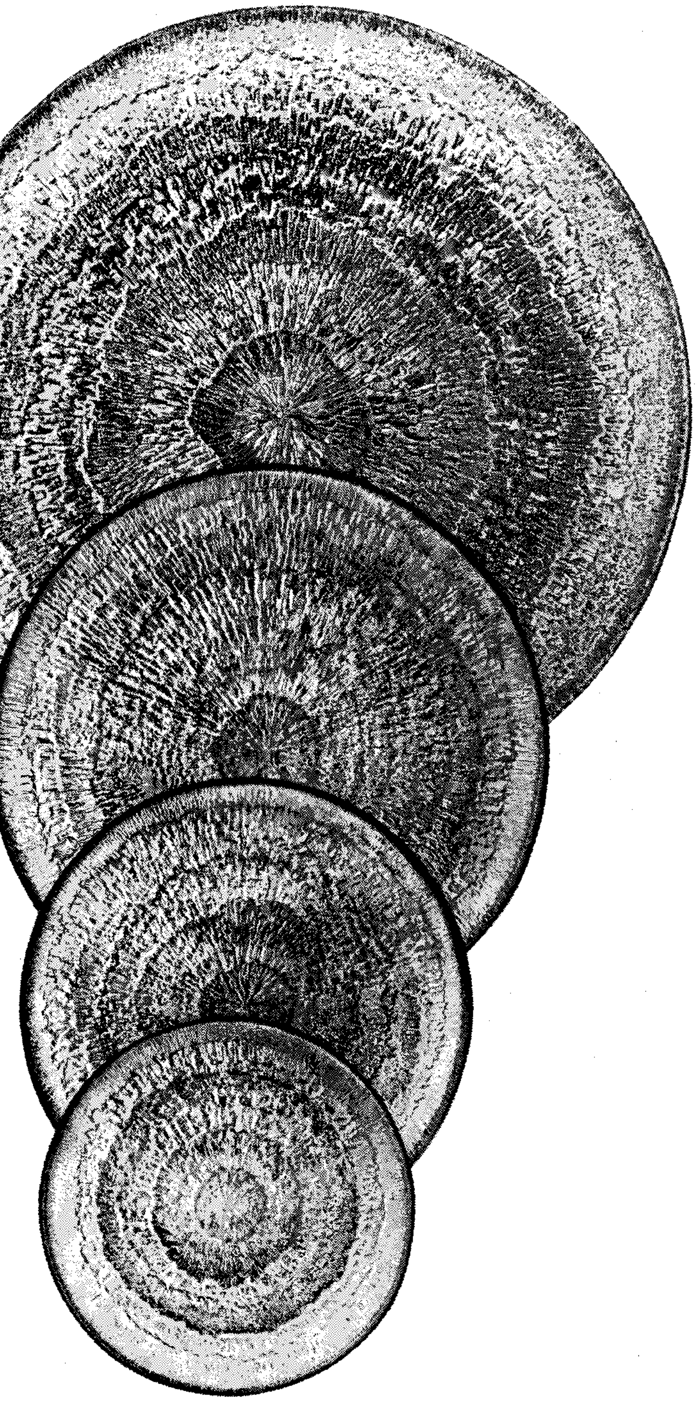

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
- Through May 18: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Through May 15: "Not So Dumb" and "The Big Parade."
- May 16-17: "The Citadel" and "Love on the Run."
- May 18-20: "Naughty Marietta" and "Sweethearts."
- From May 21: "The Star" and "All About Eve."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
- Through May 20: "The Four Musketeers" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
- From May 21: "Murder on the Orient Express" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
- Through May 18: "The Four Musketeers."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
- Through May 17: "The Happy Hooker."
- From May 18: "French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
- Through May 20: "Harry & Tonto."
- From May 21: "The Eiger Sanction."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
- Through May 20: "Hearts and Minds."
- From May 21: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
- "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
- Through May 17: "The Towering Inferno."
- From May 18: "French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
- "And Now My Love."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
- "The Happy Hooker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
- Through May 15: "The Passenger."
- From May 16: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
- Through May 19: "Shampoo."
- From May 20: "The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
- "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
- Through May 20: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
- From May 21: "Cornbread, Earl and Me."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
- "Lulu the Tool."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
- "The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
- "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Byron, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
- Through May 18: "And Now for Something Completely Different."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "Shampoo."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
- "Aloha, Bobby and Rose."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
- May 14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."
- May 15: "Scenes from a Marriage."
- May 16: "If . . ." and "Z."
- May 17: "Bed and Board" and "Claire's Knee."
- May 18: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Wild Bunch."
- May 19: "The Damned" and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"
- May 20: "Le Boucher" and "Marriage—Italian Style."
- From May 21: "The Eiger Sanction."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
- "The Middle of the World."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
- "Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
- Through May 20: "A Woman Under the Influence."
- From May 21: "Young Frankenstein."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
- Through May 20: "The Four Musketeers."
- From May 21: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
- Through May 18: "A Touch of Class" and "The Tamarind Seed."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
- Through May 18: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "A Brief Vacation."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
- Through May 18: "The Happy Hooker."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "The Passenger."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
- Through May 20: "Funny Lady."
- From May 21: "Breakout."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
- Through May 20: "Capone."
- From May 21: "Lepke."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
- Through May 20: "Les Violons du Bal."
- From May 21: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
- Through May 20: "Mandingo."
- From May 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
- "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
- May 14: "Black Thursday" / "Women in Revolt" / "The Sorrow and the Pity."
- May 15: "Pretty Poison" / "Black Thursday" / "Women in Revolt."
- May 16: "Tristana" / "And Now for Something Completely Different" / "Black Thursday."
- May 17: "And Now for Something Completely Different" / "Tristana" / "Black Thursday."
- May 18: "Painters Painting" / "Black Thursday" / "8½" / "And Now for Something Completely Different."
- May 19: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" / "Black Thursday" / A program of Standish Lawder films.
- May 20: "Uncle Vanya" / "Black Thursday" / "Weekend."
- May 21: "The Edge of the World" / "Black Thursday" / "Weekend."
- May 22: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" / "Black Thursday" / "Lucia."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
- Through May 20: "Hearts and Minds."
- From May 21: "Shampoo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
- Through May 20: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full."
- From May 21: "A Brief Vacation."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
- Through May 18: "The Happy Hooker."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "The Passenger."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
- Through May 20: "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins" and "Scarecrow" / "Amarcord" and "Nights of Cabiria" / "In Search of Dracula" and "The Mummy.". . . ¶ Through May 17: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Doktor Mabuse.". . . ¶ May 18-20: "Frankenstein" and "Dracula."
- From May 21: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
- May 14: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."
- May 15: "Darling" and "The Hireling."
- May 16-17: "Phantom of the Paradise" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
- May 18: One performance, at noon, of "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
- May 18-19: "Steppenwolf" and "Zorba the Greek."
- May 20: "Children of Paradise."
- May 21: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Nobody Waved Goodbye."
- May 22: "Tom Jones" and "The Knack."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
- "Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
- Through May 18: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
- May 14: "Singin' in the Rain."
- May 15-21: "Doctor Zhivago."
- From May 22: "The Wind and the Lion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
- "Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
- "A Brief Vacation."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
- Through May 18: "The Four Musketeers" and "S*P*Y*S."
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From May 21: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
- "The Passenger."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
- May 14: "Before the Revolution" and "Terra em Transe."
- May 15: "La Traviata" and "Boris Godunov."
- May 16: "Something for Everyone" and "Little Murders."
- May 17: "Darling" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
- May 18: "The Reivers" and "Paper Moon."
- May 19: "The Guns" and "The Gods and the Dead."
- May 20: "Une Femme Douce" and "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
- May 21: "Socrates" and "The Rise of Louis XIV."
- May 22: "Tokyo Story" and "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
- "Le Secret."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
- "The Godfather, Part II."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
- Through May 20: "Stavisky."
- From May 21: "A Brief Vacation."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
- "The Invitation."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
- Through May 20: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "S*P*Y*S."
- From May 21: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
- Through May 18: Theatre closed.
- May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth"

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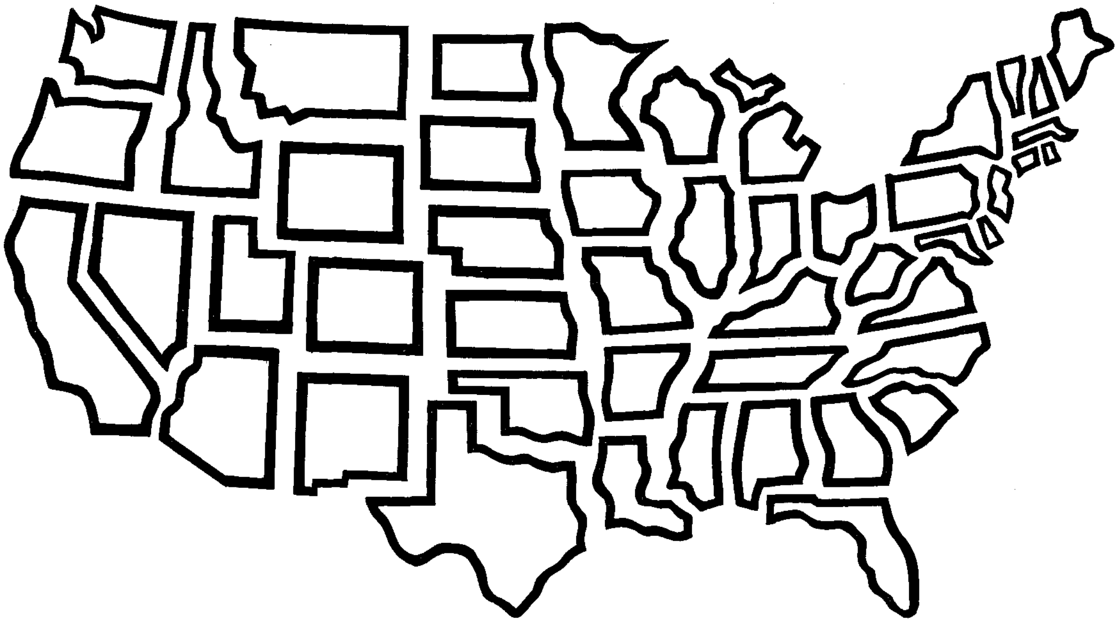

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Additional minutes same as dial rate. Applicable discounts apply to additional minutes during "Evening" and "Night & Weekend" periods.

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(American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 21: "Shampoo."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 18: "Hearts and Minds."
May 19-20: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 21: "Shampoo."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 20: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."
From May 21: "Alice Doesn't Live Here *Anymore*" and "Mean Streets."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 20: "The Four Musketeers" and "S*P*Y*S."
From May 21: "The Passenger."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 20: "A Woman Under the Influence."
From May 21: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: May 15 at 5:30: "Home Sweet Home" (1914), with Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh. . . . May 16 at 2: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), with Lillian Gish and Henry B. Walthall. . . . May 17 at 3: "Home Sweet Home." . . May 17 at 5:30: "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), with Henry B. Walthall and Blanche Sweet. . . . May 18 at 5:30 and May 19 at 2: "The Mother and the Law" (1919), with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. . . . May 19 at 5:30: "The Birth of a Nation." . . . May 20 at 5:30: "The Avenging Conscience." . . . May 22 at 6:30: "Intolerance" (1916), with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (starting Thursday, May 15) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods. . . . ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: May 14 at 5:30: "Wee Willie Winkie" (1937), directed by John Ford, with Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen. . . . May 16 at 5:30 and May 17 at noon: "Two Tars" (1928) and "The Music Box" (1932), both directed by James Parrott, with Laurel and Hardy; and "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers. . . . May 18 at 12:30 and 3: "The Texas Rangers" (1936), directed by King Vidor, with Jean Parker, Fred MacMurray, and Jack Oakie. . . . May 20 at 2 and May 21 at 5:30: "Welcome to Britain" (1943), directed by Anthony Asquith and Burgess Meredith, a documentary. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 15 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The Good Fairy" (1935), directed by William Wyler, with Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ May 16 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Five Graves to Cairo" (1943), directed by Billy Wilder, with Franchot Tone and Akim Tamiroff. . . . ¶ May 17-18 at 3 and 5:30: "Stalag 17" (1953), directed by Billy Wilder, with William Holden and Don Taylor. . . . ¶ May 22 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Take a Letter, Darling" (1942), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 20: "Benedict Arnold," directed by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ Starting May 21: Three short films by Robert Polidori. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Kaye, Hill, Gardner, Mekas, McBride, Goddard, Ryan, Anger, Brakhage, Belson, and others. Showings May 14-15 at 5, 7, and 9; May 16 at 6, 8, and 10; May 17 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; and May 18 at 8; and May 20-22 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Art. No performances May 19-20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild; through May 18. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through May 20. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Symphony; starting May 21.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 21.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Columbia II.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 20.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Columbia I; through May 18. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16-18.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Fine Arts.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Elgin; May 21.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 19 and 22.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Beekman; May 18.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Olympia; starting May 21.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Beekman; May 17.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

The Big Parade (1925)—John Gilbert, at his poetic best as the small-town boy who enlists and falls in love with a French girl (Renée Adorée), in King Vidor's silent classic. It is a vigorous, romantic work—a war story with grim humor, visual excitement, and sentimental scenes that are so simply and innocently felt that they remain touching. With Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Tom O'Brien, and Hobart Bosworth. From Laurence Stallings' story, via a couple of other writers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 15.)

Black Thursday—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Beekman; May 20.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Orpheum; starting May 21.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost

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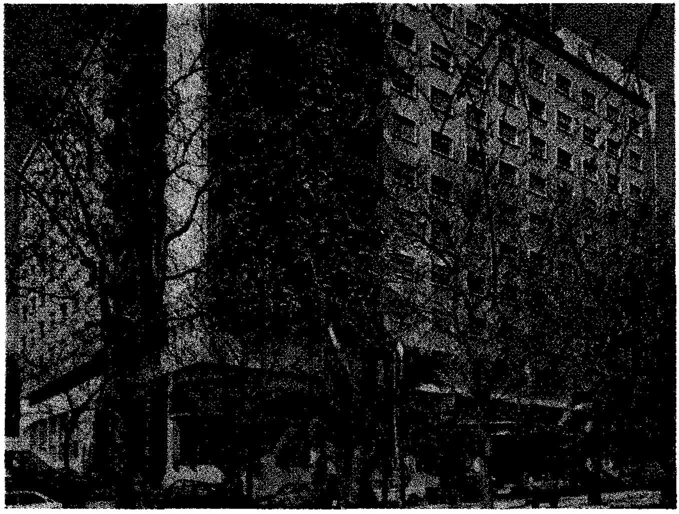

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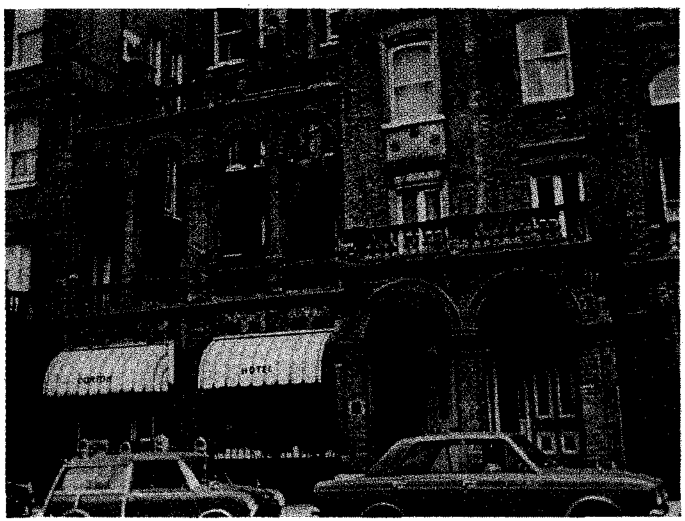

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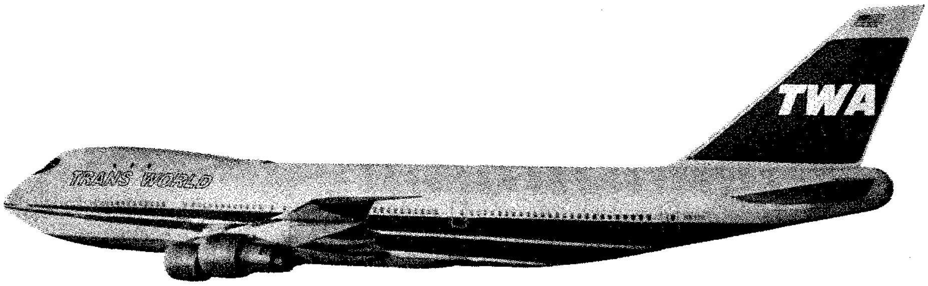

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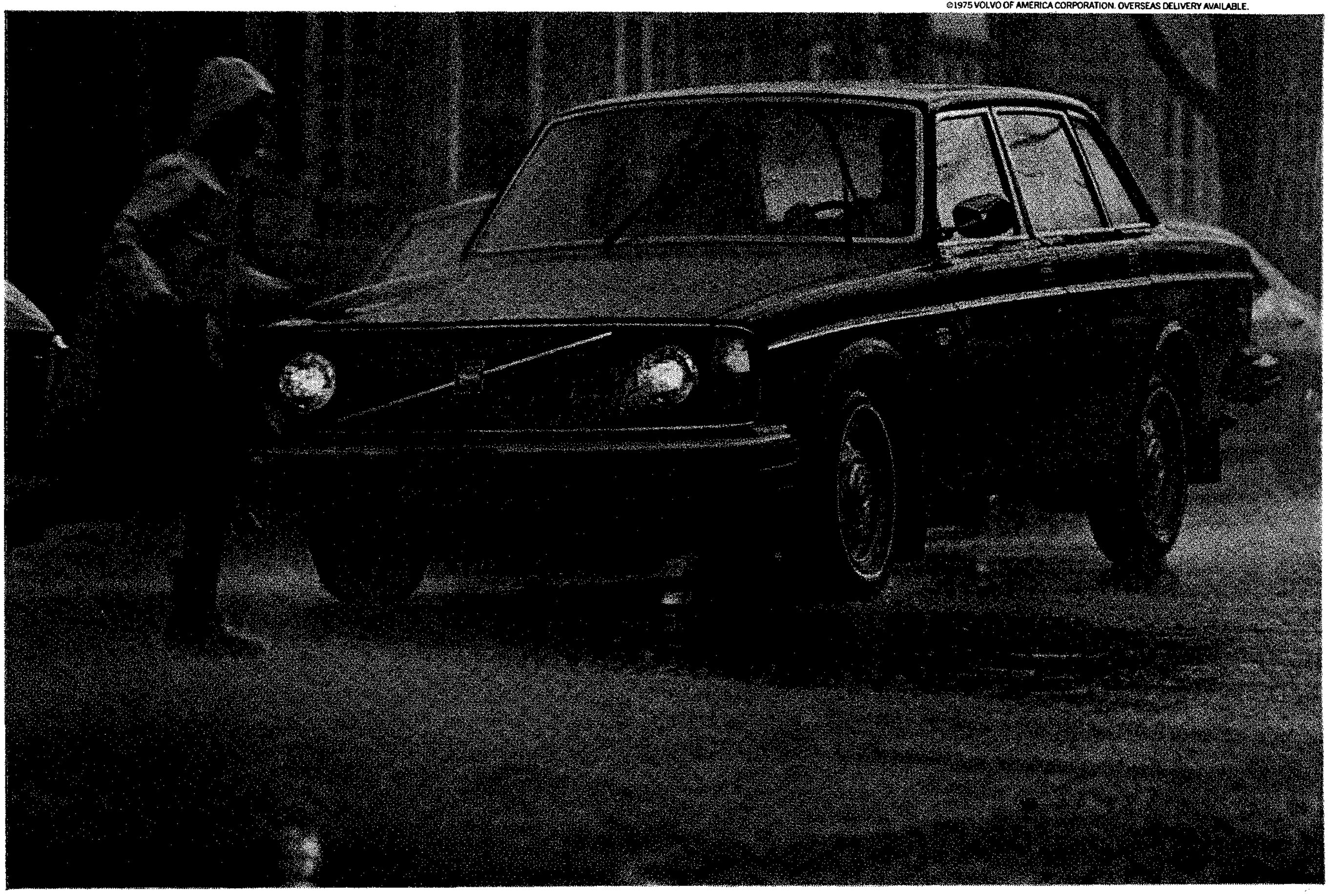

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like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Festival. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting May 21.)

Capone—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Ciné; through May 20.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Elgin; May 14.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; May 20.)

The Citadel (1938)—A. J. Cronin's best-sellers lack literary distinction, and their seriousness shades into oppressive sobriety; still, there's some substance in his high-minded, commonplace approach. You can feel the director, King Vidor, straining to give the theme—doctors' struggles with their consciences—prestige-picture importance, but he holds one's interest. He does especially well in the early scenes when the hero, Robert Donat, is working among the Welsh miners, and then he slacks off during the passages about the Hartley Street phonies. Fortunately, there are actors to watch when the preachiness gets thick; Rex Harrison, Ralph Richardson, Rosalind Russell, and Emlyn Williams all have major roles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16-17.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Beekman; May 17.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting May 21.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Beekman; May 19.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Elgin; May 15. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 17.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown, heavy, and obvious version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles, in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Symphony; through May 20.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Beekman; May 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 20.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Music Hall; May 15-21.)

Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stock to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S., and that is the version that is showing here. It's still better than no Mabuse. (Quad Cinema; through May 17.)

Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full—With Annie Colé, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 20.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, and it becomes too stagy. It was a huge popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Quad Cinema; May 18-20.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Edge of the World (1938)—A British film about Foula, one of the Shetland Islands. With Niall MacGinnis, directed by Michael Powell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 21.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (34th St. East, and Beekman; starting May 21.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 18.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan do Covent Garden proud, if you like ballet—and, if so, if you like ballet on film. Fonteyn and Nureyev carry it. Ravel's "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," a Nureyev cadenza of leaps, and Tchaikovsky's "Aurora's Wedding." (Elgin; May 18, one performance, at noon.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Beekman; May 14.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22.)

The Fortune—An adventure comedy set in the twenties. With Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet; starting May 20.)

The Four Musketeers—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie: he simply made two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the three others (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston (Cardinal Richelieu). Written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. (3/31/75) (Gramercy, and Playboy; through May 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Juliet 1, and Thalia; through May 20.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering Monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye, as the Monster's first victim. (Quad Cinema; May 18-20.)

French Connection II—Gene Hackman again as the New York detective Popeye Doyle. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux East; starting May 18.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75)

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(Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through May 20.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit (1973)—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Elgin; May 16-17.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Paramount.)

The Gods and the Dead (1972)—A Brazilian film, directed by Ruy Guerra. Rather mysterious but interesting. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

The Guns (1963)—A Brazilian film, directed by Ruy Guerra. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. R-rated. (Plaza. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through May 17. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Greenwich; through May 18.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (34th St. East; through May 20.)

Hearts and Minds—This documentary, finished in 1974, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon"), won an Oscar this year in circumstances that obscured the poise and amplitude of the film. At the award ceremonies, the co-producer, Bert Schneider, in an outburst totally inapt to a film that the director had been careful to leave without commentary, read aloud a cable from the ambassador of Vietnam's Provisional Revolutionary Government to the Paris peace talks; it was a partisan thing to do, however innocently meant, and it would be a million pities if that were to debase the film in the eyes of its natural opponents into seeming a simple-minded broadsheet or a piece of penny-in-the-slot cant about the woes of imperialism. Peter Davis's intention and achievement were more grown-up than that. His film is really a reflection on America, and on Americans' changing view of themselves. The even temper and the heed for justice that flood "Hearts and Minds" give it the right to be considered not only an honest man's report but also a work that has the individual point of view that is a prerogative of art. (4/28/75) (New Yorker; through May 18. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Waverly; through May 20.)

The Hireling (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (6/16/73) (Elgin; May 15.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Beekman; May 16.)

In Search of Dracula—With Peter Cushing. (Quad Cinema; through May 20.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by Claude Goretta, a Swiss who has joined Alain Tanner ("La Salamandre," "Le Retour d'Afrique," "Charles Dead or Alive," "The Middle of the World") and Michel Soutter ("The Surveyors") in making Switzerland an unexpected source of very fine cinema. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon), wearing white gloves as he tends their needs, pours champagne, and deals with the small but mounting crises of character change induced by heat, holiday, and, most of all, by the alteration in the way the office workers view their old fellow-clerk. The picture is somehow very Russian, with its strange but entirely acceptable outbursts in the course of an apparently muted story in which happiness comes and goes like a mirage in the heat. In French. (5/5/75) (Regency.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Elgin; May 22.)

Lepke—Tony Curtis as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Loews Ciné; starting May 21.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

Love on the Run (1936)—Pitiful. One of the big-star pictures nobody ever talks about. Not for the first time, Joan Crawford appears as an heiress. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone are antic reporters, and there are international spies. There isn't anything recognizable as love, but the whole movie is on the run—London, the Riviera, Fontainebleau, Continental trains, and airplanes. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16-17.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred of the dictatorial President Machado, intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironically anti-women's-lib argument about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (4/8/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 22.)

Lulu the Tool—With Gian Maria Volonte, directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through May 20.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From Robert Shaw's play. The fifth presentation (and final one for this season) in the American Film Theatre's second season (primarily subscription). With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler; screenplay by Edward Anhalth; directed by Arthur Hiller. The film will be shown on May 19 and 20 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, Byron, Columbia I, Juliet 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Greenwich, Guild, Playboy, Loews 83rd St., and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; through May 17.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and more rash "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly has annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Beekman; May 20.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Symphony; starting May 21.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. The group has won a peculiar right to be funny, even when it makes a mess of things, because its surreal style accepts floundering as a condition of life. Here, King Arthur's doughty knights are cowardly and ill-starred; the King himself possesses only an imaginary horse, simulated by a hooflike knocking together of coconuts by a muddy-looking subject, and the representative of the enemy French has a sublimely singular line of Anglophobic insults. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Cinema II.)

The Mummy (1959)—A four-thousand-year-old Egyptian mummy revives himself and gets into a pet about the people who burgled his tomb. Goodish English horror stuff, with Peter Cushing and Yvonne Furneaux. (Quad Cinema; through May 20.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; starting May 21.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18-20.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Elgin; May 14.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 20.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—Peter Kastner is fairly disarming as an impulsive, irritating, and highly intelligent eighteen-year-old, in Don Owen's briskly made film about the nullity of Canadian middle-class life and thought, which turns a boy with cocky bad manners into a frightened juvenile delinquent. (Elgin; May 21.)

Not So Dumb (1930)—Marion Davies is absurd and silly and charming all at once in this version of George S. Kaufman's and Marc Connelly's comedy "Dulcy," directed by King Vidor. She plays a compulsively tactless young girl who tries to help her fiancé swing a business deal and screws everything up. The material has a built-in, harmless-trifle familiarity, and it had already been done in 1923 by Constance Talmadge, but Davies is wonderfully skillful as the cutup. With Elliott Nugent, Raymond Hackett, Franklin Pangborn, and the writer Donald Ogden Stewart in his acting days. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 15.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 18.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Baronet; through May 15. . . . ¶ U.A. East, Greenwich, and Thalia; starting May 21.)

Phantom of the Paradise—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and the combination is sizzling entertainment. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. You practically get a kinetic charge from the screwily personal, breakneck wit of the film. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (11/11/74) (Elgin; May 16-17.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Playboy; starting May 21.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 15.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up, for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Quad Cinema; through May 20.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Reivers (1969)—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau and Herbert Lom as Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; starting May 21.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

Scarecrow (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Quad Cinema; through May 20.)

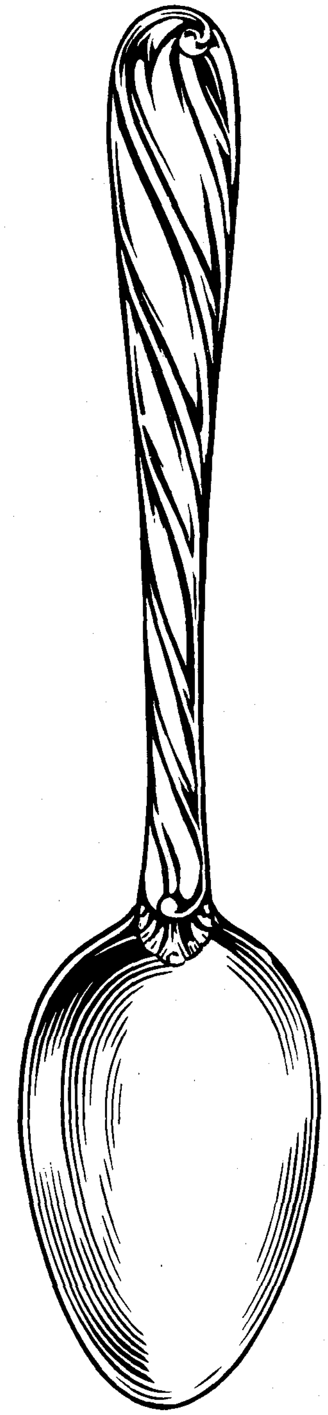
Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman; May 15.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Symphony; through May 20.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film. (2/17/75) (Coronet; through May 19. . . . ¶ Columbia I, Waverly, Loews 83rd St., and New Yorker; starting May 21.)

Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York—Gail Parent's novel is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note, full of one-liners. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms, rewrote it for the movies. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. No longer fat but clumsy and easily flustered, Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman and also shows her openness by humiliating herself out of love for him that he extricates himself from an involvement with her room-



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mate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation into: now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks open-mouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (Baronet; starting May 16.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Music Hall; May 14.)

Socrates (1970)—Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 14.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Playboy; through May 18. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Thalia; through May 20.)

The Star (1953)—Very bad. Bette Davis as a star who once won an Academy Award but is now down on her luck; she lands in jail for drunken driving, and is saved by Sterling Hayden, a boatmaker who once acted with her. Others who wander about in this lachrymose, exploitative treatment of the lives of aging stars (it was originally written for Joan Crawford) are Natalie Wood, Minor Watson, and Warner Anderson. Stuart Heisler directed, feebly. Davis throws her weight around but comes through in only a few scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 21.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema Studio; through May 20.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Elgin; May 18-19.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 20.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 17.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the best of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy together. The title is ironic: they are squabbling operetta stars. Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, and Frank Morgan are in the cast. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18-20.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrior racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Juliet 2; through May 18.)

Terra em Transe (1966)—A Brazilian film, directed by Glauber Rocha. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Elgin; May 22.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Juliet 2; through May 18.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddess-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East; through May 17.)

La Traviata (1948)—With Nelli Corradi and Tito Gobbi. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16-17.)

Uncle Vanya (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 20.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (86th St. East; through May 20.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 20-21.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Beekman; May 19.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Beekman; May 18.)

The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall; starting May 22.)

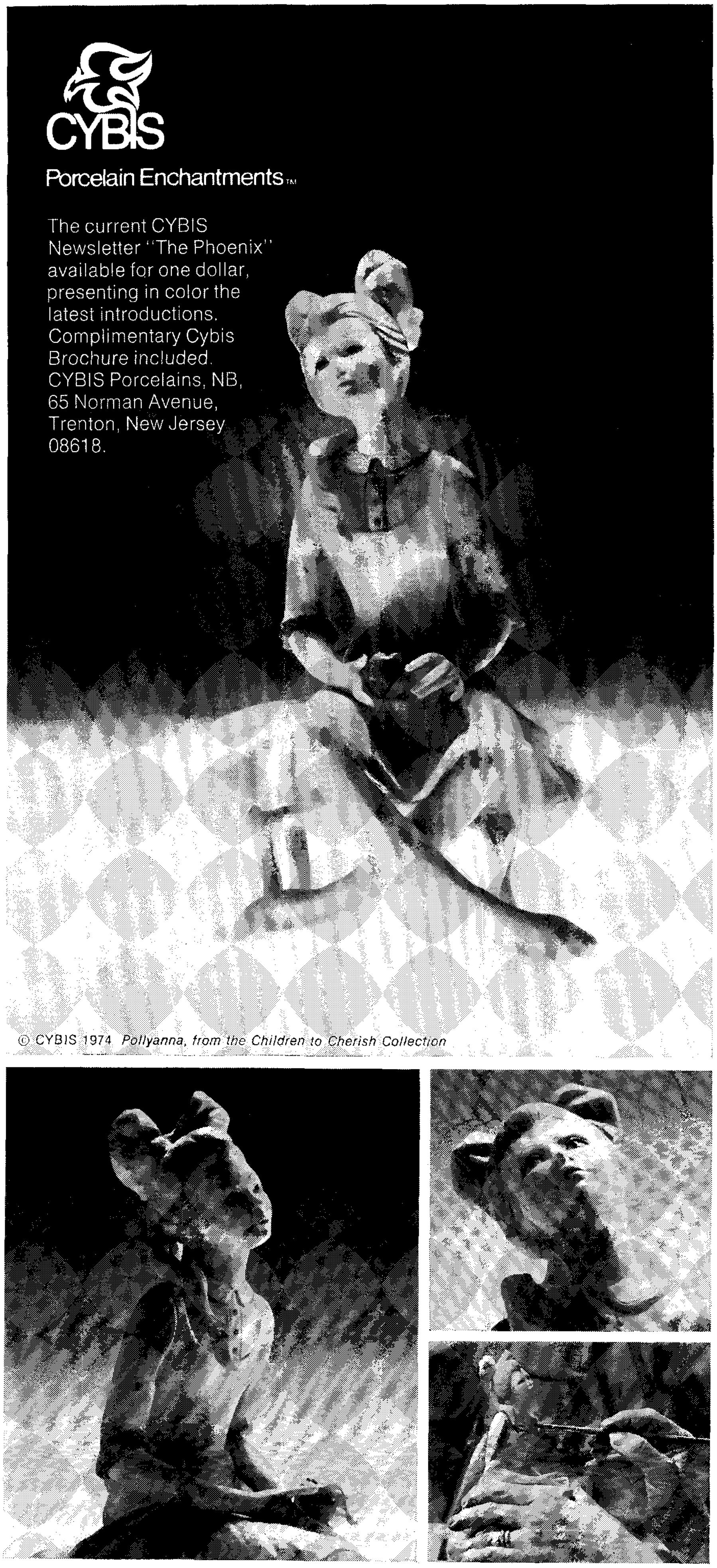
A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through May 20.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 14-15.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (72nd Street East; starting May 21.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman; May 16.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Elgin; May 18-19.)



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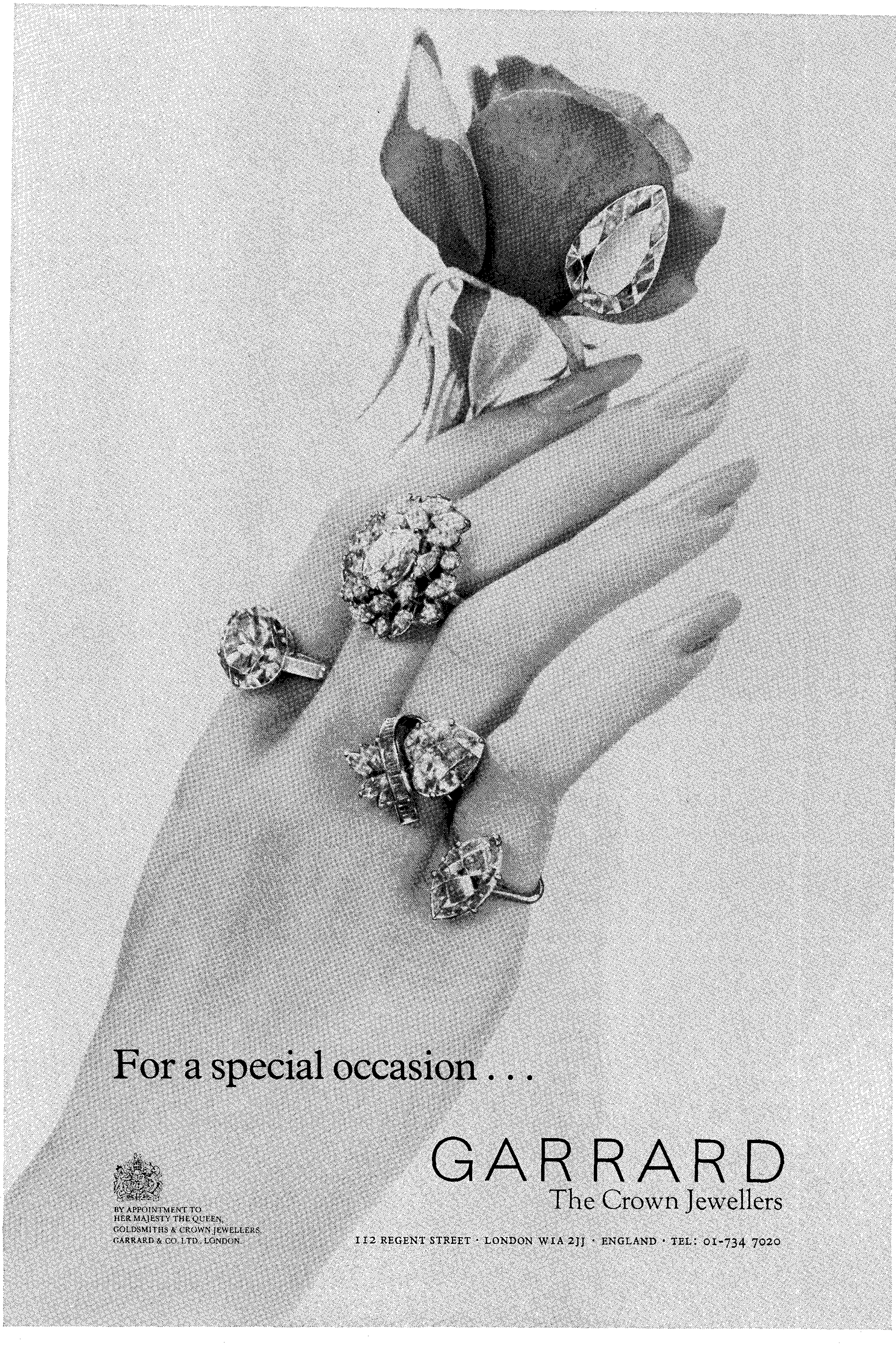

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, shortly after József Cardinal Mindszenty died, in Vienna, an exile from Communist Hungary, we received the following notes from a friend of ours who was in the American Legation in Budapest in 1957 and for some years afterward:

He glided into a room more than walked—as if the nine years in prison had been mere tutelage for the skatelike Moiseyev slide. But the strange, slight cant of head on shoulders remained, and reminded one of bones broken in interrogation. It was 1957, bare months after his few days of freedom in the euphoric atmosphere of revolution in Budapest, and József Cardinal Mindszenty was infinitely old at sixty-five. Sanctuary in the American Legation in Budapest was imprisonment certainly more benign but hardly less complete. Three stories above ground level, his corner room could look down upon Szabadsag Ter—"Freedom Square," no less—and out upon the wedding-cake-tiered Parliament building and the Danube beyond. Could, but didn't, for the windows were blinded by tightly pulled green jalousies—protection from powerful lenses, whether on camera or rifle. It could otherwise have been a sunny room, this prestige office given over surely somewhat in compassion yet also for the mutual privacy of hunted and guardian which a secure corner office could afford. And in all the fifteen years into which that tentative, hastily sought refuge stretched, it was never anything but an office, even when the desk held altar stone and altar linens and the weight of this priest as he bent over to whisper the kernel words of his daily Mass.

It was the Latin Mass, of course—the same Mass he somehow smuggled into Nazi prisons and Communist in his long journey through mostly solitary cells. No newfangled nonsense here about the vernacular. Vatican Council II would come and go unnoticed—except, of course, that he later discovered its ultimate effect on his life. The only vernacular spoken in this Mass was the hesitant English sermon directed at the few American Legation staff members present on Sundays. There were not many Catholic diplomats in the United States Foreign Service in those days, or, if there were, not many available for a post in Hungary; but this man had a magnetic effect, or perhaps the romance of his living entombment had, and there were always some to share the hour, even when they couldn't give the responses. When, once in a while, someone could and did return the Latin phrases, it was hard to know whether it must seem a festive event after the furtive Masses over prison bread or a mockery after old celebrations and concelebrations at the cathedral in Esztergom. Maybe it didn't matter either way; his concentration was so intense that it was palpable, and the contrasts probably occurred only to the beholder. It was a Legation depleted of its normal numbers. Little love was lost between the American and Hungarian governments, and they would periodically tell each other to send people home. Even so, the Cardinal saw fewer people still. Access to that third floor was guarded by bells and buzzers and code buttons whose sequence changed each Thursday. But no one, in those pre-terrorist days, really expected an assault, and Thursday was always marked by peals of alarms and the duty officer's grumble as he reset the combination. The Chargé d'Affaires (mutually unhappy governments don't dignify each other with the formal presentation of papers that a Minister's or an Ambassador's arrival requires) paid a formal call on Our Guest—the only way one was allowed to refer to him in the wider world of Budapest, where hidden bugs might lurk—every week, and the duty officer's paramount duty was accompanying the roundabout and crisscrossing walk in the courtyard twice a day which was Mindszenty's exercise. Otherwise, for months at a time, there was no one.

Time was spent in prayer. And writing. The memoirs that were later to become a bone of contention with the Vatican took shape in hours and years of painful, arthritically plagued script (the tiny script that Solzhenitsyn later made famous as that of prisoners everywhere) and in constant, careful checking and research in books and encyclopedias and papers quietly acquired from libraries and morgues all over. The documentation of those memoirs which amazed reviewers and scholars when they were finally published was no surprise to those who took Our Guest's lists of titles on home leaves and vacations. His human needs were almost nonexistent: an occasional piece of clothing, a particular kind of cigar, medicines prescribed by the travelling State Department doctors. Otherwise, it was always books, magazines, newspapers. You began to understand the kind of omnivorous mental curiosity and discipline that kept him sane in years of blank walls and silence. And, along with the books, the Berlitz and Linguaphone records. For, although he wrote in Latin as often as in Hungarian, he knew that his memoirs would have to find their voice in English to reach the many refugees of the thirties and forties and of '56 who had made their way to the States. The daily conversations with the duty officer, the meetings with the Chargés (plural now, for tours of duty ended many times while his asylum continued unchanged), and the Sunday sermons became more fluent, more ambitious, and ever more marked by the singsong lilt of the records' phrase breaks. The uniform inflections transferred from familiar tourist phrases to say not "We would like/ to go into/ the museum" but "The tree/ of true faith/ can grow only/ in Hungarian soil/ not an earth/ that is sickly/ and il-legitimate."

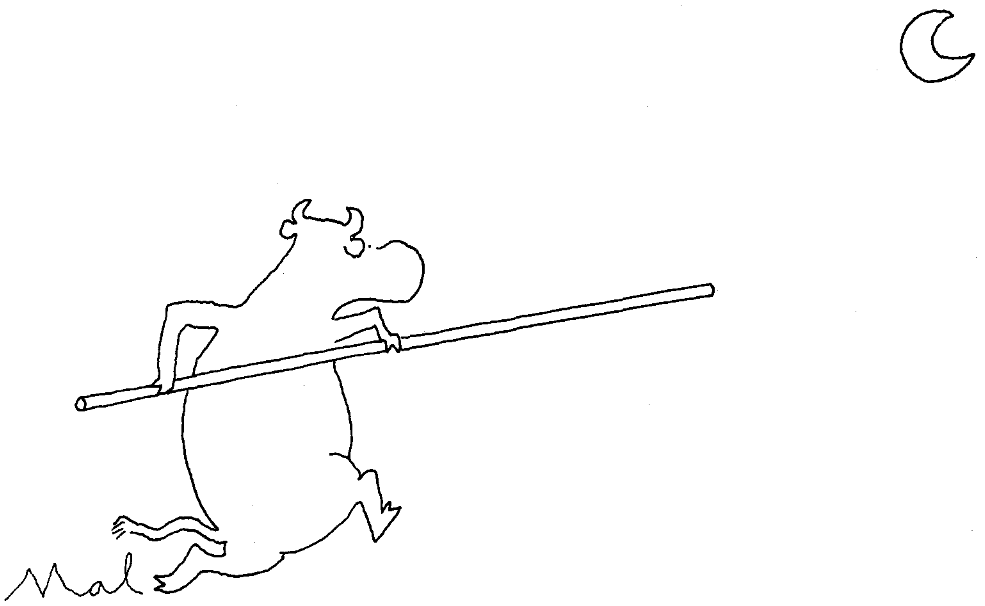
Hungary and Faith were one and the same, and the whole tide of events and politics outside the corner room was simply denied. The world had not left him behind; it had strayed—dangerously, stupidly, evilly, perhaps—but sooner or later it would come back to where he remained, rooted in the verities that had held firm for all the generations before him in the peasantry of Hungary and would therefore hold firm again. Only after the years of asylum ended and the final exile began did he know or admit that it might not happen in his lifetime. That saddened him but changed nothing. The truths of God and Hungary remained in his keeping, just as his charge of the Crown of St. Stephen went with his title of Prince Primate. The United States had both the crown (somewhere secretly in safekeeping) and the person of Mindszenty (much more obviously in safekeeping), and the approach of détente made both an awkward embarrassment—an embarrassment that a stubborn, old, dedicated man who had stared down and outlived real enemies had no intention of ameliorating simply for uneasy friends.

If for many in the world outside he personified Hungary and strength and determination and unswerving steadfastness, for him greatness lay really in his mother. She was the peasant woman of whom utopians dream: strong, sure, honest, wise, and good. Her strength had survived wars and the death of children, had seen him through the seminary and through his seemingly unending political trial. In times when children were encouraged to denounce their parents, when the suddenly imprisoned found their friends testifying against them or pretending not to know them to save their own lives, his mother badgered and bothered judges, Cabinet Ministers, even the terrifying secret police, to try and see him, get food to him, help him, mobilize support, disprove the lies that flooded courtroom and newspapers about him. It was all for nothing, of course, as far as political realities or sentencing went, but it added to the storehouse of faith and strength on which he drew in loneliness. Certainly the greatest gifts of the years of asylum—far more important than the improved physical amenities, or even the thin hope of real freedom—were his mother's allowed occasional visits. When his mother appeared at the Legation door, in total disregard of three black goon-squad cars parked in front with the motors always running, so they could take off immediately if someone suspicious darted suddenly out the door, neither diplomats nor goons stopped her. She seemed to command a reluctant, silent admission that to her the rules didn't apply. So on one day when the Hungarian Chief of Protocol visited the Chargé d'Affaires, and the Cardinal and his mother unwittingly walked into the hall between them just as the two officials approached each other, neither official acknowledged the awkward apparitions; and if it was, in effect, another denial of the Cardinal's existence, it avoided a showdown on his mother's presence. When she died, in 1960, the Vatican must have known that her death was the beginning of hope for its campaign to get Mindszenty to leave Hungary and allow Church-State rapprochement to proceed.

Even so, leaving was a decision more tortured than most people ever knew. Armchair philosophers who, in years when the memory of his trial had grown dim, thought they had discovered a new idea under the term "martyr complex" were too innocent of strict, formal Catholic education, which had long since called just that a sin of pride. If Mindszenty could ever be weakened, it was with the fear that his stand was not an expression of firmness or faith but the sin of desiring to be a martyr. It was an agony that at least once made

Whitney Darrow

"Shush, children. Daddy closed on the down side."



him demand that a priest be sent for to hear his confession. The priest who once a year came to hear his Easter Duty confession—another apparition that both governments silently overlooked—had come and gone months before. His reappearance would cause all kinds of diplomatic trouble. This wouldn't impress Mindszenty, of course, but the priest would be endangered. He would certainly be picked up by the goon cars and interrogated, at the very least, about Mindszenty's physical and mental condition. Patiently, the Chargé pointed this out. Calmly, Mindszenty explained that a priest of God would rather be interrogated and imprisoned than see a soul suffer the pangs of sin. It was total culture shock: both parties retired from the meeting in outrage—the Protestant diplomat in disbelief at such inhumanity, the Catholic prelate in pain at such ungodliness. The priest was not called, and the torment quite obviously persisted. Many years later, any danger of martyrdom past, Mindszenty spoke of temptations the Devil puts to cause a questioning of God's will. But by then it was all over. The Church no longer recognized either his titles or his vision. He was no longer a refugee in Hungary but an exile in Vienna. Whether he was a living martyr or simply a revanchist fool would be fought over and argued by Magyarphiles and Magyarphobes, and perhaps someday in history books. At a time when many of the countries of Europe were celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of their liberation from the Nazis, József Mindszenty died, at eighty-three, still waiting for the liberation of the country he loved.

• •

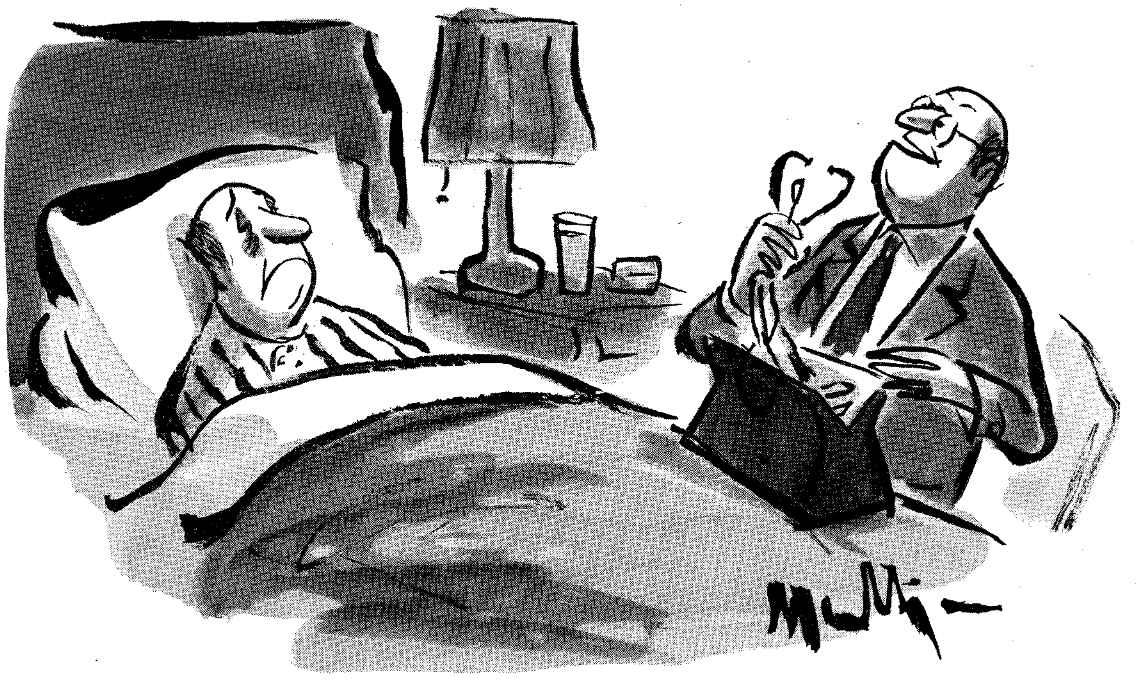
Background Music

UP in Cambridge, things were rather quiet when we passed through over the weekend, except for the Orgies. On Friday, there was a sit-in at Massachusetts Hall, where the president of Harvard University has his office, but it wasn't like the old days. Only sixteen students sat in, and they confined their protest to bankers' hours, arriving at ten in the morning and leaving a little after three in the afternoon. Nobody missed dinner, or even afternoon tea. Furthermore, the students sat in the reception room—a room, after all, that is specifically intended for people to sit in, if not to sit in in. The Harvard *Crimson* treated the story judiciously. The *Crimson* put out an extra, but the headline over the story covered only three of the paper's five columns. As for the Orgies, they had nothing to do with the sit-in, or even with the merged Harvard and Radcliffe dormitories. "Orgy," in fact, is a registered trademark of WHRB, the undergraduate FM radio station, which can be heard all over Boston and, atmospheric conditions permitting, as far away as the suburbs of Worcester. An Orgy is just a long radio program. Twice a year, during Reading and Exam Periods, when everybody else at Harvard is either loafing or cramming, the people at WHRB crank up to a round-the-clock schedule. This spring's Orgy Period began on May 1st, with the traditional six-hour Warhorse Orgy (Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture," Beethoven's Fifth, Ravel's "Bolero," and other such standbys), and will continue through June 10th, when it ends with a three-hour program of music by Domenico and Alessandro Scarlatti. There will be one hundred and seventy-five Orgies in between, which will touch on a great variety of musical styles and performers, organized in a great variety of ways. There will be a Beatles Orgy, a Saint-Saëns Orgy, a John Orgy (Elton, Lennon, Prine, Stewart, Dr.), a Frank Sinatra Orgy, a Transcriptions Orgy, an Aaron Copland Orgy (four parts, twenty hours), a Sonny Rollins Orgy, a Rock-Around-the-Clock Orgy (not quite; it's only twenty-two hours long), a Mozart Concerti Orgy, and a ten-hour Polish Nationalist Orgy. The Music One Listening Orgy consists of all the assigned listening for Harvard's introductory course in the history of music. The Music from 78s Orgy consists of performances, unavailable on LPs, that the station's staff has transferred from the old fast-spinners to tape. The "Pelléas et Mélisande" Orgy consists of musical settings by Fauré, Schoenberg, Sibelius, and Debussy of Maurice Maeterlinck's Symbolist play of 1892. The really *big* one this spring was the Béla Bartók Orgy, which started at 8 P.M. on May 11th and didn't let up until midnight on May 14th.

We collected these and other facts during a tour of the studios of WHRB, in the basement of Memorial Hall, a funny Gothic building just north of Harvard Yard. Two sophomores from the classical-music department of WHRB, Bill Mayer and Dave Ring, gave us the tour. The station occupies a suite of bizarrely shaped, high-ceilinged rooms, one of which—Studio C, which is less a studio than a sort of ratty lounge—used to be an anechoic chamber. An anechoic chamber is a room where you *can't* hear a pin drop. A few wedges of foam-rubber insulation were still lying around. Mayer and Ring were especially proud of the catalogue, which lists all nine thousand records in the station's classical-music library alphabetically by composer and also by length of selection. The latter feature made possible a Nineteen-Minute Orgy a couple of years back. (The catalogue lists thirty-two works that are exactly nineteen minutes long.)

"That Bartók Orgy is the centerpiece this spring—fifty-two hours," said Ring, who was wearing a Boston Symphony Orchestra T-shirt. "Last semester it was Dvořák, before that it was music of the nineteen-twenties, before that it was Schubert, and before that was before my time."

"The longest one we've had, I



"My burglar's tools. Heh, heh!"

• •

think, was an eighty-hour Mozart Orgy," said Mayer. "The big thing in the planning stage now is a Haydn Orgy, with all one hundred and four symphonies and all eighty-three string quartets. That should take about a week."

David Elliott, a member of the class of 1964 and a ghost, which is what WHRB people call alumni who turn up to haunt them, gave us a bit of Orgy history, much of which seems to be lost in the mists of time. "The station has been on the air since 1940, and Orgies go back at least thirty years," said Elliott, who is now a lawyer and a teaching assistant at Harvard. "There are two versions of how they started. According to one version, someone—I'm not sure who, but I think he had a funny name—was going to be inducted into the Army the next day, so his friends at the station played an extended program of stuff he liked. According to the other version, which I find more poetic, somebody took an exam he had expected to flunk, and instead did very well on it. In his exultation, he ran down to the station and played all nine Beethoven symphonies straight through, which was quite a job, since they were all on seventy-eights and had to be stacked in great piles on the changer."

Elliott excused himself to go prepare his own Orgy—a two-hour selection of old BBC "Goon Show"s—and we went into Studio CC, where John Valauri was on the air, conducting a four-hour Muddy Waters-Elmore James Orgy. Valauri, a rotund, bearded ghost from the class of '72, now a student at Harvard Law, told us that he had just come back from a two-week record-collecting tour of Louisiana. "I went to record manufacturers, record distributors, wholesalers, retailers, and junk shops, and found a whole bunch of gospel and blues records," said Valauri, whose on-the-air name is Professor Blues. "It's getting harder to find rhythm-and-blues, because there are so many collectors, but nobody collects gospel. We found twelve hundred records—all speeds, thirty-three through seventy-eight. The thing about record collecting is you can eat your cake and have it, too. You can possess records and also play them. I mean, if you're a stamp collector you can't put your favorite stamp on a letter and mail it."

Curmudgeon Ribs Chickens

"MEET us for a special lunch at '21,'" we instructed our pal the old curmudgeon last week, without explaining what it was to be. The special lunch? Kentucky Fried Chicken was calling in the press to sample its brand-new entrée, Colonel Sanders' Country Style Ribs—the first new entrée since Extra Crispy Chicken, in 1972—and K.F.C.'s first system-wide approved line of desserts, The Colonel's Little Bucket Desserts, which will be sold "as individual portions of approximately 3½ ounces for about 40 cents each."

We waited outside the famed restaurant for the old crumpet. He came sauntering down Fifty-second Street, took no notice of us, started to turn down the steps to "21," then spied a large Kentucky Fried Chicken truck parked outside the place, and accelerated off toward Sixth Avenue. We pursued him, caught him by the arm, and led him back and upstairs to the Hunt Room.

"I was an original member of the original '21' Club," the curmudgeon said, sipping at a vodka-and-tonic. "A glorious speakeasy, and what could honestly be called an exclusive club. Of course, it was called the Puncheon Grotto in those days—a little place on West Forty-ninth Street. Ah, the annual Founders' Day luncheon! *Mit* champagne, not *mit* chicken. All on the house. Then repeal came along and spoiled everything. However, they still have a Puncheon Room here, I'm happy to say."

A waiter deftly handed the curmudgeon another drink, and the curmudge pointed to the wall and asked him, "Is that gun loaded?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the waiter.

"Why not?"

"Mmm," said the waiter, but smiling.

"Excellent service," the curmudgeon said to us. "Absolutely first-class Spanish-speaking waiters, who might well have come out of the Hotel Wellington in Madrid. The Harvard Club should kidnap the entire lot."

The curmudgeon circulated, returning with a young fellow named Steve Ganis, who's editor of the Brooklyn *Graphic*, a weekly that serves the quarter of a million people who live in Bensonhurst. "How did you come here?" the curmudgeon was saying. "On the overnight sleeper?"

Then Rena Pierami, a microbiologist with K.F.C., came up and explained that her job was looking for bacteria in K.F.C. entrées. She said that they were all clean but she was not at liberty to say just how many bacteria she had found in the piece of chicken she had examined most recently.

At lunch, we sat with representatives of the Glen Oaks *News*, the Bayside *Times*, the Little Neck *Ledger*, the *Lower Manhattan Star News*

Pennysaver, and the *Murray Hill News*. Helen Broome, of the *Murray Hill News*, tackled the curmudgeon. She looked at a pair of copper bracelets that he says have cured his arthritis. "Why don't you take those copper bracelets off?" she said. "The war's over."

"Not my war," said the curmudgeon.

"What war?"

"Against civilization. It hasn't come up to expectations. I'm demanding a referendum to see if it should be discontinued. It's had a fair enough trial. Hmm," he continued as a waiter filled his glass. "Lancers white. I have been asking for this at restaurants all over town, and '21' is the first to come through."

Then the curmudgeon told Dorothy Frooks, of the *M. H. News*, who is also the lawyer who thought up the New York City Small Claims Court, all about a beverage called Vesuvio he had distilled in his Village apartment during Prohibition. The trick was to add oranges and put the wooden tubs of the stuff near the radiators, so it would ferment fast. During this conversation, the curmudgeon consumed three pieces of fried chicken and four ribs, a plate of coleslaw, two dishes of baked beans, and a Colonel's Little Bucket strawberry shortcake, which comes in a plastic cup with a lid. "The Little Bucket is good enough to eat," he said cryptically, "and I will order it at the new Kuala Lumpur Kentucky Fried Chicken stand when I visit Malaysia this summer. The ribs stick to your ribs."

James H. Wille, K.F.C. president and Minnesota native, told us that a new K.F.C. stand opens every thirty hours and that by 1980 one out of every two American meals will be eaten outside the American home. He said that K.F.C. had been ready to roll out with ribs last year, only to discover that the barbecue sauce was rusting the ovens it was cooked in. "The acidity was chewing up our ovens," he said. So the sauce was changed, and now the ribs have been successfully test-marketed in strategic locations, selling well even in big beef towns, like Dallas and Fort Worth.

"The president is a good spokesman, but he needs to work on his Southern accent," said the curmudgeon. "I have been a test market for forty-nine years. No bacteria at last count."

One of the Spanish-speaking waiters handed him a finger bowl.

"It is really a pity," the curmudgeon said, "in many ways, that Spain did not colonize the whole United States. We should all have been served and have eaten very much better in the intervening years."

Downstairs, the curmudgeon accosted Buddy Rich, the drummer and night-club owner, who was wearing a yellow jacket bearing the initials A.K.A. (for American Karate Association). "Behaving yourself?" our friend said, pinching a Rich cheek.

"I have to," said Rich. "My wife's in town. And so is Mel Tormé. He's opening for me next week. Come on down then."

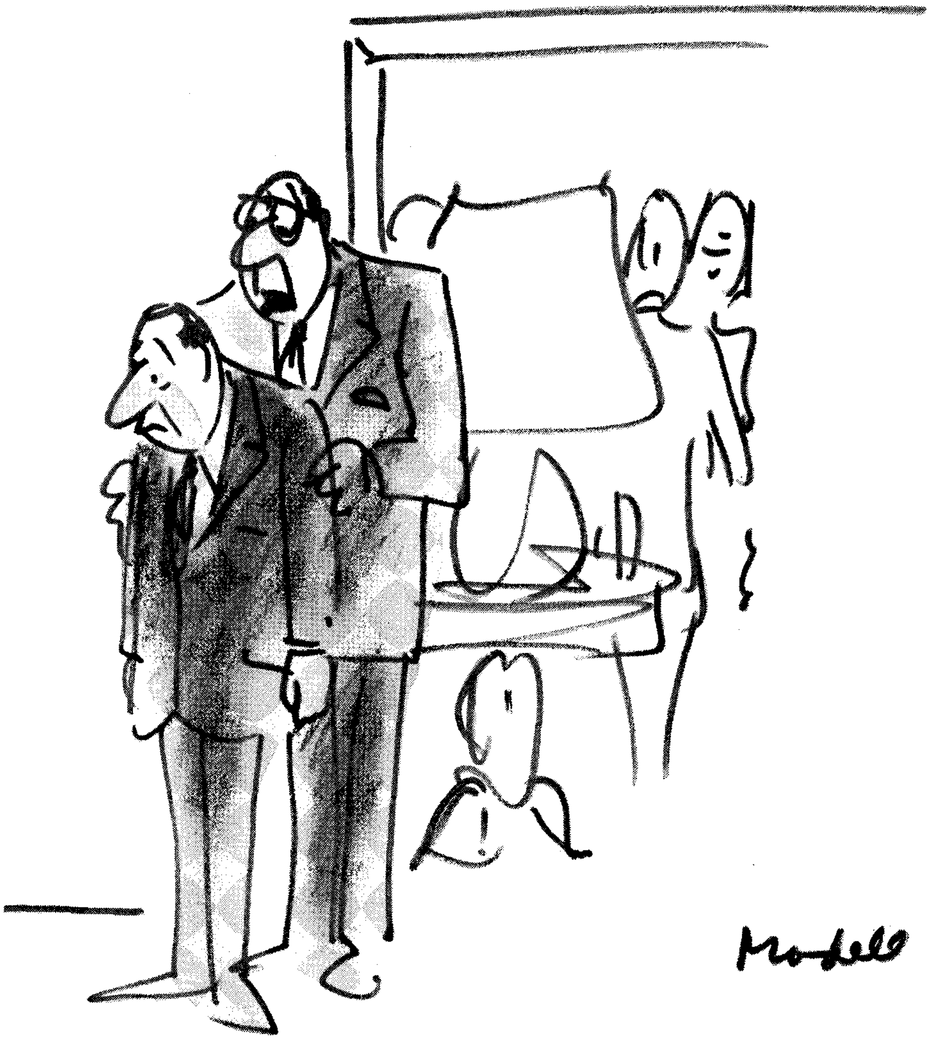
"Mel Tormé never comes around when *I* open anywhere," said the o.c. "But I'll come down and teach you both how to make Vesuvio."

Antipodes

IF you drilled a hole straight through the earth, starting at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street, you would pass through ten inches of pavement, four feet of pipes, thirty-five feet of Seventh Avenue subway, about twenty-two hundred miles of rock, about thirty-six hundred miles of nickel-iron core, and then another twenty-two hundred miles of rock. You would come out in the Indian Ocean, 106° 3′ east longitude and 40° 45′ south latitude, about three hundred miles off the southwest coast of Australia. You would have reached Manhattan's antipodes, or diametrically opposite point on the globe. You would be about two and a half miles under water.

Due north of Manhattan's antipodes, it is 2,040 miles to Malingping, Java. Due south, it is 1,500 miles to the Knox Coast of Antarctica, 2,260 miles to the Soviet research station at Vostok, Antarctica, and 2,955 miles to the South Pole. Due west, it is 7,700 miles to Punta Rasa (Flat Point), Argentina. Due east, it is 1,760 miles to Cape Grim, Tasmania. The town nearest to Manhattan's antipodes is Augusta, Australia, 590 miles to the northeast, where Australians go for fishing vacations, and where it rains about half the year.

Not much goes on in this part of the Indian Ocean. It is fall there now. The water is gray-green, like the North Atlantic, and very rough. Navigators call these latitudes "the roaring forties," because the storms are so vio-



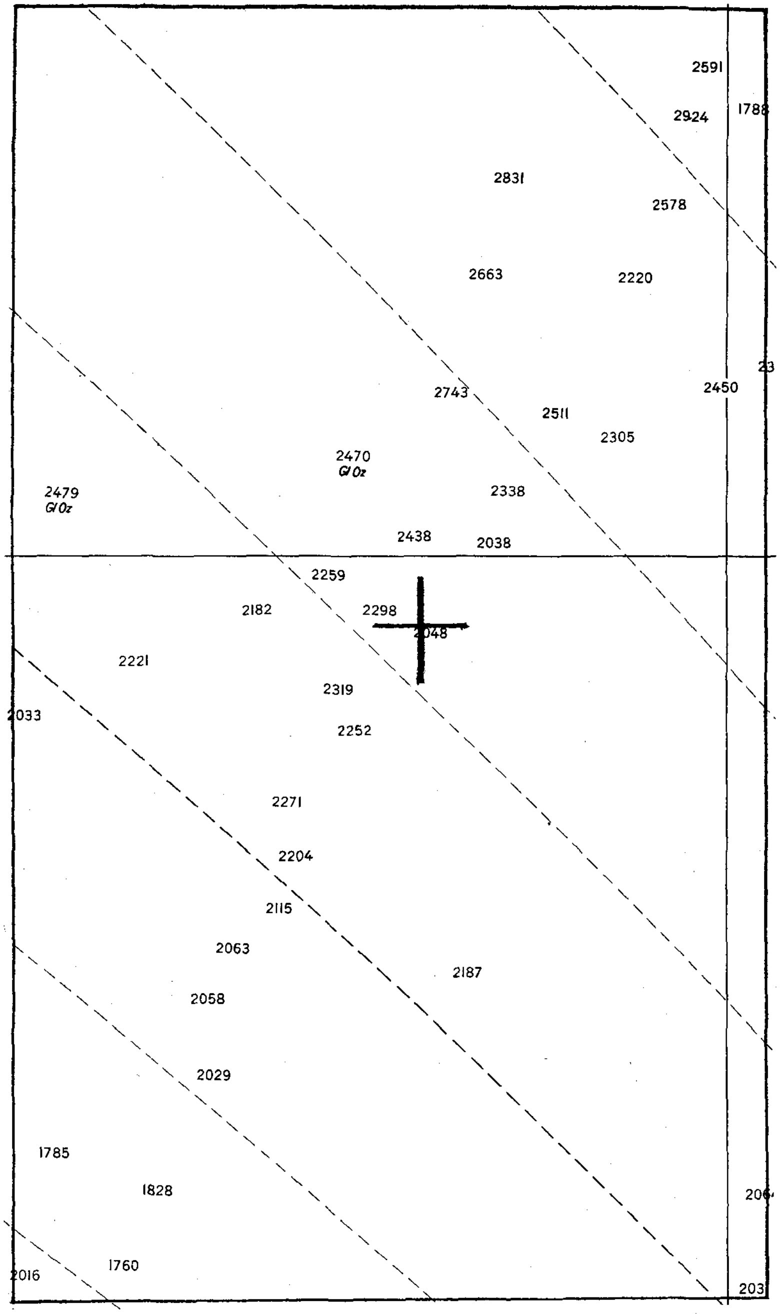
"*Really, I didn't mean it when I said you lacked humility.*"

lent. There are no shipping lanes near Manhattan's antipodes, so there is no junk on the ocean floor. The ocean floor is completely dark (except for the light produced by occasional luminescent fish and other organisms), and the water at the bottom is only a few degrees above freezing. A white, squishy substance known as globigerina ooze covers the ocean floor. Glob ooze, as oceanographers call it, is a calcium sediment made of the shells of globigerina, which are tiny foraminiferal organisms. Glob ooze can be anywhere from less than an inch to a thousand feet thick. Since it is too much trouble to wash the salt out of it even to make cement, glob ooze has no commercial value. This far from land, there are few fish. A school of whales might pass by seasonally. There might be a few rattails (bottom feeders related to the shark family) near the ocean floor.

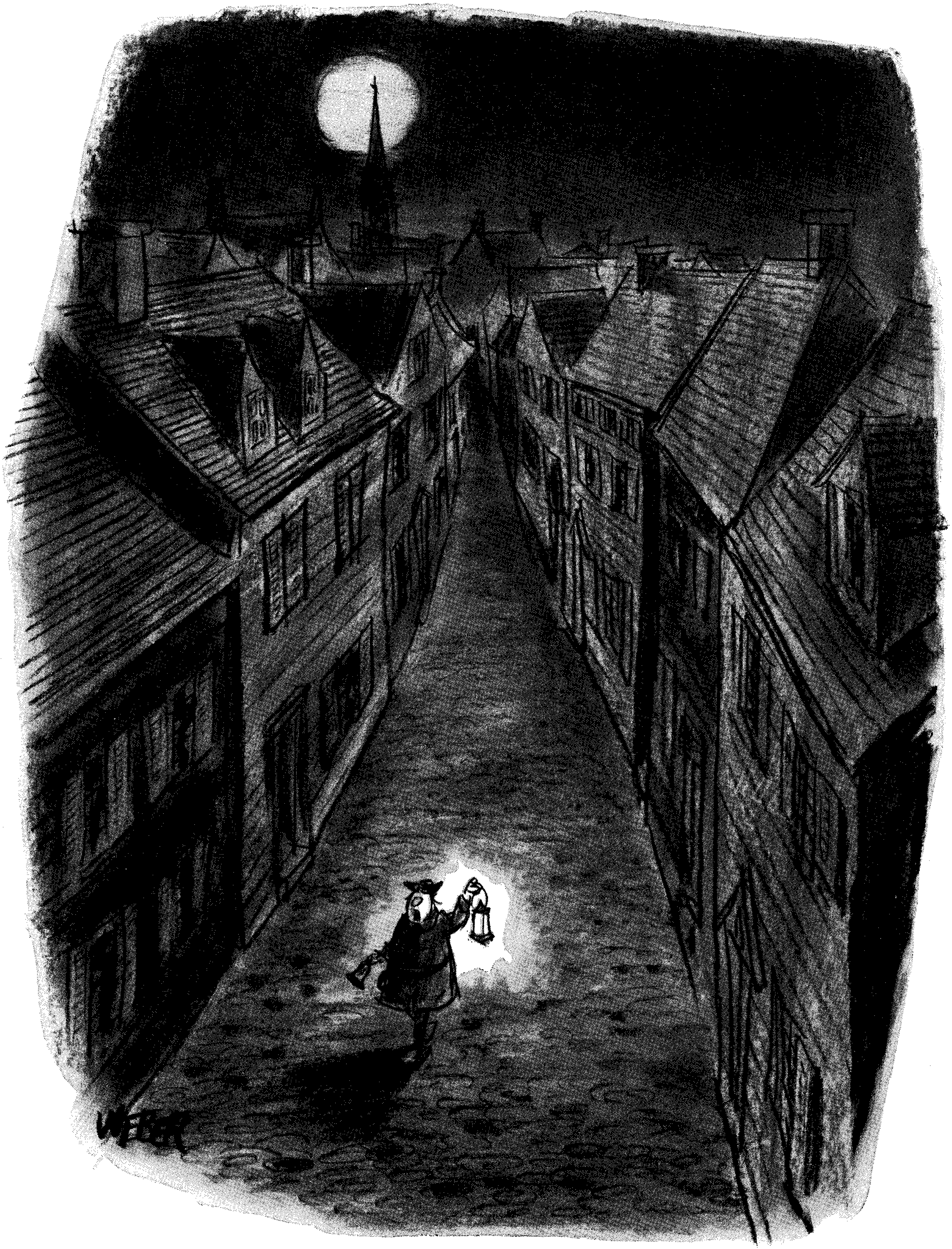
If you could walk northeast to Australia, wearing some kind of glob-ooze shoes to keep from sinking in, as well as equipment to deal with the problems of air, light, temperature, and water pressure, you would have to cross underwater mountains of sixty-four hundred feet and descend nineteen thousand feet into valleys before you ascended Australia's continental slope, nearly four hundred miles away. Manhattan's antipodes lies on the southeastern branch of the Mid-Indian Oceanic Ridge, which is a Y-shaped ridge in the middle of the Indian Ocean with heights of ten thousand feet and valleys as deep as fourteen thousand feet. The Mid-Oceanic Ridge is the longest continuous feature on the earth's surface. Dr. Bruce Heezen, of Columbia's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory (one of the few New Yorkers who have ever been close to Manhattan's antipodes), made the first detailed map of the Indian Ocean floor, under the auspices of the International Indian Ocean Expedition, in the early nineteen-sixties. He says that the discovery and exploration of the Mid-Oceanic Ridge provided the conclusive proof for the theory of continental drift. "About fifty million years ago, the ridge moved through Antarctica and chipped off a huge piece—Australia—which then headed north and rotated slightly counterclockwise until it crashed into Indonesia," he said. "It did not take long, in geological time. When we discovered that ridge, and when we found that the central and eastern Indian Ocean was much younger than the western Indian Ocean, the theory of continental drift was finally accepted. Before this discovery, if you believed in drift you couldn't get a job. Now if you don't you can't."

About the biggest thing that has ever happened near Manhattan's antipodes happened three hundred miles away, in the course of the International Indian Ocean Expedition. A British Member of Parliament, on board the Australian ship Diamantina, was mapping the ocean floor with an echo sounder that was faulty—something he did not realize. About three hundred miles southwest of Australia, he and his shipmates started getting some extremely deep soundings. They became very excited about this, and later claimed to the press that they had found the deepest point in the oceans. They named their find the Diamantina Trench. When their claim was investigated, it turned out to be wrong. The Diamantina Trench, even at its deepest point, is only about twenty-two thousand feet deep, which is considerably shallower than the deepest ocean trenches.

Two of our favorite Midwestern towns—Pekin, Illinois, and Canton, Illinois—were so named because their founders thought that the towns were exactly opposite the two famous Chinese cities. Pekin, Ill., and Canton, Ill., are in fact opposite points in the Indian Ocean some seven hundred miles to the west of New York's opposite point. Most of the United States is opposite the southern Indian Ocean. There is no point in the United States where, if you drilled straight through the earth, you would come out in China.



The opposite point on the earth from Times Square is marked by a cross in the middle of this 437,760-square-nautical-mile section of the Department of Defense hydrographic chart of the southern Indian Ocean. The soundings are in fathoms, and more recent exploration has proved many of them inaccurate. The diagonal dotted lines are magnetic-variation curves. The letters "Gl Oz" stand for "globigerina ooze."

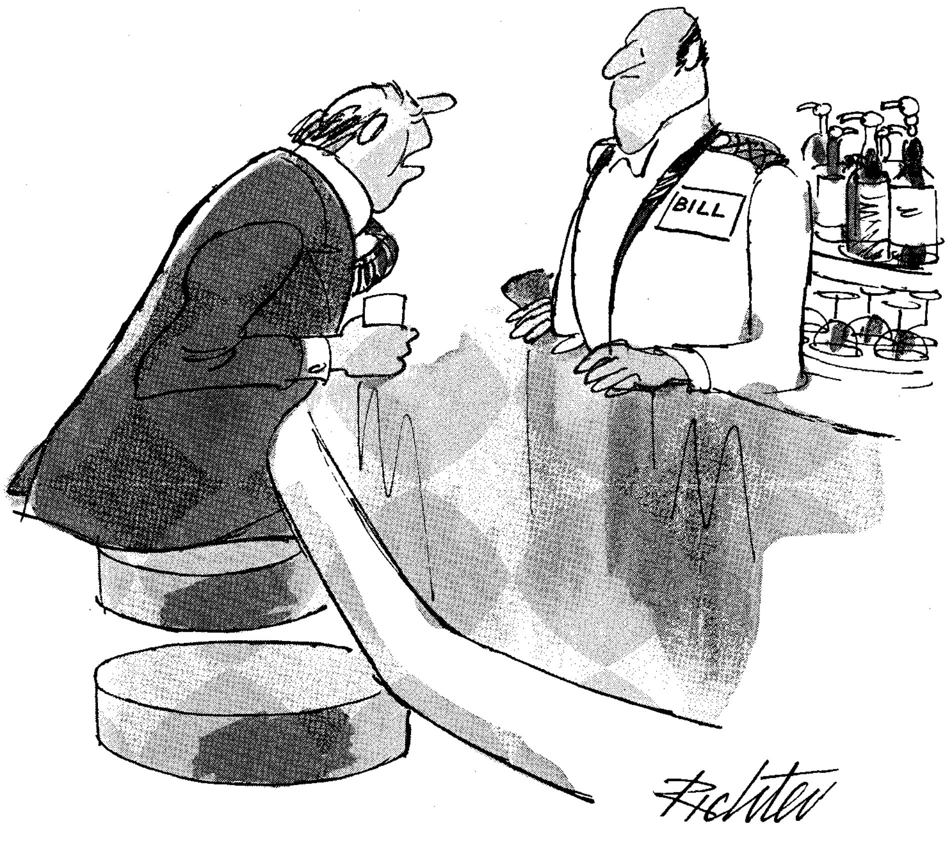


"Twelve o'clock, and here's the midnight wrapup. Near riot closes Boar's Head Inn, Rachel Goodpenny's cow has twins, Devil's footprints found in Hornblowers' orchard, and whose wife was observed leaving whose chemist shop while hubby was off to New Bedford on business?"

THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF GOSSIP

(JUICY TIDBITS FROM ALL AROUND THE LITERARY SCENE)

WHAT'S got **Noam Chomsky** smiling so mysteriously these days? Was it the party **Robert L. Heilbroner** ("Limits of American Capitalism," "The Future as History") threw for him at **Jilly's** to celebrate a smashing new paperback contract? **Noam** isn't talking. How about it, **Noam?** Your fans wouldn't mind a sample of those fabulous **Chomsky** "linguistics"! . . . **Bill Styron** edged out **Eliot Janeway** and **Nelson Algren** in the **Boris Pasternak** look-alike contest held at **Sam Wo's.** Proceeds of the evening will go to buy a new beard for **Alexander Solzhenitsyn.** . . . History freak **Will Durant** credits wife **Ariel** with a lot of the success he's enjoyed as a writer and as a human being, too. **Will's** really *nuts* about her, even after many decades of marriage. . . . No one can accuse craggy **Sam Beckett** ("Endgame," "Malone Dies") of not having a *great* sense of humor—or can they? Friends report the bleak playwright will often put an *haricot* or green bean into his ear during dinner "just for laughs." *Pretty funny,* **Sam!** . . . Crinkle-faced pepperpot **Henry Miller** is brooding because **Nathalie Sarraute** has never, ever phoned him in over thirty years. "So sue me. I say she's crispy and tart, like a September apple," he admitted at Big Sur's posh **Nepenthe** restaurant. No argument from this end, **Hank,** but why not come in out of the sun for a while? . . . **Jean-Paul Sartre** spends part of each day grappling with the mysteries of life, then jogs to keep the flab down. His stay-trim secret: an avocado stuffed with farmer cheese. "It's scrumptious, and packed with all the vitamins I need to ratiocinate," the sinewy existentialist revealed. . . . Close friends of **Rudyard Kipling** deny he's dead, and to prove it they're taking over the **Belmore Cafeteria** for a giant one-hundred-and-tenth-birthday blowout. . . . **Norm Mailer** ("Armies of the Night"), **Norm Podhoretz** ("Making It"), and **Norm Cousins** ("Talks with Nehru") huddled at the **All-Norman Gala** thrown by **Paddy Chayefsky** at the **Parkway Restaurant** (Roumanien Broiling, unborn eggs). Also present: **Bernie Malamud** looking trendy in a blue suit, dancing to the exciting polyrhythms of "Petrouchka" (**Bob Craft** tickled the eighty-eight). . . . Is talented harmonist **Walter Piston** busily composing a brand-new cello concerto for **Mstislav Rostropovich** or not? **Walter,** no blabbermouth, won't say. But that twinkle in his eye must mean *something!* Better keep the rosin handy, **Mstislav!** . . . Was that **Dwight Macdonald** in a cream-and-tangerine Porsche trying to beat the lights down Park Avenue the other night at 2 A.M.? **Dwight,** sporting a new look in sideburns (both on the same side), explained how he makes the fifty-one blocks from **Hunter College** to **Union Square** without stopping. "I drop her into second, floor it, and scream my lungs out until I hit Twenty-third Street," the essayist confided. "After that, it's a piece of cake." Those in the know claim **Dwight's** fuel-injection system and 11-inch disc brakes help him get manuscripts to the publisher more quickly, thereby preserving a certain freshness of insight and that fabulous **Macdonald** contemporaneousness. . . . **Jonas** and **Adolfas Mekas,** arriving at the **Bleecker St. Cinema** for a midnight showing of "Nosferatu," encountered **Al** and **Dave Maysles** exiting. The four exchanged rueful smiles. . . .



"Bill. I hope you don't mind if I call you Bill."

EAVESDROPPINGS:

Henry Moore: "Some folks claim I'm a kook because I sculpt. But if you want to move concepts through a juxtaposition of plastic and tactile forms, what else can you be—a hockey player?"

Lillian Hellman: "There's nothing wrong with a little housework."

Leslie Fiedler: "Everybody's always asking me which comes first, my career or having fun. Honestly, I'm never sure what the right answer is!"

André Malraux: "I'm a pretty lucky guy. I mean, when you've got your health (*santé*), that's pretty much the whole ball of wax, isn't it?"

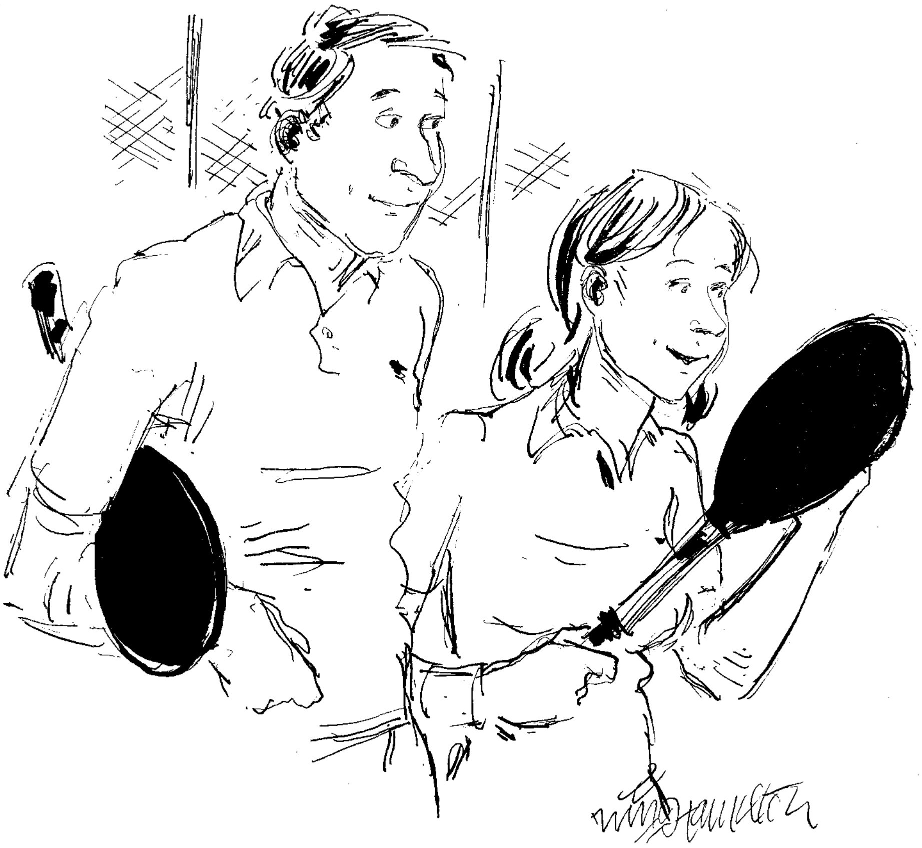
Henry Steele Commager: "Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I sneak down and make a bacon-and-onion sandwich. Just a lot of bacon, raw onion, mayonnaise, and white bread. Before morning I'm nauseous, but I can't help myself!"

QUICKIES:

. . . **Izzy Stone** and **Nancy** ("Zelda") **Milford** sweating it out on adjoining rowing machines at the **92nd St. "Y."** . . .

. . . Gallic publishing dreamboat and pioneer pornster **Maurice Girodias** at the **Gotham Book Mart** for a **Joyce Society** meeting, thumbing a "Portable Emerson." How's that, **Maury?** Going transcendental on us? . . .

. . . **Tom** ("Gravity's Rainbow") **Pynchon** lobbing hot chestnuts at the tourists on Fifth Avenue from the



"At last we've trashed the Stocktons!"

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Brentano's penthouse, on a dare by **William** ("Fiction and the Figures of Life") **Gass.** "What a gass, **Bill!**" chuckled **Tom.** . . .

KEEP YOUR EYE ON:

Robert Penn Warren ("Incarnations"). **Bob** *hates* the idea of dating dull models or secretaries. **Warren,** who rarely dances, describes an ideal evening as a leisurely dinner, followed by lively discussion, coffee, then some late-night nit-picking. **Bob's** favorite bedside reading: **Paul Tillich's** "Grooming Tips.". . . **Alvin Toffler.** "Future Shock" **Al** eschews expensive hair-styling salons, does all his own tonsorial chores at home with a bowl and pinking shears. He calls his sexy new pompadour "the wave of the future."

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH:

Rainer Maria Rilke. Lyric-poetry buffs will have no trouble remembering the main man of post-symbolist wordsmithery, "His Nibs," the fantastic **"Rags" Rilke.** Born in romantic Prague (near Czechoslovakia), the young, handsome **Rilke** went to Paris to become secretary to famous chipsmith **Auguste Rodin** (who put his "Kiss" on *everyone's* lips!). One day, **Rilke** noticed that certain words sounded alike. "Words such as 'mice' and 'advice,'" he was later to recall. "It was right then that I got into my poesy bag." A familiar figure in Saint-Germain, **"Rags"** cut a wide swath in the unofficial uniform of the vagabond versifier—suède knee-boots, a puff-sleeved raw-silk bolero shirt, green velvet breeches, and a large wooden hat. A favorite in rhyme circles for years, **Rilke** hit it *really* big in 1906 with his narrative poem "Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke." Occasionally scored for being stodgy, **Rilke** loosened up toward the end of his life, and, with the encouragement of **Thomas Mann,** once mailed some sneeze powder to **Sylvia Beach.**

THE MAILBAG:

Dear Editor:

Where can I get the **Martin Buber** sweatshirt advertised in your last issue? Also, anyone having any pictures or interviews with **Pär Lagerkvist,** please contact me.

Nan Sloat
Maspeth, L.I.

Dear Nan:

The **Martin Buber** sweatshirts, pot holders, and ice-crushing bags, plus a glamorous 8 x 10 glossy photo of **Pär Lagerkvist** in a dwarf suit, are all available through the **Buber-Lagerkvist** Fan Exchange, Kungsgatan 72, Box 3, Stockholm, Sweden.

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Dear Editor:

I have always been worried by the abruptness of Gerald's death in Chapter 5 of **E. M. Forster's** "The Longest Journey." What happened? Why did **Forster** do that?

Hadrian Kornbleet, Ph.D.
Reed College
Portland, Oregon

Dear Professor Kornbleet:

We'll bet you didn't like Leonard's seduction of Helen in "Howards End," either. If surprises turn you off, better lay off the belles-lettres and get into something certain, like insurance.

•

Dear Editor:

What's **Gunnar Myrdal's** secret of always looking so fresh? Everybody I know thinks he's the absolute tops in sociohistorical analysis, too.

Dmitri Reutershan
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Dear Dmitri:

Before lecturing or undertaking any serious talking, **Gunnar** always pops a clove into his mouth and puts one under each arm. As a result, he's the only Swedish economist around who emits an aroma of mince pie.

•

Dear Editor:

One day recently, I saw **Letty Cottin Pogrebin** wearing a pair of black slacks. Less than a week later, I saw **Susan Sontag** wearing what appeared to be *identical slacks!* Realizing the importance of individuality in attire as well as prose style, I must ask, Do you feel **Susan** was trying to "make it hot" for **Letty?**

Sri Murtiswammy
Trenton, N.J.

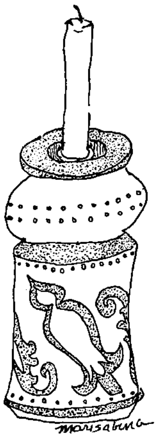
Drea Sri:

No, it was probably just a coincidence, as **Letty** and **Sue** are "best of friends." Looks like you're guilty of what **Lionel Trilling** would call "the Intentional Fallacy"! (Incidentally, criticism fans who have not already done so may still order the **NYRG** durable vinyl tablecloth, clearly imprinted with a refutation of the Intentional Fallacy, in Professor **Trilling's** own words. The text is cogent and aesthetically pleasing, and, like the professor himself, can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.)

—Marshall Brickman

ERRORS

THE talk turned to errors, and Zalman the glazier said, "These days, you can make the worst mistake and no one even says an unkind word about it. That's why so many mistakes are being made. In olden times, an error wasn't treated so lightly. The Pentateuch says that if a person chops wood and the head of the axe slips from the helve and slays someone, that person has to flee to a distant city or else the victim's relatives may take revenge on him. In Radoszyce, there was a Squire Zablocki—not a bad man, but if he was crossed he flew into a wild rage, his mustache bristled like a tomcat's, he began to wave his riding crop, and whoever was close by got it. One time he ordered a pair of boots from a cobbler, and when they came they were too tight. He had a fire built and he burned them. It's not so easy to burn leather. It smokes and it stinks to high heaven. He ordered the cobbler, Shmerl, to drop his pants and he beat him bloody. He tore a fur coat to shreds because the furrier sewed a hook too low. It finally got to the point where the cobblers and tailors refused to do work for him. Zablocki was always befuddled, and he made a good many mistakes of his own. One day he wanted to go to Żelechów, but he told the coachman to take him to Węgrów. After going miles, he suddenly realized that the road was unfamiliar. The coachman later told people that the Squire was so angry he punched himself in the nose.



"He had tormented his wife to death. It was already after the emancipation, but he used to flog his peasants. He would shout, 'On my estate, *I* am the law.' The peasants trembled before him. He even terrified his dogs. He had a pack of hounds the size of wolves and each one had a name. If he called one dog to the table and another came instead, he locked the offending dog in a dark room for three days and nights.

"The Squire was constantly involved in lawsuits—he squandered his entire fortune on them. He always lost, he never won. He would appeal to Lublin and to Warsaw, but he lost there, too. Once, the Squire received a lawyer in his drawing room and the lawyer asked, 'Your Excellency, may I smoke a cigar?'

"The Squire said, 'You may.'

"The lawyer took out a cigarette and lit it. Cigarettes were still a novelty at the time. The Squire had a cane that was twisted like a horn and had a silver knob. He grabbed the cane and began to beat the lawyer. The lawyer cried, 'What have I done?'

" 'I gave you permission to smoke a cigar, not a cigarette,' the Squire said. 'This is a newfangled fad picked up from the French, and no one is going to bring any damned foreign customs into my house!' That was Zablocki for you.

"He had a daughter, Zofia, and he loved her like his very life, but she had to do everything he told her. If he told her to braid a blue ribbon into her hair and she braided in a green one, he slapped her in front of whatever guests might be there.

"Because of his reputation, the daughter couldn't get a husband. Who would want to be the son-in-law of such a wild man?

"I don't have to tell you that with females fashions keep changing. Among the gentry it was the custom for a lady to give a dress she had worn once or twice to some poor relative. But Zablocki's daughter had to wear dresses from King Sobieski's time. The nobles laughed at her and she wasn't invited to their balls. She was ashamed to be seen in the streets.

"Now listen to this: One time, the Czar's uncle or brother—I forget which—came to Poland and he had to spend the night in Radoszyce. I think he had been hunting in the forests nearby. But where could such a dignitary stay? The authorities called on the Squire and told him that he had to put the prince up at his palace. Zablocki squirmed like a snake, but Poland had lost all the wars and among the Gentiles might makes right. He was forced to give in. His marshal or steward wanted to fix up the quarters the prince would have, but Zablocki threatened that if so much as a straw was picked up there heads would roll.

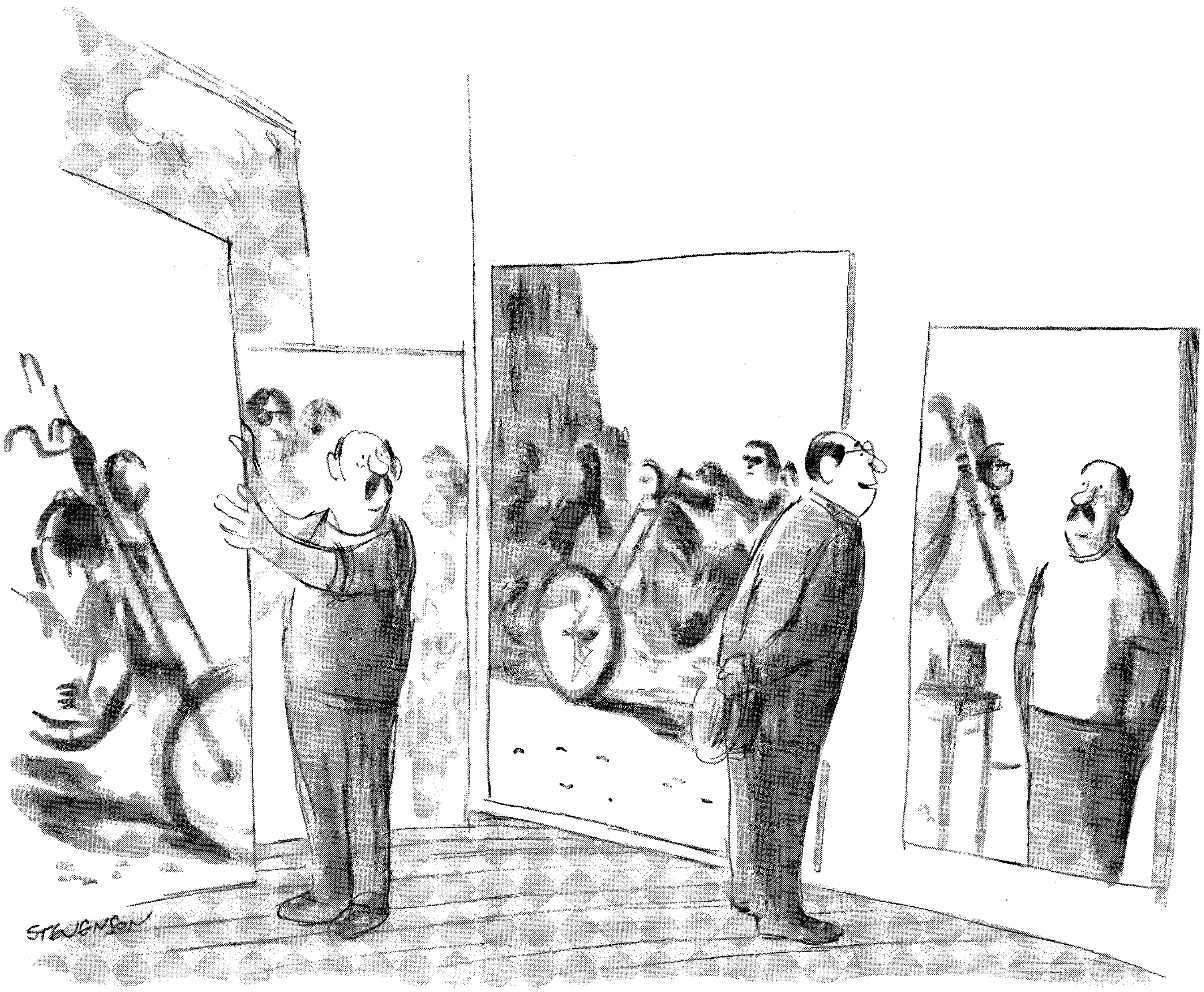
"When the prince finally arrived, all the town officials and the priests and nobles came out to greet him, including Zablocki. The Jews, I recall, brought bread and salt on a silver tray. An official presented Zablocki and told the prince that he would be his host. The prince began to mouth compliments, as is the custom among the gentry, but as he did so he made an error and mispronounced the name of Zablocki—he called it Zaprocki.

"When the Squire heard his name mispronounced, he cried out, 'I am Zablocki, not Zaprocki!' He was holding a document he was supposed to read to the prince and he flung it to the ground and stormed away. You can imagine the commotion! For such an offense a whole city could be levelled. The top official—the *nachalnik*—fell to his knees and the priests apologized to the prince by telling him that Zablocki wasn't in his right mind. The Jews became frightened, too, since it's the rule among the strong to vent their rage on the weak. The Cossacks took off after the Squire. If they had caught him, they would have finished him on the spot. But he hid in the forest until the prince and his retinue left. He came home tattered, half raw from mosquitoes and thorns, and wasted as if from consumption.

"When the authorities heard that he was back, they sent the police to drag him to prison in chains, but Zablocki armed his peasants and ordered them to keep the Russians out of the courtyard. He himself loaded a rifle and went to an attic room, and when the Russians came near the gate he began to shoot at them from the window. Radoszyce had only a few policemen, and they didn't want to risk their lives. The *nachalnik* sent a courier to the governor asking for troops. The governor said he would telegraph Petersburg. He let the courier wait a week, then told him that Zablocki was a madman on whose account it didn't pay to shed blood. Apparently those in command didn't want to bring about a confrontation.

"The Squire didn't live long after that. He got an infection in his lungs. Squires from far away came to the funeral, music was played, and Zablocki was praised for saving the Polish honor—and all this just because the Russian prince had made an error in pronouncing his name."

"AN error is no trifle," said Levi Yitzchok. "Because Kamtsa was invited to a banquet and Bar-Kamtsa came instead, Jerusalem was destroyed. If a scribe makes a single error in the Torah, one is forbidden to read from that copy. A hundred years ago or maybe earlier, there lived a scribe in Szczebrzeszyn called Reb Meshulam. This Meshulam was well known. They said that each time before he



"I was never too crazy about this new superrealism, George, but yours are wonderful."

• •

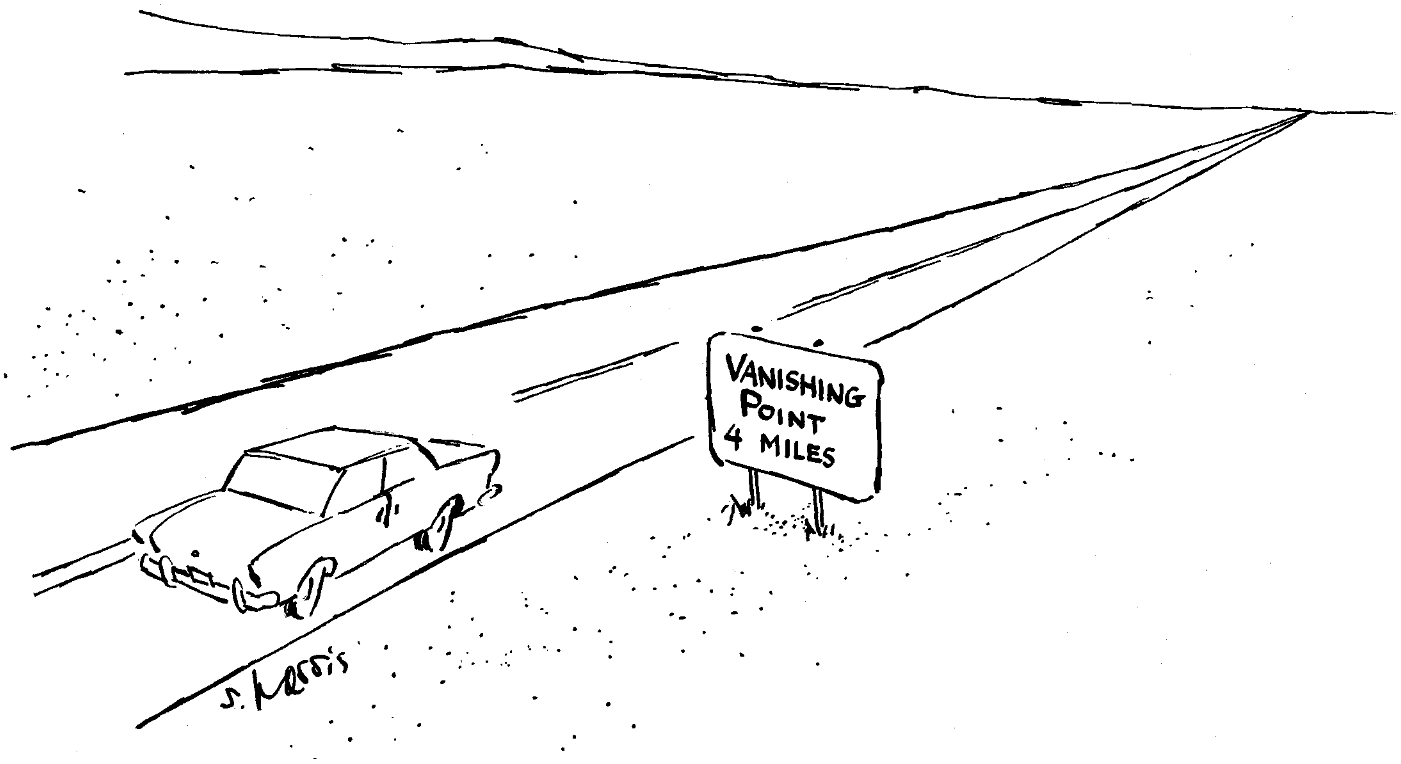
wrote the Holy Name on a scroll he immersed himself in the ritual bath. For all his fine qualities, he charged exorbitant prices. He could ask five guldens or more for a couple of phylacteries. Poor people couldn't afford it, but the rich travelled to him from Bilgoraj, Zamosc, Janov, and Hrubieszów. He had a handwriting like pearls. He used ink and parchment that he imported from Leipzig. He elaborated every letter. On the Sabbaths and holidays, young men gathered at his home and he preached to them. My grandfather was one of them. Usually a scribe is an impractical man, but Reb Meshulam had a head on his shoulders and he was called to other towns as an arbitrator when there was a conflict among the community elders. It seems that he had no children—at least, I never heard of any.

"In Szczebrzeszyn, there lived in those days a wealthy man named Reb Mottele Wolbromer. He owned a house in the marketplace, and he dealt in grain and lumber. Talk started in town that something had turned Reb Mottele's luck sour. First he got sick, then his wife got sick, and then the children. He had a granary full of grain—suddenly it caught fire and burned down. Reb Mottele sent rafts of lumber down the Rivers San and Bug—the storm winds scattered and crushed them and he had great losses. It is said that when a person is assailed by misfortunes he must ponder his deeds. Reb Mottele was a pious man, and he probed his conscience. He found many defects in his conduct, and he began to observe frequent fasts. He rose earlier to study a portion of the Talmud before morning prayers. He gave more to charity. The old-time magnates weren't like those today. But nothing helped.

"As if he didn't have enough trouble, an evil spirit invaded his house. In the middle of the night, footsteps could be heard and wanton female laughter. Doors opened by themselves. When Reb Mottele went to bed, some invisible being dragged the bed across the floor. When things like this happen, a person tries to keep it secret. It doesn't do his business any good and it's certainly no asset for arranging matches for his daughters. Besides, one thinks maybe it's all just self-deception. But how long can you keep the truth hidden—especially in a small town?

"There was a maid in the household and she ran away. A spirit had pulled her hair and, if you'll forgive me, soiled her with filth. Things got worse from day to day. The Dark Ones were busy in the attic. All night long, they rolled barrels there.

"One Thursday, Reb Mottele's eldest daughter kneaded some dough, covered the slab with a pillow so that it would rise, and went to sleep. She woke up in the middle of the night to



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find the dough beside her in bed. She screamed for help and roused the family. My grandmother—may she rest in peace—was their neighbor and she found out all about it. She told me everything. The demons had turned over the pots, defiled the food in the pantry, poured out the preserves, and even thrown the Passover dishes down from the attic.

"One evening, a demon or an imp rapped on the window with such force that half the town came running. The secret was public. They recited, 'And let there be contentment,' but the Evil Ones would not leave. It was known that Reb Meshulam the scribe had amulets that came from ancient saints. Reb Mottele's family went to him and paid the high price he demanded. They hung the amulets in every corner, but this only excited the spirits and they smashed more utensils. A stone fell just at Reb Mottele's feet. If it had struck him on the head, it would have crushed his skull. The stone had fallen from the beam and it was as hot as if it had just come out of the fire.

"When trouble comes, all kinds of strange things enter the mind but it's hard to arrive at any clear conclusions. It just so happened that it was Thursday, when the beggars come calling from door to door. A wanderer opened the door, saw the commotion, and asked, 'What's going on?'

"The wife or one of the girls told him the story and the stranger asked, 'Have the mezuzahs been examined?'

"Reb Mottele was washing his hands in the kitchen and he said, 'Perhaps he is right?'

"But his wife argued, 'Reb Meshulam's mezuzahs don't need to be examined.'

"Still, the thought stuck with Reb Mottele. He ordered all the mezuzahs taken down and he read them. His mezuzahs had carved sheaths. He took a single glance at the first mezuzah and cried out bitterly. The letter *dalet* in the word '*echod*'—'one'—looked like the letter *reish*, which made the sentence blasphemy. Reb Mottele examined the other mezuzahs and they were all the same. It is possible for a letter to peel or fade, but the ink on these was fresh. The town erupted in an uproar. Why drag it out? Whoever had one of Reb Meshulam's mezuzahs found the same error. While they were at it, the people checked Meshulam's phylactery inscriptions as well and found that they were all blemished, too. It became clear that Meshulam was a secret follower of Sabbatai Zevi. Members of this sect believed that the Messiah would come either when all was pure or all corruption. They caused Jews to sin. They defaced holy books. They threw the bone of a corpse into the house of a man of priestly descent to make him impure. In former times, the Council of Four Lands had excommunicated the sect with blowing the ram's horn and lighting black candles, and it was assumed later that only a handful was left, because many had converted. Nevertheless, some were still active, and Meshulam was one of them.

"I forgot to mention that in some of his phylacteries he had written the names of demons as well as the name of the false Messiah, Sabbatai Zevi—may it be blotted out. If Meshulam had been in town at that time, he would have been torn to pieces. But he had gone to Lublin for an arbitration. His wife was a simple woman who didn't know her left hand from her right. A mob gathered and broke all her windows. They even tried to tear down her walls, but the rabbi stopped them. How was she guilty, poor soul?

"It turned out that Reb Meshulam wasn't the only one of the sect in town. There was a whole gang of them, and when they saw that their scandalous deeds had been uncovered they sent a rider to Lublin to warn Meshulam to flee. They also fled, deserting their wives."

"What happened to them?" asked Zalman the glazier.

"They all converted."

"Were their wives allowed to remarry?"

"A convert's wife is considered a married woman. I think one of them got divorce papers from her husband."

"Is a convert allowed to divorce?"

"According to law, he remains a Jew."

MEYER EUNUCH closed one eye and with the other he stared at the window. He said, "That a prince makes an error in pronouncing a name is little wonder. Perhaps the one who was the Czar's uncle considered it beneath his dignity to call some Polish squireling by his right name. The Sabbatai Zevi sect, on the other hand, did what they did out of spite. Those weren't errors but acts of malice. But I know a story of a true error. There is a town, Belchów, that's the size of a dot in a small prayer book, and there was a rabbi there called Reb Berish, a famous scholar. He had a yeshiva of ten students—no more and no less. Rabbi Berish could have had hundreds of students, but he had decided that ten was enough. When one of the youths became engaged and was about to leave Belchów, there were already many candidates waiting to take his place and they fought like the dickens to get into Rabbi Berish's yeshiva. Rich men from all over Poland came to Belchów to snatch up the students for their daughters. When I was a boy, Rabbi Berish's best student was an orphan named Gabriel Makover. This Gabriel came to love Rabbi Berish and his method of learning with such ardor that he wouldn't accept an outside match and so have to leave Belchów. Belchów is a poor village. There was just one rich man there—Reb Hayim Pinchever, who was himself a scholar. They said that he had his books bound in silk. He, too, had once been a student of Rabbi Berish. He had an only daughter. None of the rabbi's children had lived to maturity, and he was without an heir. To make it short, Gabriel became engaged to Reb Hayim Pinchever's daughter, and all Belchów danced at their wedding. It became clear to everyone that a hundred years hence Gabriel would become the rabbi's successor.

"Rabbi Berish had written commentaries throughout the years, but he didn't want to have a book published. He would say, 'There is enough food for the moths already without my scribblings.' Since he was in his sixties, his admirers insisted that he publish at least one book. After lengthy discussions, the rabbi consented to publish those commentaries he thought most highly of. It took several years for him to decide what was worthy. Well, but there wasn't a printing shop in Belchów or the vicinity, and Rabbi Berish lived in terrible fear of errors and misprints. By then, his eyesight was almost ruined and he studied from what he knew by heart. Gabriel helped him in every way and rewrote what needed rewriting. Finally, the work was finished. The only printing shop in that part of Poland happened to be in Warsaw, and after many warnings Rabbi Berish handed over the manuscript to Gabriel to give to the printer and ordered him to oversee every stage of the job so that—God forbid—no error should occur. Gabriel promised his rabbi that he would read the proofs ten times.

"There is a saying: 'An author doesn't die of typhus but of typos.' His father-in-law gave Gabriel carfare and he went to Warsaw with the manuscript. Today you can take a train, but in those times a trip to Warsaw was almost like a journey to the Land of Israel. On the way, Gabriel never let the manuscript out of his hands.

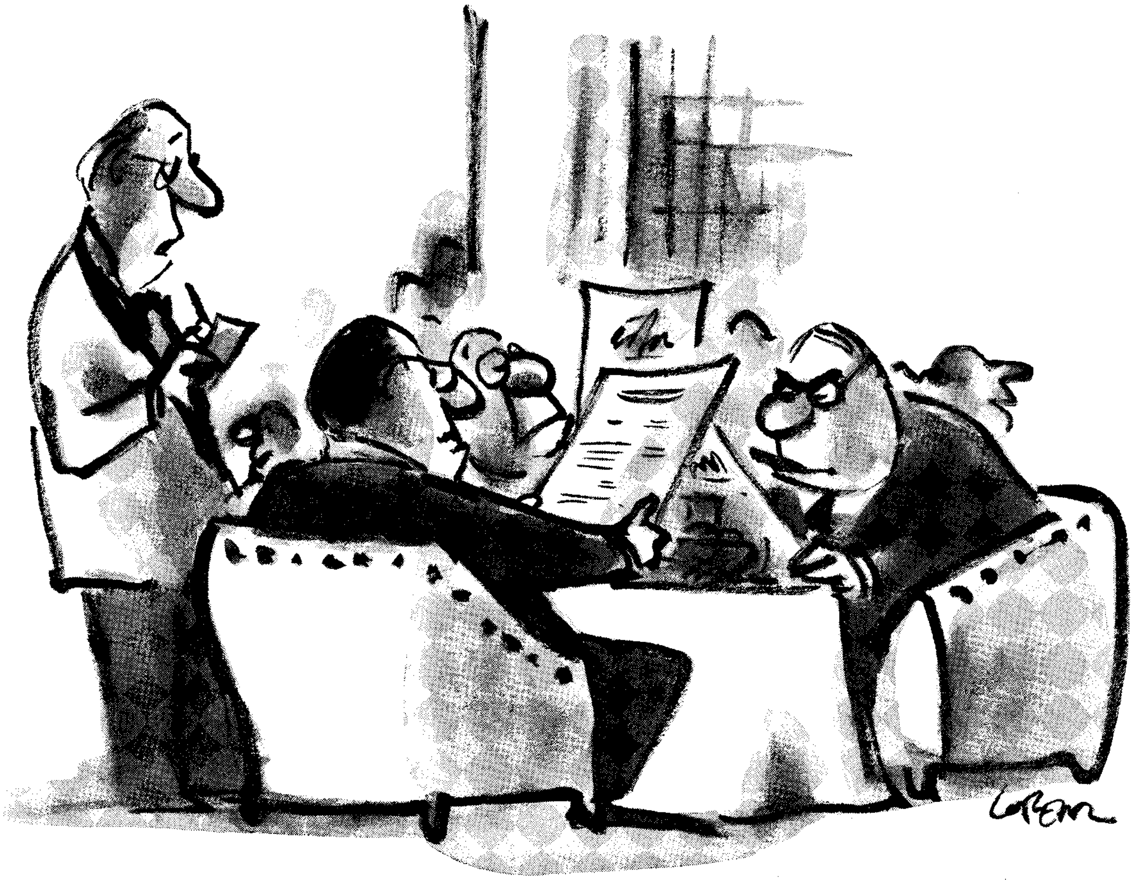
"In Warsaw, a former student of Rabbi Berish's offered Gabriel a room, and he stayed there for months. He stopped studying altogether and spent whole days and half the nights at the printer's. When a page was set, he counted each letter and word as if they were ducats. A printer doesn't like it when an author or his proxy sits on his head too much, and he grumbled and played tricks on Gabriel. But Gabriel took it all without complaint. Even after the book was printed he read it again, word by word. He couldn't find a single error, and he went back to Belchów proudly.

"When he arrived in Belchów and handed the book to Rabbi Berish, the rabbi weighed it in his hand. He liked to joke. He said, 'Oh, a heavy volume. There'll be something to heat the oven with when the Messiah comes.'

"During the time that Gabriel had been in Warsaw, Rabbi Berish's students had presented their rabbi with a powerful magnifying glass, and he began to leaf through the pages, read a line here and there, mumbling, 'What is he babbling about, this author? What does he want? Why is he scribbling such nonsense?'

"Suddenly he became silent and grew white. He raised his brows toward Gabriel. 'So you want to be a rabbi? A shoemaker you should be!' He had found an error in the book—a dreadful error.

"After a while, Rabbi Berish felt sorry. People were standing around. He had shamed the young man publicly. He began to beg Gabriel's pardon



"Have you gentlemen concluded the decision-making process?"

and told him that it didn't matter—little children didn't die from such errors. But Gabriel was crushed. At first, he was speechless. Afterward, though, the master and his pupil spoke together, and before Gabriel left, the rabbi kissed him on the forehead. Gabriel promised the rabbi that he wouldn't take the matter to heart and that he would come to the yeshiva next day.

"Gabriel had gone to the rabbi before coming home to his wife, and his father-in-law and mother-in-law were incensed. How could he leave a young wife alone for so long? She was overcome with longing. And now that he had returned he should have come home first. They would have heaped recriminations on him, but when he walked into the house they grew alarmed. In the half hour at the rabbi's he had grown wax yellow, like a dying man. The family and other people quickly found out what had happened, and the town buzzed with gossip. Still, Gabriel came back to himself, and it seemed that the incident would blow over. After all, he hadn't killed anybody.

"But the next morning when the family got up Gabriel was missing. He had left in the middle of the night with only his prayer shawl and phylacteries. A Gentile had seen him at dawn, crossing the bridge that led out of town.

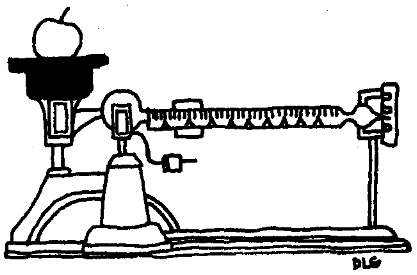
"Well, what happened in Belchów that day and on the days that followed you can figure for yourself. Messengers were hired to look for Gabriel, but he couldn't be found. Letters were sent to relatives. The young man had vanished like a stone in water. Rabbi Berish was so distressed that he told his students to go back home, and the yeshiva closed down. Rabbi Berish had never believed in fasting, but following this incident he began to fast every Monday and Thursday.

"A year went by. As a rule, when a wife is forsaken she grows depressed and neglects herself, but Gabriel's wife continued to help her father in his business and her mother at home, and her spirits stayed cheerful. There were rumors in town that she knew something but was sworn to keep a secret. And that's how it really was. One day, Gabriel showed up in Belchów dressed like a common laborer and carrying a sack on his shoulders. This time he went straight to his father-in-law's house. The mother-in-law opened the door, and when she saw her son-in-law all dusty and with a sack on his shoulders she started to cry so loud that the neighbors became alarmed. Gabriel said, 'The rabbi told me to become a shoemaker and that's what I did.'

"The sack was full of lasts and tools. On the night before he went away, he had told his wife what he was going to do and had sworn her to secrecy; otherwise, he couldn't have managed the act of penance. He went to a faraway town and he learned shoemaking there. I forgot the main things: he had left his wife pregnant, and during the time he had been away she had borne him a son.

"Rabbi Berish came to Reb Hayim Pinchever's house and asked Gabriel, 'How is it possible that you could do such a thing?'

"And Gabriel replied, 'Rabbi, your word is holy to me. When you told me to become a shoemaker, I had to become one.'



"Rabbi Berish hadn't lost his tartness and he said, 'It's a miracle I didn't tell you to become a wet nurse.'

"Gabriel rented a shop and sat down to cut and hammer shoes. No words or arguments could dissuade him. Reb Hayim Pinchever wanted to arrange a divorce, but his daughter warned that if he did she would drown herself in the well. The fondness between the rabbi and pupil didn't diminish but grew even stronger. Gabriel worked by day, but after the evening services he went to Rabbi Berish. They debated learned subjects, and Gabriel wrote down his teacher's opinion. It turned out that during the year Gabriel had been learning his trade he had also devoted himself to the Talmud and the Commentaries. If you want to, you find time for everything.

"Rabbi Berish grew so enthusiastic over Gabriel's intellect that he compared him to the ancient Jochanan the shoemaker. People said that Belchów had never had such a shoemaker as Gabriel. He took measurements not once but three times. He used the finest

THE UNPENNED POEM

Should I wander with no frown, these idle days,
My dark hair trespassing on its pale brow—
If so, without companionship or praise,
Must I revisit marshes where frogs croak
Like me, mimicking penitential ways?

Are you still anchored to my slow, warm heart
After long years of drawing nightly nearer
And visiting our haunted room, timely
Ruffling its corners with love's hidden mop?
And still must we not part?

What is a poem if as yet unpenned
Though truthful and emancipated still
From what may never yet appear,
From the flowery riches of still silent song
From golden hours of a wakeful spring?

Approach me, Rhyme; advise me, Reason!
The wind blows gently from the mountaintop.
Let me display three penetrative wounds
White and smooth in this wrinkled skin of mine,
Still unacknowledged by the flesh beneath.

A poem may be trapped here suddenly,
Thrusting its adder's head among the leaves,
Without reason or rhyme, dumb—
Or if not dumb, then with a single voice
Robbed of its chorus.

Here looms November. When last did I approach
Paper with ink, pen, and the half-truth?
Advise me, Reason!

—Robert Graves

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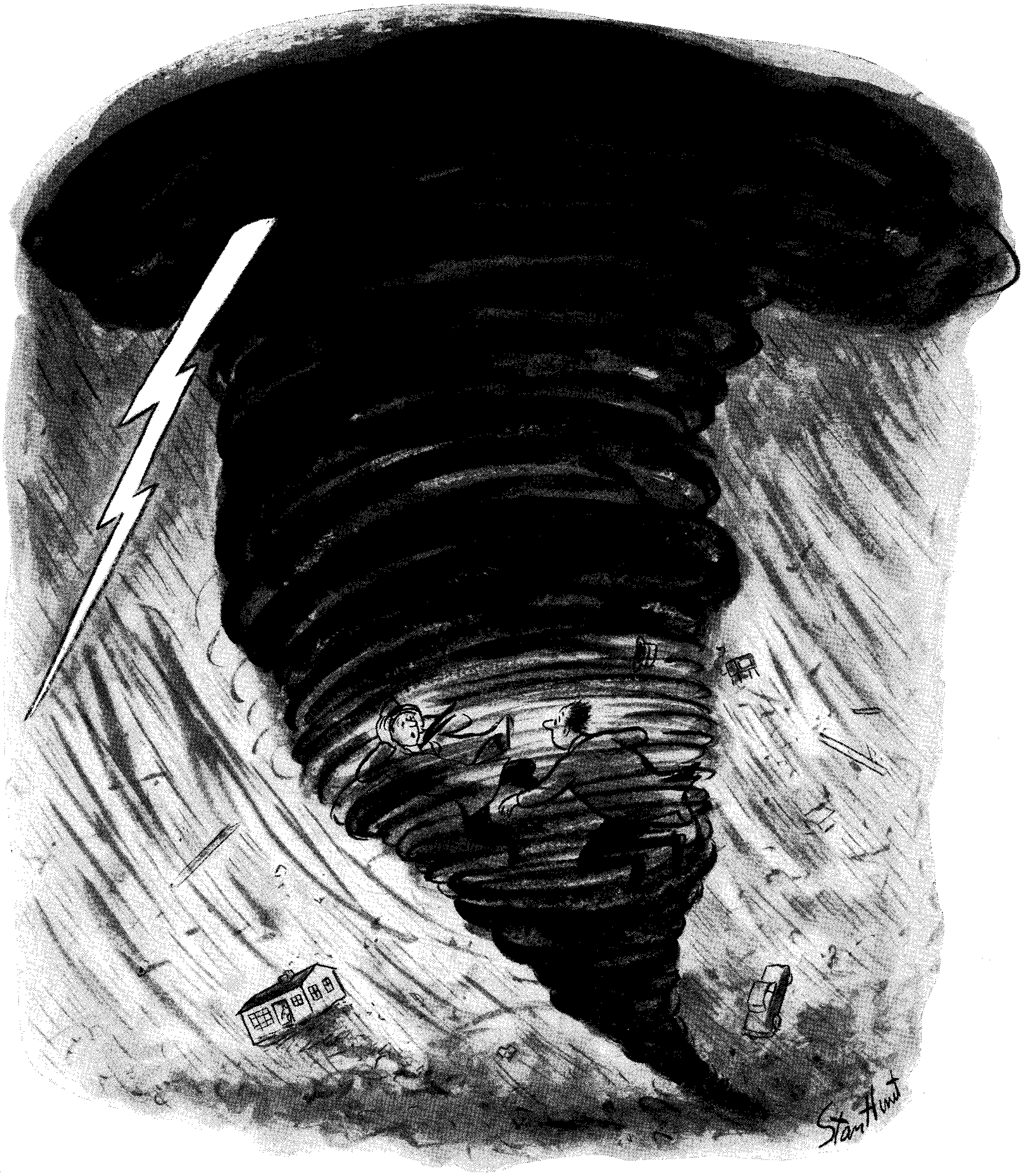

"Well, I guess we can't complain. Yesterday was nice."

• •

leather. Even the Gentile landowners ordered boots and gaiters from him. Rabbi Berish suffered from bad feet in his old age, and Gabriel made him a pair of slippers that fitted him perfectly. Yes, the yeshiva was reëstablished.

"Rabbi Berish lived nine more years. In the last few years, he became completely blind and Gabriel took over, answering those questions of religious law that required sight. The housewives and the butchers came to his workshop and abided by his decisions. After Rabbi Berish's death, the town elders came to Gabriel's shop and declared him the rabbi. He took over the yeshiva, too, and ordered the students to learn a trade. They say that he made shoes till the end of his life, for those close to him as well as for the paupers in the poorhouse."

"That means that some good came out of this error," Zalman the glazier observed.

Meyer Eunuch began to rub his hands. "There are no such things as errors. How can there be errors if everything comes from divine sources? There are spheres where all errors are transformed into truth."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

THE HIDDEN MUSEUM

THAT giant of lexicography Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged (2,662 pages, 13 pounds), defines a museum as "an institution devoted to the procurement, care, and display of objects of lasting interest or value," and cites as examples the British Museum and the American Museum of Natural History. The definition is all right as far as it goes, but it is somewhat Abridged. It might have added, "and, in many cases, to research and publication." Such a phrase is especially applicable to natural-history museums, and, among these, to the American Museum of Natural History—where, indeed, the tail of taxonomy tends to wag the dog of display. "No natural history museum in the world devotes more space or a greater share of its space to exhibition," Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, the Museum's director, has written, in a recent Annual Report, but this does not mean that the American Museum devotes most of its *time* to showcase activities. Its displays of objects of lasting interest or value are arranged either in permanent halls or in temporary installations, and so, once set up, require little further attention. A new hall or a special exhibit may keep a curator occupied, for a few days or a few months every now and then, in working out a scheme of presentation with the Department of Exhibition and Graphics, which does the actual installation. The curator is then free to return to the immense, departmentalized, meticulously catalogued storage accumulations known on Central Park West as the study collections.

Museums are not "tranquil until the public leaves," John Walker, former director of the National Gallery, in Washington, has written in his book "Self-Portrait with Donors." He goes on:

> But when the doors are closed a metamorphosis occurs, and the director or curator is transformed into a prince strolling alone through his own palace. . . . Undisturbed by visitors, he experiences . . . marvelous instants of rapt contemplation when spectator and work of art are in absolute communion. Can life offer any greater pleasure than these moments of complete absorption in beauty?

But a curator of the American Museum does not have to wait for the doors to close in order to be transformed into a prince. Undisturbed by visitors, he can raptly contemplate works of nature, if not necessarily of art, during all hours. The study collections, comprising twenty-three million items, many of them duplicates, are never seen by the general public. They are housed backstage, largely in rooms on a vast, meandering multiple-building (the Museum has twenty interconnected buildings of varying heights) fifth floor, which is off limits to the ordinary visitor. (Any accredited scientist who is armed with a pass bearing the name of a host curator to flash at the elevator operator may ascend for a privileged peek.) Specimens from these hidden reserves descend only occasionally, and sparingly, from their steel cabinets to the downstairs exhibition cases. Only five thousand of the Museum's nine hundred and fifty thousand birds are on exhibit, most of them in halls devoted to Bird Biology, Oceanic Birds, and Birds of the World. For decades, the trustees have talked about a Hall of Insects and Spiders—two classes of animals which together boast a far greater variety of species than any other—but priority has been given to Minerals and Gems, Mollusks and Mankind, the Biology of Reptiles and Amphibians, the Biology of Mammals, the Biology of Man, the Peoples of Asia, and the Peoples of Africa. Insects have been left in the lurch, so the percentage of them which has been sprung from the fifth floor is much smaller than that of the birds. Of the Museum's thirteen million seven hundred thousand insects, six hundred and eighty-four are on view: three hundred and thirty-five are in the Hall of Biology of Invertebrates, and a hundred and sixty-five—monarch butterflies, woolly-bear caterpillars, dragonflies, praying mantises, and so on—in the Dutchess County woodland scenes in the Warburg Memorial Hall of plant and animal ecology; a few habitat groups in other exhibits have been brightened up with some of the showier butterflies and moths, culled from a collection of a million six hundred thousand Lepidoptera. Spiders

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SAVE THE WORLD
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OZONE

"By George! I think you've done it!"

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are even more reclusive: of a million and fifty thousand, eleven have come downstairs. (Several curators keep living tarantulas as pets, but these are sequestered in offices.)

The Museum has managed to conceal from its two and a quarter million annual paid-up turnstile-turners some really sizable assets. Three hundred thousand North American fossil mammals in the Childs Frick Wing—a ten-story building given over to vertebrate-paleontological research, and served by an elevator that has to be unlocked with a curatorial key—include skeletons of rhinoceroses, elephants, mastodons, and other commanding ungulates, a number of them so large that they have to be stored on special steel racks.

The Museum does not apologize for keeping twenty-three million specimens and artifacts under wraps. "Work with the collections is of great importance, for they are the ultimate source of information for most of the Museum's research," Dr. Jerome G. Rozen, Jr., deputy director for research and, as curator of Hymenoptera, a man who has for fifteen years devoted himself to, and increased, a collection of bees which now amounts to five hundred thousand, one of the largest in the world, has Annually Reported, continuing:

> Only a minuscule part of the artifacts and specimens housed in the Museum are visible to the visitor. By far the largest bulk—from minute marine worms to whale skeletons and from ancient Peruvian fabrics to meteorites—is housed in areas inaccessible to the public. These collections are actively studied not only by the curatorial staff but by scientists and advanced students in universities and museums throughout the world.

The collections are fuelled by exchange, purchases, and gifts, some of the last being very grand (in 1932, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney contributed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to buy Lord Rothschild's famous Tring Park collection of two hundred and eighty thousand bird skins, and in 1972 the University of Utah sent more than two hundred and fifty thousand spiders), but the steadiest source of acquisitions is field expeditions, the backbone of some four hundred ongoing laboratory projects at the Museum. These projects are being worked on, at any given time, by two hundred staff or Museum-connected investigators—curators, scientific assistants, research associates, and college and university students—who air their findings in textbooks and in fat monographs and brief papers published in the Museum's *Bulletin*, its *Anthropological Papers*, and its *Novitates*, which means "new acquaintances." The new acquaintances are not always easy for the layman to get to know. "We write for our colleagues," a curator has said. Here, for example, is Dr. Frederick H. Rindge, curator of the Department of Entomology, addressing himself to his peers on the subject of *Gabriola*, a revised (which is to say, reidentified) genus of moth, classified, or reclassified, by him in 1974:

> *Diagnosis*. Distinguished by the antennae of the male having the terminal one-fourth simple, by the lack of an elongate terminal seta on each pectination, by antennae of the female being simple or feebly serrate, and by the presence of two pairs of spurs on the hind tibia of both sexes. The male genitalia are recognized by the simple, elongate valves and by the prominent, posteriorly curving, pointed lateral processes of the anellus. The female genitalia have the ductus bursae about twice as long as wide and an elongate tubular corpus bursae without a signum.

Presumably, this sort of thing (which is typical) is in line with the Museum's mandate—set forth in a Science Policy Report prepared by the administrative staff and adopted by the trustees in 1971—that the objective of its research is "to answer fundamental scientific and philosophical questions about the nature and diversity of the universe." In any event, the names of the projects themselves sometimes verge on the arcane—"Development of Photic Orientation in the German Cockroach," "Studies of Microscopic Wear Patterns on Ethnographic Eskimo End-Scrapers," "Otarioid Pinnipeds of the Neogene," "Analysis of the Anions and Cations of the Hemolymph and Gut Fluid of *Gecarcinus lateralis*"—but it is usually possible to climb aboard. During the last two or three years, according to an annual *Research Report and Bibliography*, the concerns of the Museum's investigators have included "Influence of Observer on Mating Behavior in Domestic Cats," "Role of Olfactory Function in Nursing Behavior of Wistar-DAB Rat Pups," "Factors in Bird Navigation," "Orientation to Low Frequency Sounds in the Marine Catfish *Galeich-*

POSTHUMOUS DREAM SONGS

He sits in the dawn, if it can be called dawn,
of midwinter in Minnesota, scribbling.
The dog prowls & whimpers,
being in heat. His human ladies are asleep,
the baby & her mother. His lamp is on,
another overcast.

Where hide the brilliances whereof he dreamed
in swift youth, loud, unable to recite
the actual history of disappointment
that would be his, and that would be all right.
Two of his books are being put into German,
one was earlier in Polish.

So here failed Henry sits, counting his losses,
not wholly in despair, and growing hungry.
He slept longer than usual:
one cliff he had to descend, clinging to mosses,
woke him though. I would call him half-angry,
an object of wintry pity.

*

Take that, old clown, & that & that & that,
who roost among my trousers:
at 65 do you plan to be browsers
among the young'uns? Let the young'uns have it.
Closer settled the sky, in rain not snow,
it's odd though,

odd the distance frantic between father & son,
between the son & the father
who would have pickt him up & kissed him rather
but felt he had to die
so he went outside with a gun, gracefully.
I receive this information, I.

It's humanhood kept some of them along,
old pal, and I would not put that down.
Wind it up with a sorry song.
In a worthier end I'd meet you all downtown
and we'd have a ball, but that would be the end,
toward which we all depend.

*

Great flaming God, bend to my troubles, dear.
I am asked to give up a way of life
established 22 years ago,
and by my dear wife, in anxiety & fear.
My greatest efforts may not be enough.
My thought ceases to flow

forward to drinks & cigarettes & such
and sticks in the now. Where I must be
for years, for years, for years.
I am not myself, it suddenly appears,
but horrible habits, habits, habits, much
like those we ghastly see

in tragic drama—but the hero dies.
Henry survives his holocaust. Walk on!
with your retching cough
& burning tongue & your sobrieties
in the Fifth Act, to bid the soldiers moan
and shoot. Applause sounds, off.

*

I'm reading my book backward. It sounds odd.
It came twenty minutes ago. The hell with god.
A student just called up
about a grade earlier in the year.
The hell with students. And my mother ("Mir")
did the indexes to this book.

There's madness in the book. And sanenesses,
he argued. Ha! It's all a matter of
control (& so forth) of the subject.
The subject? Henry House & his troubles, yes
with his wife & mother & baby, yes
we're now at the end, enough.

A human personality, that's impossible.
The lines of nature & of will, that's impossible.
I give the whole thing up.
Only there resides a living voice
which if we can make we make it out of choice
not giving the whole thing up.

*

After some weeks in hospital he
(the main doctor—Henry's psychiatrist—
also looked in)
initiated the word "damaged" & also "*crushed.*"
This was an immense relief to Henry
who had past "pinched" suffering been.

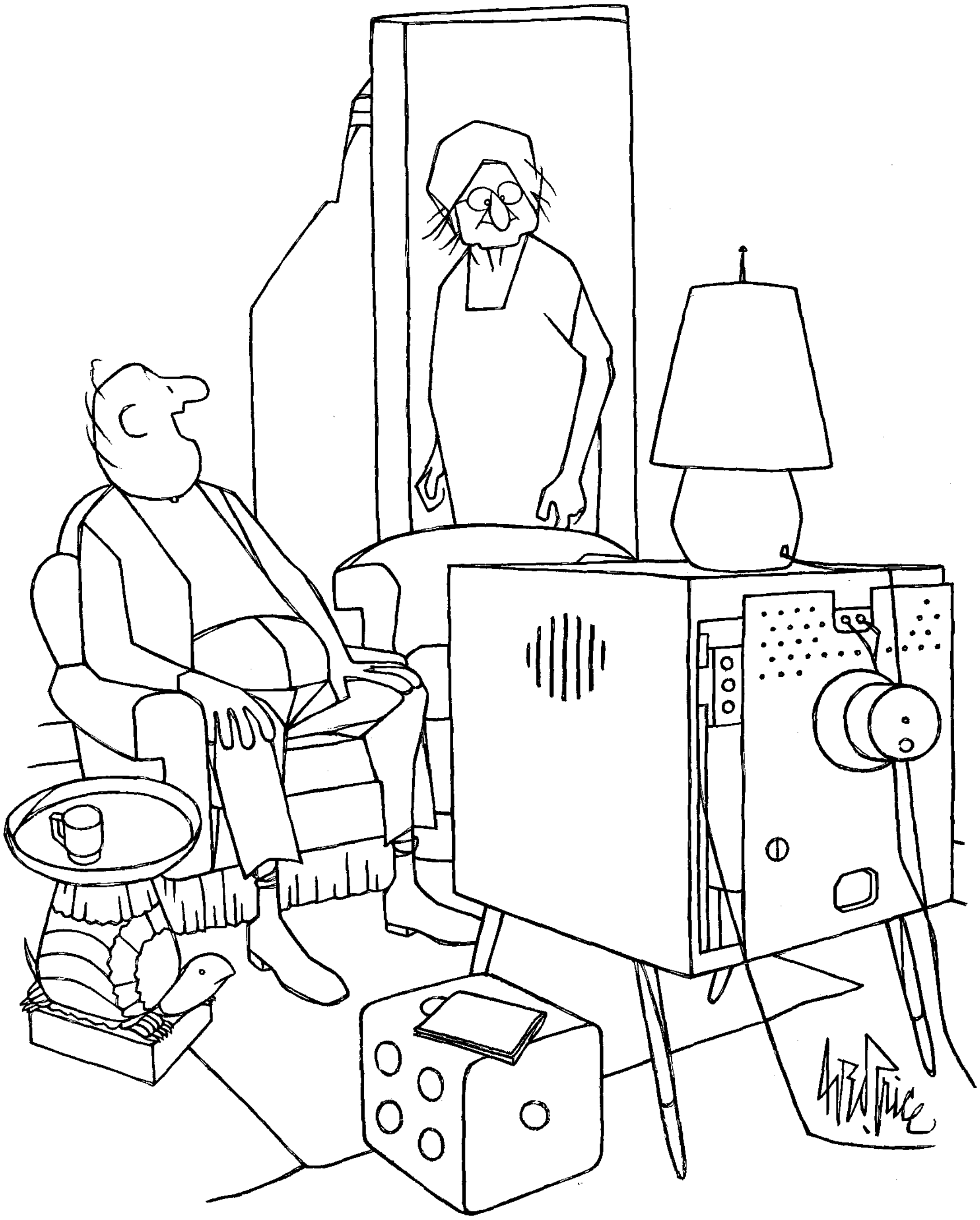
Between two vertebrae, in a muscle spasm,
they conjecture, the greater occipital nerve
had hell,
the whole left side of Dr. brain a holocaust
and numb its scalp.

Hot-packs, deep massage, and TRACTION
of the neck—jumbling of rocks in the top of the skull.
A few months of, maybe he will be well.
Masada saw a bloody serious action
against the alternatives, Roman slavery.
All killed themselves.

—John Berryman

* * *

thys felis," "Effect of Tape Recorded Electric Organ Discharge Patterns on the Discharge Rate of Weakly Electric Fishes (Mormyridae)," "Brain Mechanisms and Feeding Behavior in Pigeons," "Ferret Copulatory Behavior," "Response of Sharks to Low Frequency Sounds in Connection with Feeding Behavior," "Analysis of the Picking Up of Eggs by the African Black-Chinned Mouth-Breeding Fish *Tilapia melanotheron*," "Study of the Effects of Urban Employment and Residence Upon Traditional Indian Village Life," "Investigations of Functional Cranial Anatomy of Subfossil Malagasy Lemurs," "Osteopathology in the Chimpanzee," "Heteroptera of the Netherlands Antilles. Reduviidae (Assassin Bugs)," "Three New Species of Poison Frogs (*Dendrobates*) from Western Colombia, with Notes on Their Toxins," "Preliminary Survey of the Alligator Population, Nest Conditions, and Maternal Behavior on St. Catherine's Island, Georgia," "Zoogeographic Studies of the Gastropod Mollusks of the Appalachian Mountains," "Bats of Sudan," "Taxonomic Status of the Giant Bandicoot, *Peroryctes broadbenti* (Marsupialia, Peramelidae)," "Chemical Variation in Moon Rocks," "New Family of Vulture-Like Birds (Aves, Falconiformes) from the Eocene of Wyoming," "Growth and Development of the Florida Screech Owl," "Survey of the Parasites of the Florida Scrub Jay," "Brood Success in Spotted Sandpipers," "Egg Recognition in Common Terns," and "Development of Social Behavior in the Grasshopper Mouse."



"Just when you're once again beginning to feel that life has passed you by, here comes another television first."

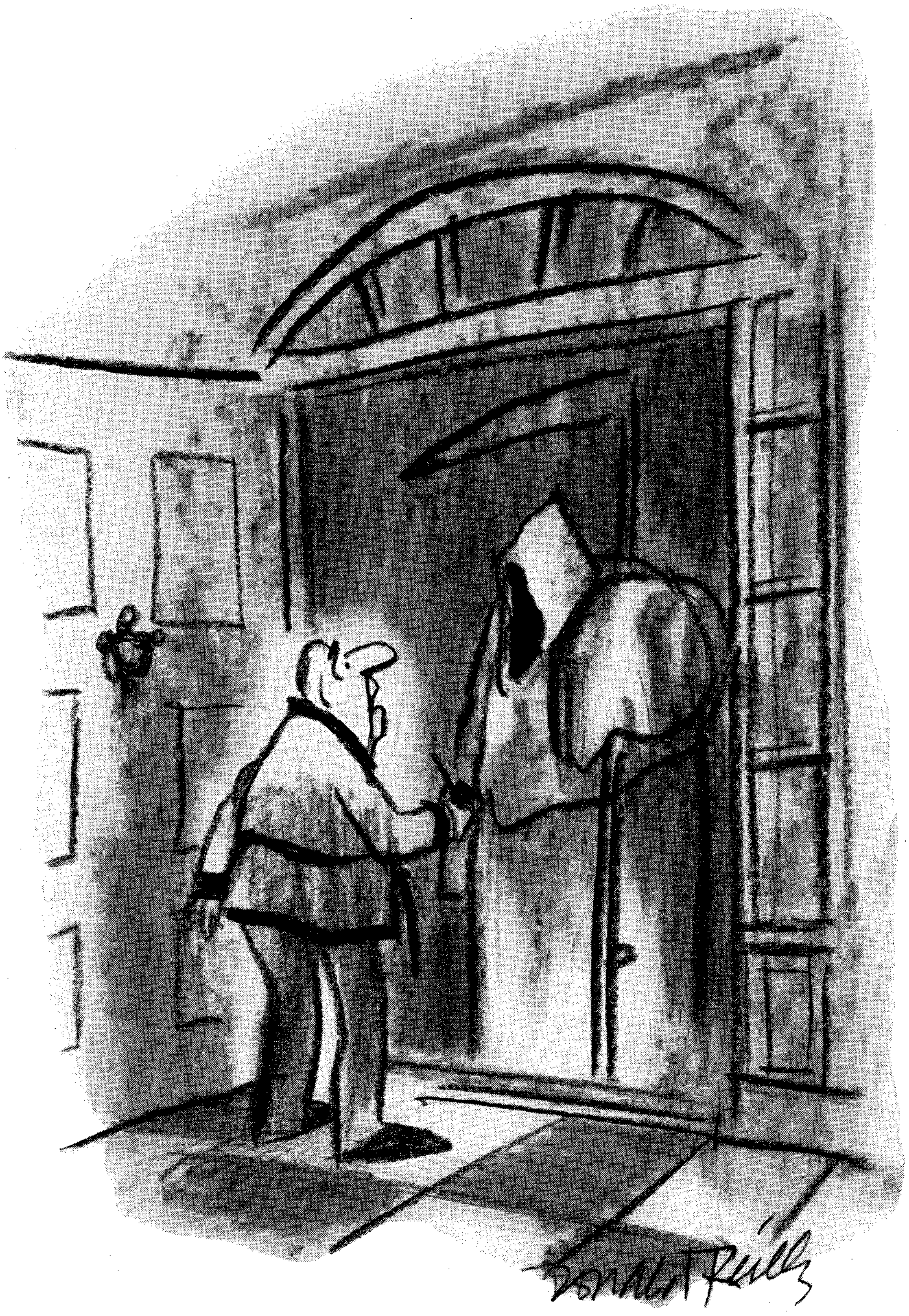
VERY well. A few weeks ago, as a researcher of research, I called on a few of the Museum's explorer-scientists. First, by way of orientation, I visited Dr. Rozen, the research chief, who suggested that I concentrate on people who had joined the staff since the beginning of the nineteen-sixties. Some of them, he said, promised to rival in stature such celebrated house giants as Dr. George Gaylord Simpson (fossil mammals) and Dr. Ernst Mayr (birds), both of whom left the Museum for Harvard, and Dr. Margaret Mead (anthropology), still famously on the premises. Dr. Rozen furnished me with some names, and I started with Dr. C. Lavett Smith, who has been in ichthyology at the Museum since 1962. A genial man in his forties with a pepper-and-salt spade beard, who occupies an office full of jars of pickled fish, he is a specialist in coral reefs. His listed projects include "West Indian Reef Fish Communities" and—with James C. Tyler—"Resource Sharing and Community Stability in Selected Coral Reef Habitats." For seven or eight years, he and Dr. Tyler, who was resident director of the Museum's Lerner Marine Laboratory, in Bimini, Bahamas (now, alas, closed for lack of funds), have been studying reef fishes in the neighboring waters by diving down with scuba gear from the surface or, on occasion, from an accommodation called the Tektite Habitat—a four-room, bottom-based underwater motel and laboratory, which they once occupied for seventeen days, living on things like freeze-dried turkey tetrazzini. Since 1964, Dr. Smith has resorted increasingly to a technique known as rotenone reef-sampling. "Coral reefs are an ideal laboratory for studying fish communities," he told me. "Isolated patch reefs—coral lumps about three times the size of my desk—may contain from five hundred to seven hundred individual small fishes, of from thirty to seventy species, some of which move only a few inches or a few feet. We poison out a small reef by squirting in emulsified rotenone, a chemical poison derived from the root of a South American plant called cubé, originally used by Indians for fishing—twenty-two fluid ounces applied from a plastic squeeze bottle. Household-detergent containers are ideal. A single application generally kills three-quarters of the inhabitants. The poison is rapidly diluted, and does not spread to other reefs. Most of the dead fishes never reach the surface; you dive, with nets, to pick them up. The nets are of fine mesh—nylon—since some of the fish are less than an inch long. A typical catch of several hundred fits in a one-gallon container. You rotenone a reef, and for the next hour or two you pick the samplings up. You then make counts analyzing the total number of species and the relative abundance of certain species—how they are distributed, that is. If the community is dominated by one abundant species, diversity is limited. Repopulation begins immediately in a poisoned reef. The effects of the sampling disappear in from four to nine months. After six months or so, you go back and resample. You watch the reefs repopulate. Resemblance indexes for samples from the same and different stations indicate which fish are visitors and which are residents."

Dr. Smith produced a diagram showing visitors and residents in a given reef. "A reef is very much like a small town—say, in Nebraska," he said. "Travelling salesmen and government agents are transients; some residents are sedentary and some have a larger range of operations. Same thing with fish. That little spiny-headed blenny"—he pointed to the chart—"never moved in four days."

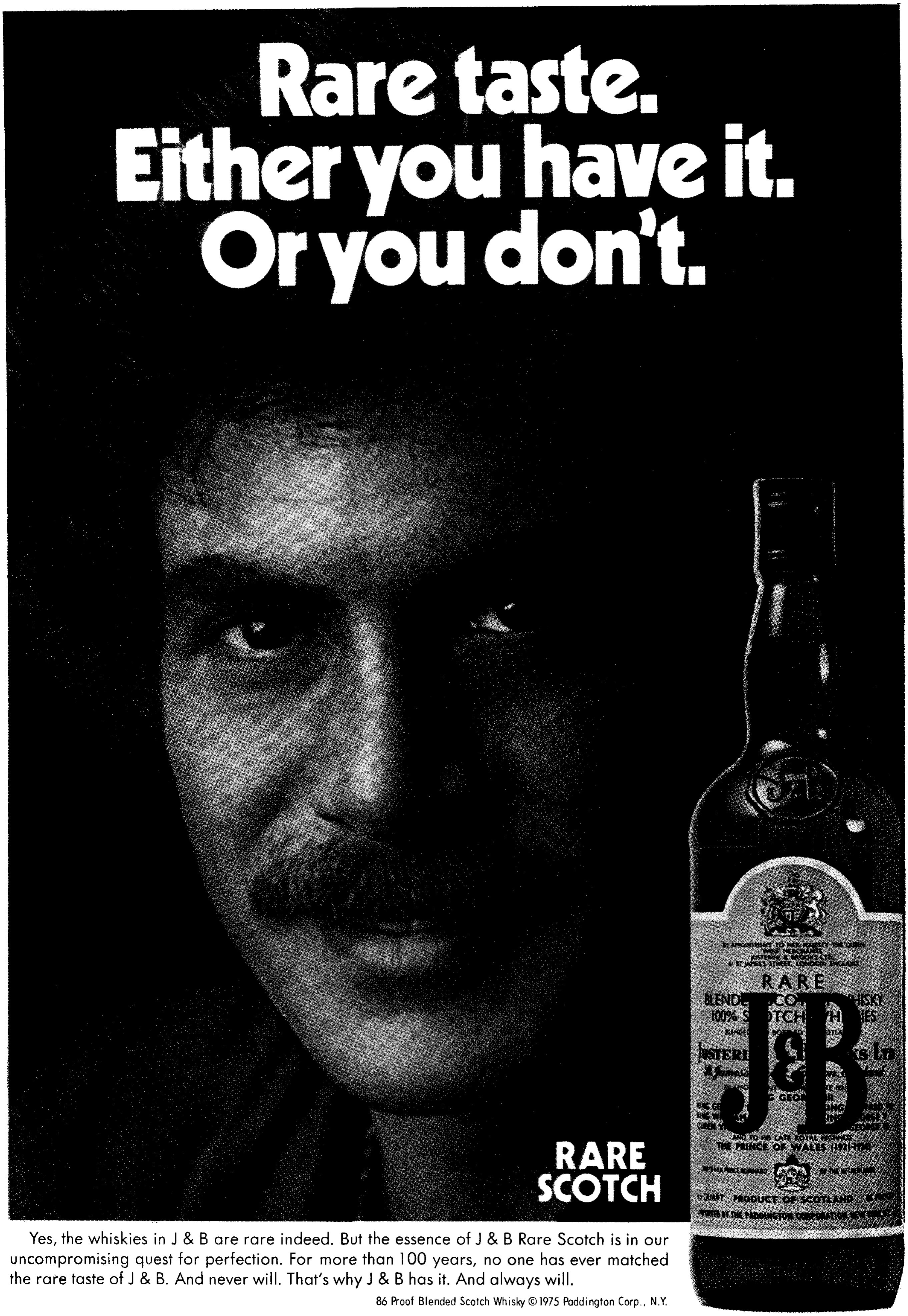
I asked the curator whether he came from a small town in Nebraska, and he said no, from a farm near Buffalo. Cornell agricultural school, master's degree from Tulane, with a thesis on the water hyacinth ("This is damaging to fish life, because it destroys the habitat; a fish cannot live under it; an interesting problem"), then to the University of Michigan for his doctorate. "I intended to work on North American minnows, but was interrupted by the draft in 1954," he said. A delayed Ph.D. in 1959; a teaching job at the College (now University) of Guam ("In Guam, you can't be more than four miles from a coral reef"); then tapped by the Museum. Author, inter alia, of a *Novitates* paper called "Small Rotenone Stations: A Tool for Studying Coral Reef Fish Communities." Sampling (obtained by dredging):

> Although the clear waters of this region facilitate visual observation and counting, so many of the resident species are secretive, hole-dwelling, or nocturnal forms that these observations are of limited value for quantitative studies. The comparatively recent development of practical ichthyocides (toxic or soporific chemicals) has made it possible to sample these environments with a degree of thoroughness that is not obtainable by any other method. . . .
>
> Classification of any particular species as a straggler, however, must be done with caution because there are some low-density forms having large home ranges that may be represented by only one or two individuals per station. These stand a good chance of being missed by the collecting methods and records would therefore show a pattern of occurrence similar to that of the stragglers, whereas they are in fact members of this community and no other.
>
> Species may be stenokous, adapted for a few specific niches, or they may be euryokous, adapted for a variety of niches. . . . Stenoky can only be achieved at the expense of versatility.

DR. DAVID HURST THOMAS, assistant curator of North American archeology, was the next man on the list. He is twenty-nine; he has a luxuriant black beard; he smokes a pipe. His chief project, a study of the relationship of rock art, prehistoric man-made rock alignments, and hunting practices in the central Great Basin of Nevada, is based on the extraction of the contents of Gatecliff, a cave in central Nevada between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. Gatecliff is a rock shelter, hidden in a grove of piñons and junipers, that was inhabited by the Shoshone Indians until the middle of the nineteenth century. It has proved, under excavation, to be an unusually large cave, and is yielding an unusually rewarding find of artifacts, fossil pollen, and animal remains, some of them going back several thousand years. Dr. Thomas, who started digging there while he was working for a doctorate at the University of California (only one A.M.N.H. curator, a mammalogist who came to the Museum in the permissive nineteen-thirties,



"Not now. I've got too many things in the pipeline!"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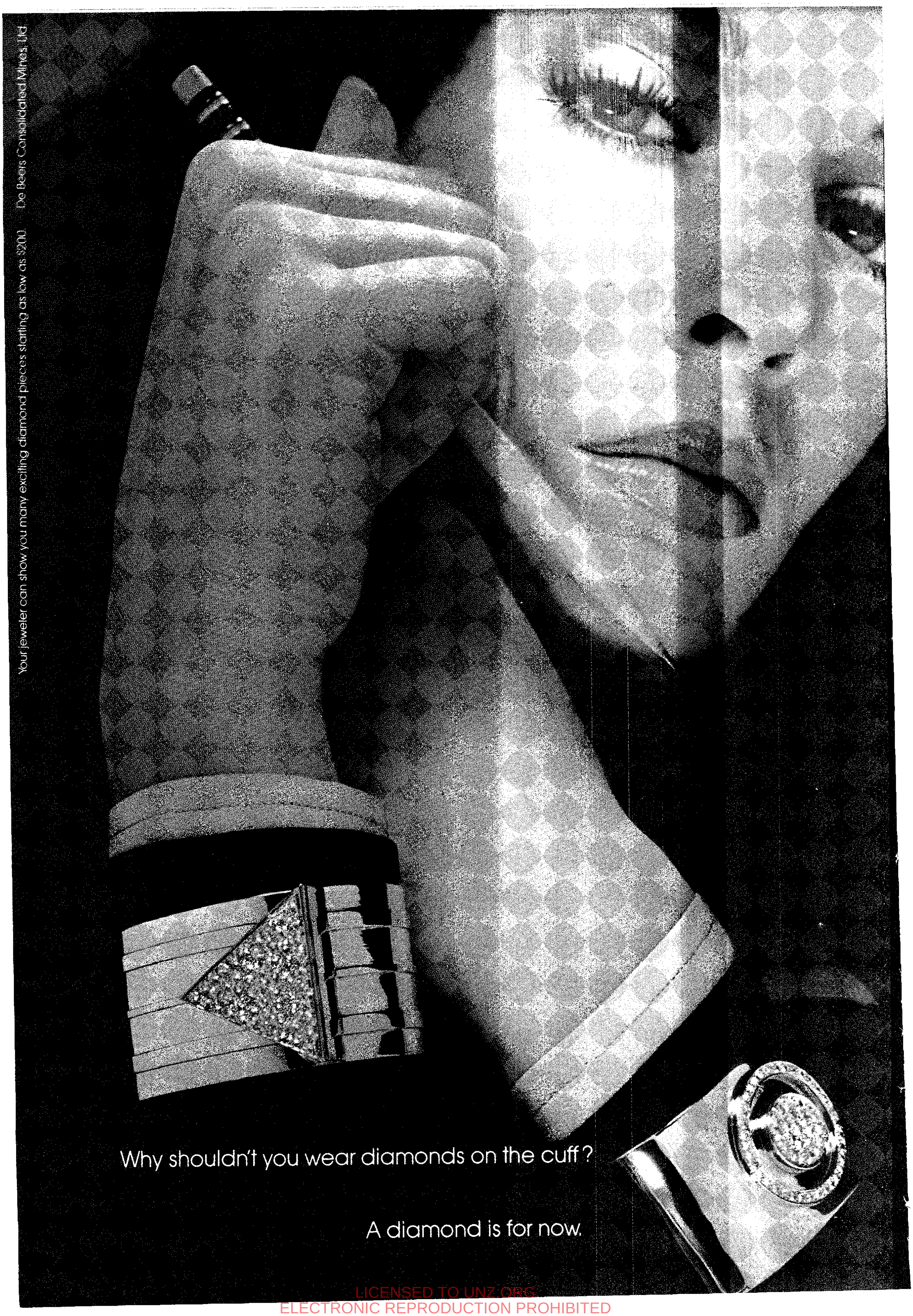
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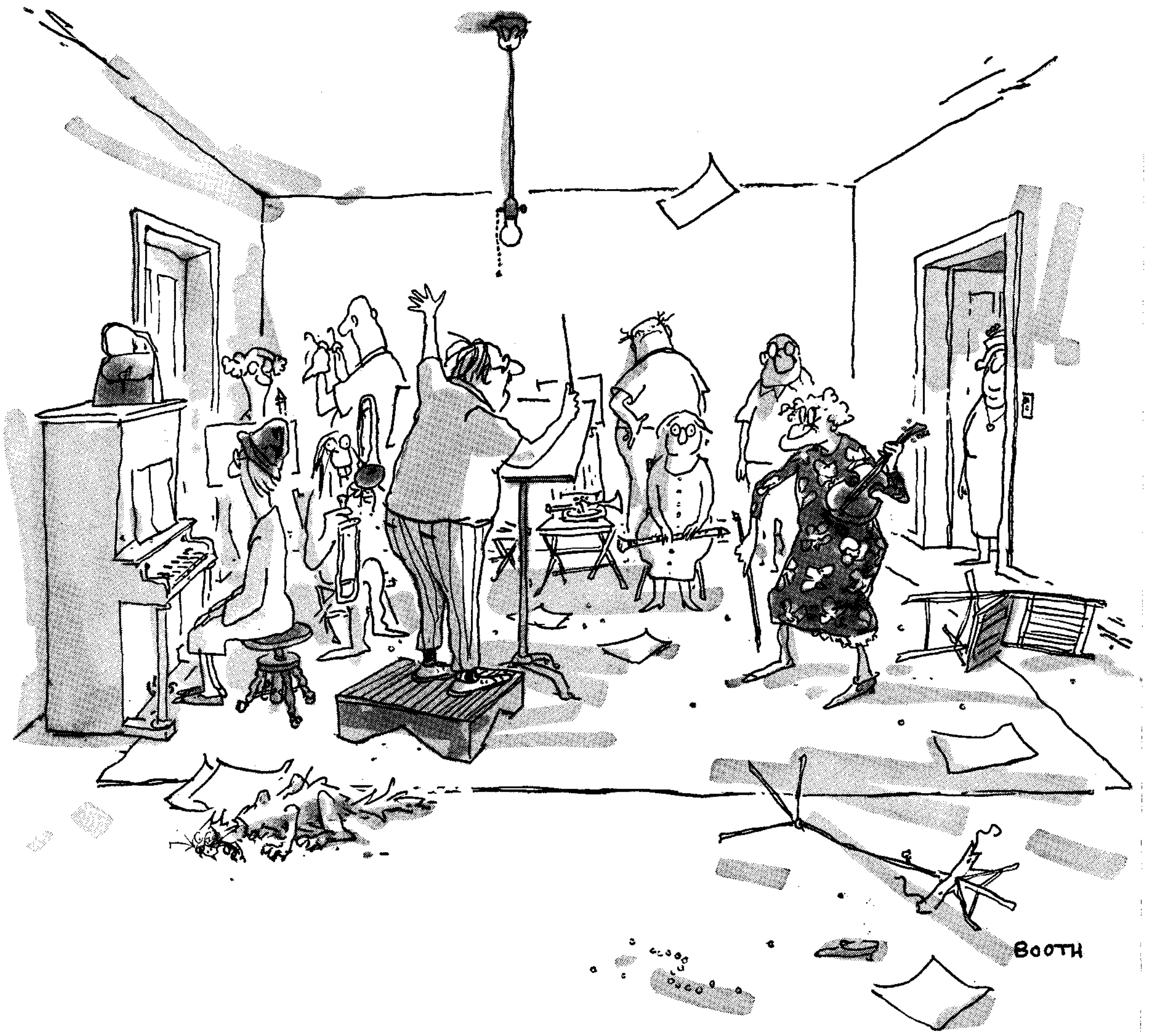
is without his doctorate), brought Gatecliff with him when he joined the Museum in 1972, much as Alfred Knopf brought Joseph Hergesheimer with him when the publisher left Mitchell Kennerley to found his own firm in 1915. Thomas had heard of Gatecliff in 1969, when he was winding up a field expedition in the Great Basin for the University of Nevada. He had treated everyone to drinks in a bar in Austin, Nevada, where a waitress introduced him to her husband, a mining prospector. "I asked him whether he knew of any caves with pictures in them," Dr. Thomas said. " 'There's one that has caved in that has a bunch of Indian writing in the back,' he said, and he drew me a map of its location in a valley. But he didn't know which canyon in the valley—Monitor Valley—it was in. Well, it was the last day of our expedition, but the next summer, after four days of combing Monitor Valley in four-wheel-drive trucks and going up and down every canyon, our party found it. It *had* caved in. But even after it was uncovered we had to do a lot of excavating. The floor deposits of most of the caves around there are from two to three feet deep, but in this one, after four years, we're down twenty-five feet and we haven't found the bottom of it yet. It's a series of living floors, stacked up in layer-cake fashion, that go back eight thousand years. We think every summer is going to be our last, but it never is. There may be two or three years more."



"Take it from the beginning. Act One. 'Gypsy.' 'May We Entertain You?' And this time, Mrs. Ritterhouse, without *the Baby June split."*

Every May, Dr. Thomas and his wife, Trudy, a Museum volunteer, set out for Gatecliff with a trailer from their home in North Bergen, New Jersey. They generally take a leisurely southern route, and end up a few weeks later within striking distance of the cave, which is two hundred miles from the nearest town, Fallon, and eighty-five miles from the nearest gas station. There, in a meadow on Forest Service land an hour's commute from the cave, they set up a tent city, in which they are joined by a few paid assistants, a cook, a doctor, and a number of volunteers. These are recruited from among high-school and college students who work in the Museum, more girls than boys, and from among amateurs, mostly older, more women than men, obtained through Educational Expeditions International, a nonprofit organization in Belmont, Massachusetts, that places "enthusiastic and responsible laymen" with scientific expeditions all around the world. "They pay six hundred dollars for the privilege of working with us for a period of three weeks," Dr. Thomas said. "Slave labor. We teach them what to do in two or three evenings of fireside lecturing."

What the Thomases and their disciples do is to recover objects painstakingly with garden trowels, dental picks, dustpans, whisk brooms, and sieves ("We don't use shovels; they might destroy the information"), and make careful records. "We pick up what these Indian hunter-gatherers dropped—implements and remains of what they were eating," Dr. Thomas said. "Burnt animal bones. Plant remains. Seeds. We reconstruct their diet. The modern population density in the desert is less than when the Indians were there—there are ghost towns near us with only two or three people—so we can assume that things are where they were when they were dropped. Much of the East is gone, archeologically speaking, but the desert isn't ripped off yet. The most interesting thing in Gatecliff is its rock art. We've brought up hundreds of fragments of limestone slabs with varied designs scratched on them. The meaning is unknown. I don't think it's writing. It may be a primitive calendar—a mnemonic device. It doesn't fit in with anything we know."

Asked whether the camp physician was kept busy, the desk-escaping cu-

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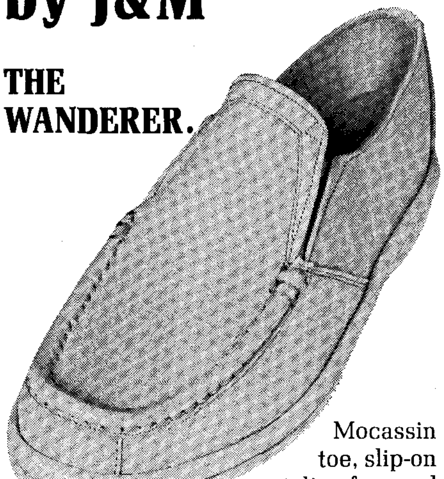

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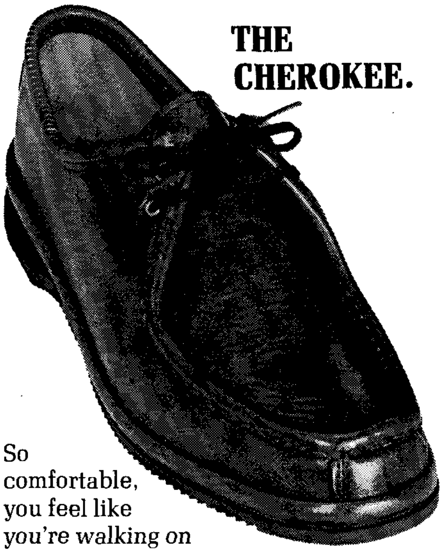

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rator said no. "One girl fell fifteen feet in a cave-in, but no bones were broken. One summer, we killed fifty-five rattlesnakes—one at the dinner table. The girls leave candy bars in the tents, and these attract rodents, and the snakes go after the rodents. I hate to kill rattlesnakes, but they're territorial and won't move. There are a lot of scorpions—they fall into the site. Rattlesnakes are worth two or three dollars apiece, for their venom. We had a boy one summer who collected them. He wasn't popular."

Gatecliff is seventy-six hundred feet above sea level, and the weather, even in summer, is so cold that the Thomases break camp at the end of August. They bring the season's haul back to the Museum in their trailer in September. "Two dozen cardboard boxes," he said. "It's a little discouraging to work ten weeks and get so little, but Gatecliff is potentially very significant. It will end up as the subject of a fairly substantial monograph. The Museum is great about encouraging this sort of project. It will let you work where you want."

DR. ROZEN's enthusiasm for the Museum's younger taxonomists had caused him to include in the list he gave me two men who have been on the staff less than a year—Dr. François Vuilleumier (birds), and Dr. Randall Tobias Schuh (true bugs)—since their previous activities augur well for future gianthood. Dr. Vuilleumier, who was born in Switzerland in 1938, is a short, slender man who wears a trim blond beard and is given to elegant dress. Unlike the Swiss-born architect Le Corbusier, who dismissed his native land as fit only for spawning hotelkeepers, and who used to pretend that he was born in France, Vuilleumier makes no bones about having been born in Bern and brought up in Geneva: he comes of an ancient Protestant family that fled from France to Switzerland at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. What led him to the authorship of such papers as "Six Oies Rieuses dans la Rade de Genève," "À Propos de l'Outarde Canepetière (*Otis tetrax*) dans le Midi de la France," and "L'Ornithologue se Sert du Radar," and—after he had exchanged Europe for America, while he was in his twenties (as a student of ecology at the University of Illinois, and then as a Ph.D. candidate at Harvard)—"Pleistocene Speciation in Birds Living in the High Andes" and "Mixed Species Flocks in Patagonian Forests, with Remarks on Interspecies Flock Forma-

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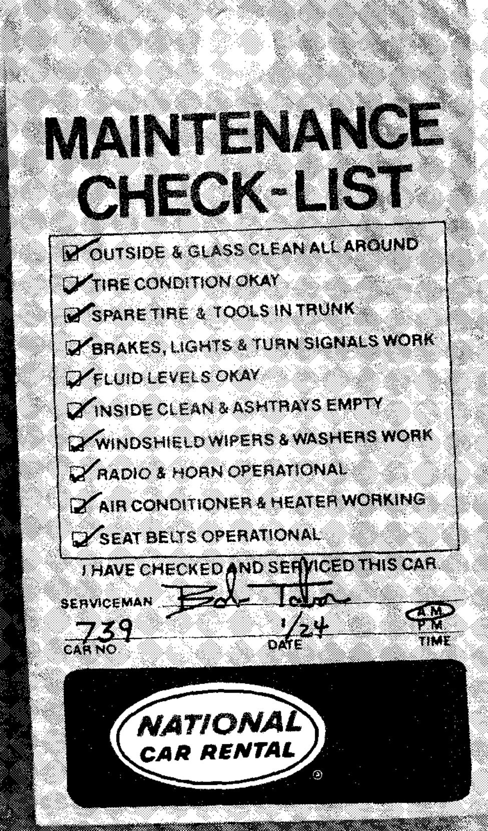

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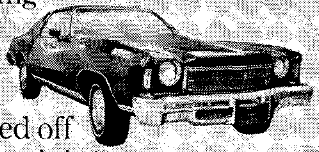

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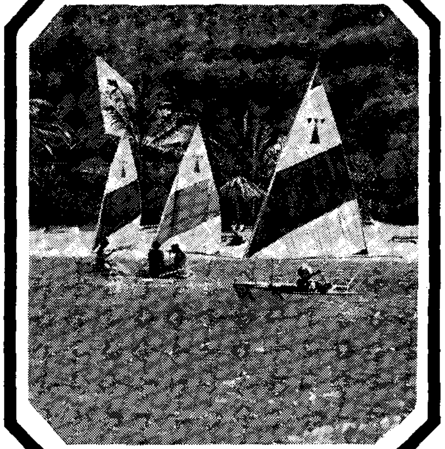

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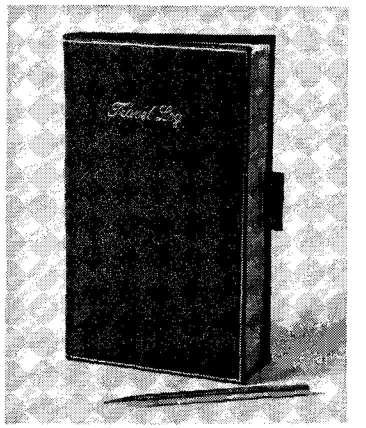
tion"? His paternal grandfather was a watchmaker—"The lid was his work; he engraved the backs of *onions*"—whose hobby was natural history; he maintained an herbarium, and he collected insects, especially beetles. "He got me into natural history," the grandson says. "I remember especially his collections, which my father inherited. My father is a sculptor, mostly of animals. *Animalier.* As a child, I was in his atelier all the time. If you go to Geneva, you will find his deer and seals—gigantic statues, some of them—and bas-reliefs of other species scattered through the city. Most of the mammals where we lived were nocturnal, except squirrels, so I turned to birds."

He produced some journals—"Observations d'Oiseaux," with sketches of birds—dating from 1953, when he was fifteen; and he supplied me with a *curriculum vitae* that brought the Museum on the scene in 1967, when, as a Frank M. Chapman Research Fellow, on leave from the University of Massachusetts, where he was teaching biology, he worked on the speciation of birds in the Andes. Since becoming an associate curator, last summer, he has gone into the field in Australia, New Zealand, and New Caledonia. "Again birds in high altitudes, as before in the Andes," he said. "These are my major interest. In Australia, along the east coast, I worked near Brisbane, Sydney, and Cairns. There are mountain ranges that catch moisture from the prevailing winds, so you have rain forests. Little islands of forest, with a distribution of birds similar to that in the Andes. Given certain features of isolation, you can predict how many species will occur. This ties in with conservation, since if the patches are too far away from each other, a diminution of species will set in."

Dr. Vuilleumier's literary-scientific style is agreeably accessible. "*A.* [*Aphrastura*] *spinicauda* occurs in every type of forest," he writes in his Patagonian-mixed-species paper. He continues:

> but *P.* [*Pygarrhichas*] *albogularis* favors tall forest, regardless of how dense or open, and avoids stunted forest.... The small, rather plain-colored *Aphrastura spinicauda* is an arboreal species occupying two foraging niches, being a foliage as well as a trunk gleaner. *A. spinicauda* is very social and is usually encountered in small flocks of four to seven individuals, although flocks of 12 to 15 birds or more are not rare....
>
> The birds in a flock move about incessantly and rapidly in search of food, which... consists only of insects. With



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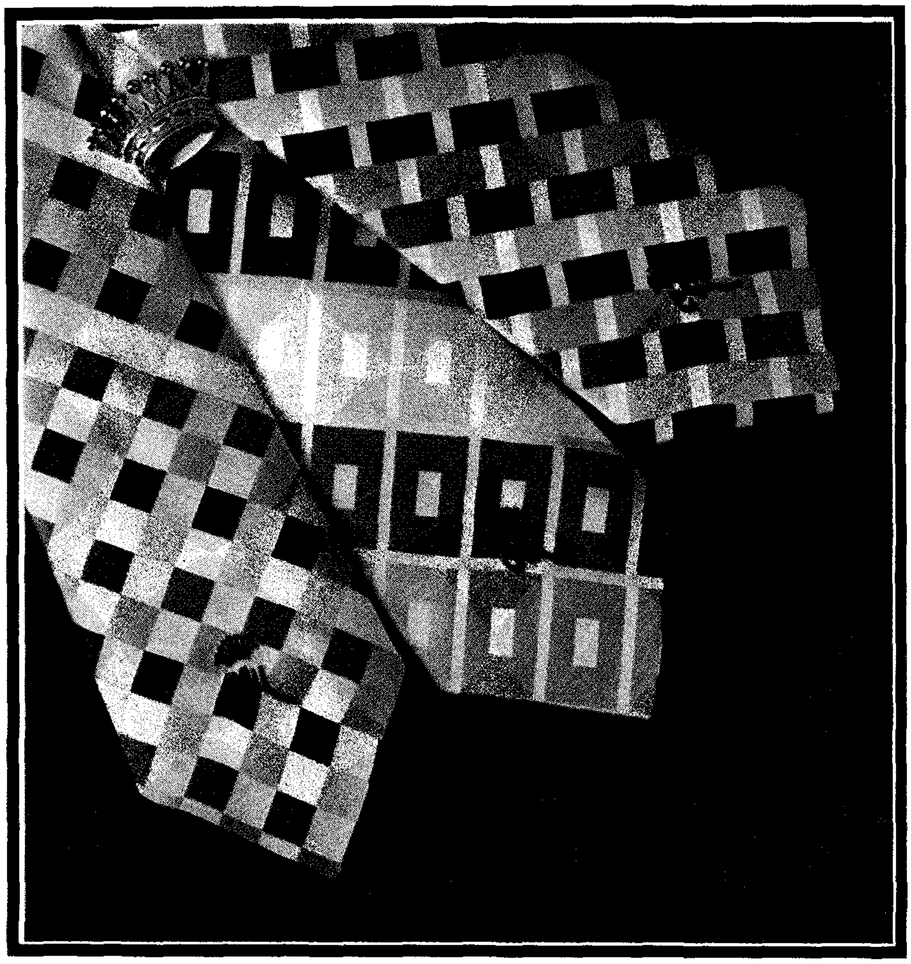

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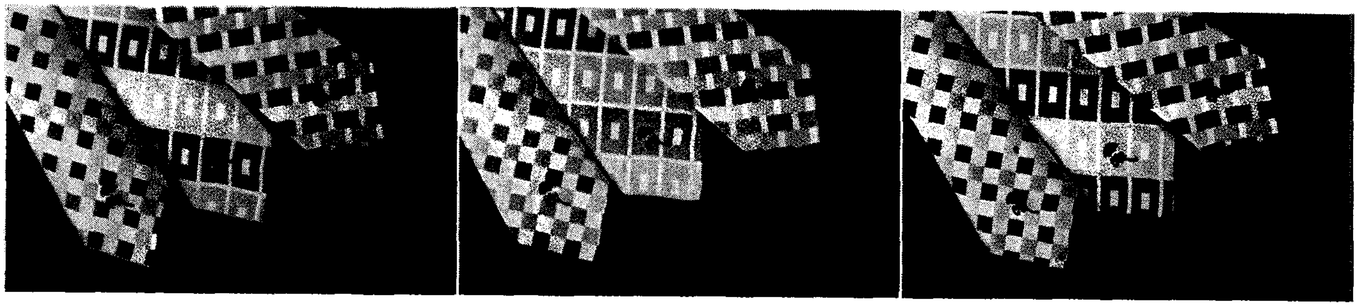

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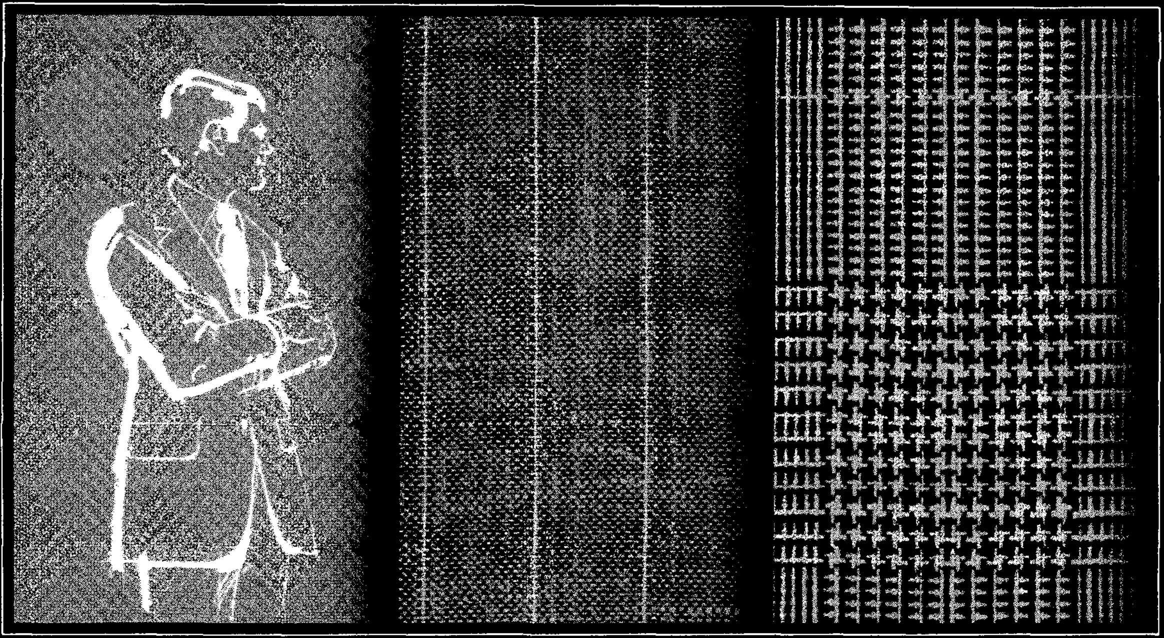

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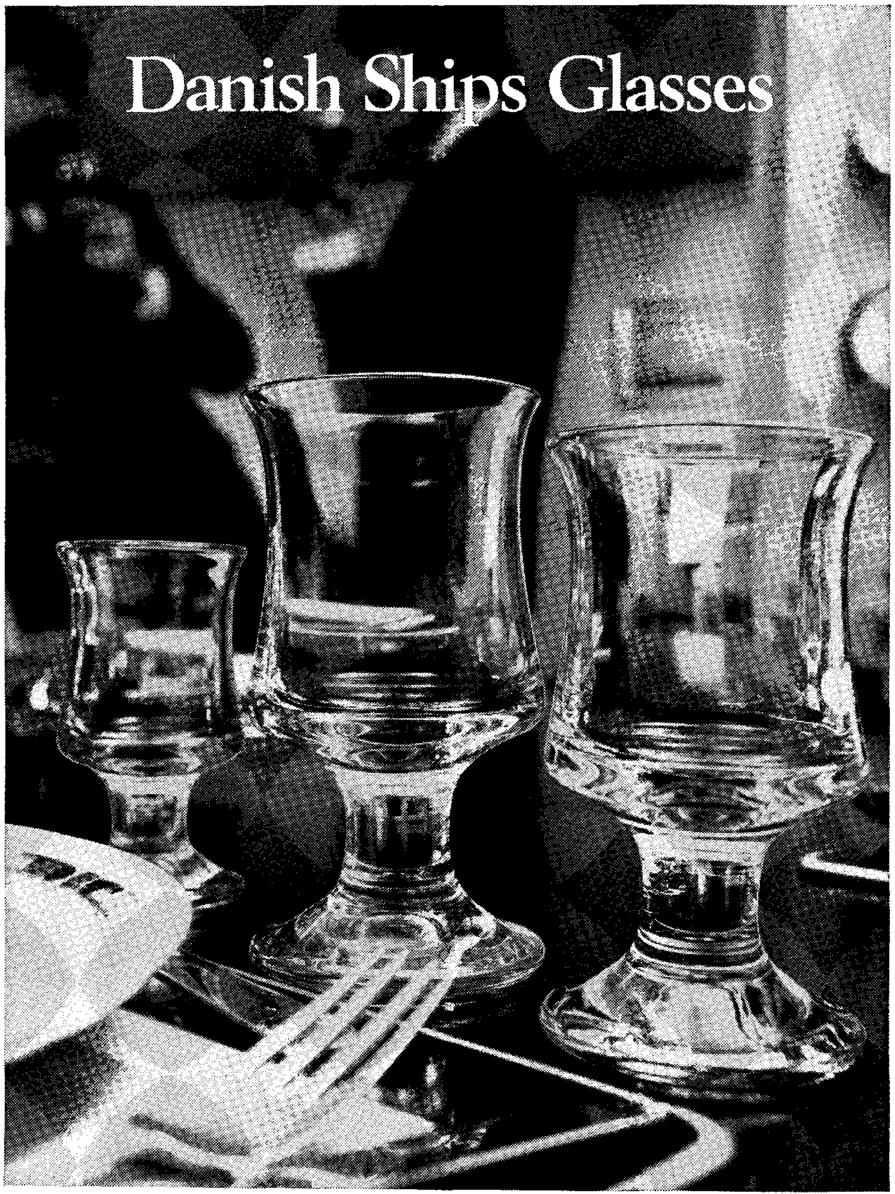
quick and nervous motions they either cling acrobatically to twigs in the manner of titmice (*Parus*), or climb tree trunks exactly like treecreepers (*Certhia*).

Randall Tobias Schuh, who is called Toby, joined the Department of Entomology last fall. He was the first man I interviewed, other than Dr. Rozen, who didn't have a beard; he has a mustache, he is thirty-one, and he is a second-generation entomologist. He was born in Oregon, where his father is a private consultant to raisers of potatoes, barley, and alfalfa on the control of such insect pests as the lygus bug, which eats alfalfa seeds. The son's chosen field is the systematics and evolution of the Hemiptera, or true bugs, a large order of sucking insects, among which are the bedbug, the squash bug, the stinkbug, the chinch bug, the aphid, the mealybug, and the cicada, but his heart belongs to the plant bug, which sucks the juices of plants. He worked, pre-Museum, for three years in South America, studying the Miridae, a big family of small, bright-colored plant bugs in the Amazon Basin. He likes the Miridae because they offer a challenge: "I'm fascinated by their ant mimicry and patterns of cryptic coloration. The former has caused a lot of confusion in the classification of the subfamilies."

Dr. Schuh brought his South American mirids along with him, and is busy analyzing them, along with their predecessors on the fifth floor. He is devoted to the Museum's scanning electron microscope, a seventy-thousand-dollar instrument that gives highly magnified, three-dimensional pictures. "It's enabled me to discover a



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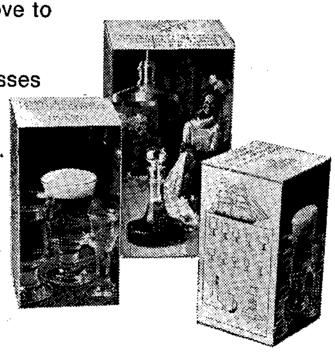

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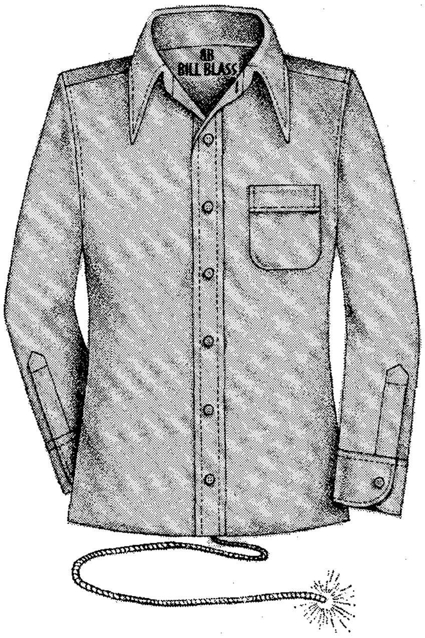

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new type of hair on the legs of the Miridae," he said. "Long, slender hair, which probably helps the bug to detect vibrations. Nobody ever mentioned this hair before. It wasn't ever *visible* before."

BACK to beards. Dr. Niles Eldredge, who joined the Department of Invertebrate Paleontology (as of 1975, a reconstituted Department of Fossils and Living Invertebrates) in 1969, after taking a geology Ph.D. at Columbia, is thirty-one years old; he was born in Brooklyn; he smokes a pipe; his beard is black. His overriding concern is trilobites—small extinct marine arthropods that flourished, in North America, in the Lower Devonian seas in the Appalachian and Lake Erie areas. The youngest trilobites are two hundred million years old. Dr. Eldredge has examined thousands of them in the Museum's collections, and he has picked up thousands more in eastern and central New York State, the Appalachians, and Ontario, in the Gaspé Peninsula, and in a section of Scotland south of Edinburgh. "Percé Rock, in the Gaspé, is loaded with them," he said. "You can walk out at low tide and collect all you want. It's the only fossil you can easily get hold of that looks like an animal—it's not like collecting the scattered bones of a vertebrate."

He held up a specimen about two inches long. It consisted mainly of thorax and eyes; it would have made an excellent watch fob. "The top part is almost always preserved in its entirety," he said. "The bottom part is much softer, so we don't know much about legs, antennae, and gut. Trilobites are a good clue to evolution—evolutionary changes are readily seen in them. They're abundant in New York State. New England is no good for fossils. Before I came here, no one was interested in furthering our collections of trilobites. The trilobites of the great James Hall collection of invertebrate fossils—which total around a hundred thousand—had lain dormant for seventy years. The collection is full of trilobites from New York—Professor Hall was state geologist in the eighteen-nineties. I've collected most of mine around Buffalo and in the Middle West. I just go out with a hammer and some chisels and pry them out of exposed rocks along highways, railroad cuts, stream banks, waterfalls, and quarries. Sometimes you can pick them up like berries. My wife, Michelle, helps me, and our infant son *tries* to. Of course, you come across

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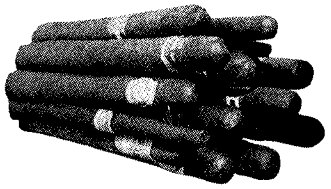

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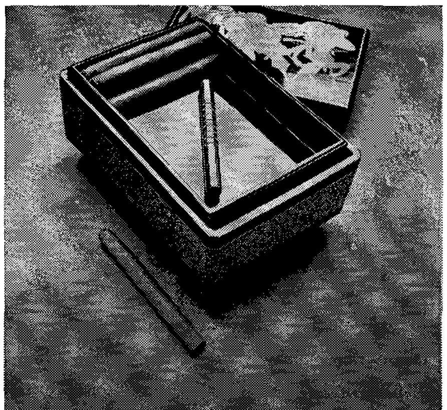

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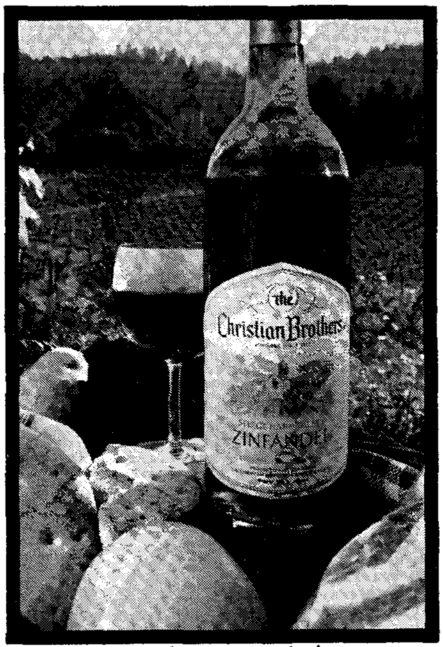

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other fossils as well—brachiopods, and so on—but you focus so that you don't see other things. I'm emotionally committed to trilobites. They change through time in the vertical sequence of layered sedimentary rocks. They vary from place to place. But their evolutionary changes, which are reflected especially in changes in the number of rows of lenses in their eyes, occur infrequently, and generally rather abruptly, in small, isolated populations. Most of the time, they are, or were, in stasis—stationary. This challenges the traditional view of evolution as being gradual and progressive."

Dr. Eldredge is the author or coauthor of twenty-seven papers, nearly all of them about trilobites.

AMONG the Museum's million-odd hidden spiders, those called hunting spiders are the hunting ground of Dr. Norman I. Platnick, a precocious, roly-poly, wavy-haired arachnologist who was born in Bluefield, West Virginia, twenty-three years ago; graduated from Concord College, in Athens, West Virginia, at sixteen; married at eighteen; took a Ph.D. at Harvard in 1973, when he was twenty-one, with a thesis revising the Anyphaeniadae, a family of spiders embracing about thirty-five species in North America; and joined the Museum the same year. Blondish-brown beard. No pipe.

Hunting spiders don't spin webs but jump on their prey—sometimes each other. Some kinds are called jumping spiders, crab spiders, and wolf spiders. "The hunting spiders are comparatively neglected," Dr. Platnick said. "They have spinnerets, with which they spin egg sacs, cases to molt in, and retreats. They sleep under leaves, rocks, and logs. Many are nocturnal. Females have been known to eat males in coitus. They eat anything they can catch, their size or smaller. In northern countries, they often hibernate, but in the tropics they roam around all year round. Most spiders live only one year, but tarantulas live up to thirty years."

Dr. Platnick has pursued hunting spiders in West Virginia and at the Museum's Southwest Research Station, in Portal, Arizona, but his chief project, which is a worldwide survey and revision of the Palpimanidae, a family of peculiar-looking hunting spiders (their front legs are larger than their other legs) found in South America, Asia, and Africa, is carried on in two big rooms on the fifth floor. This has already thrown off such taxonomic bombshells as a reclassification of Steno-

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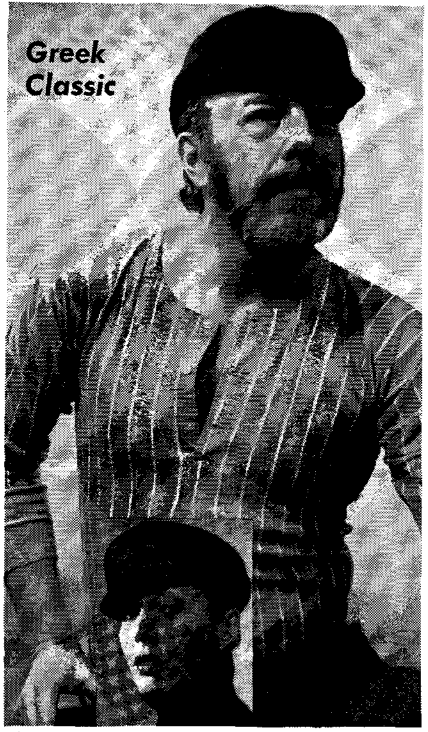

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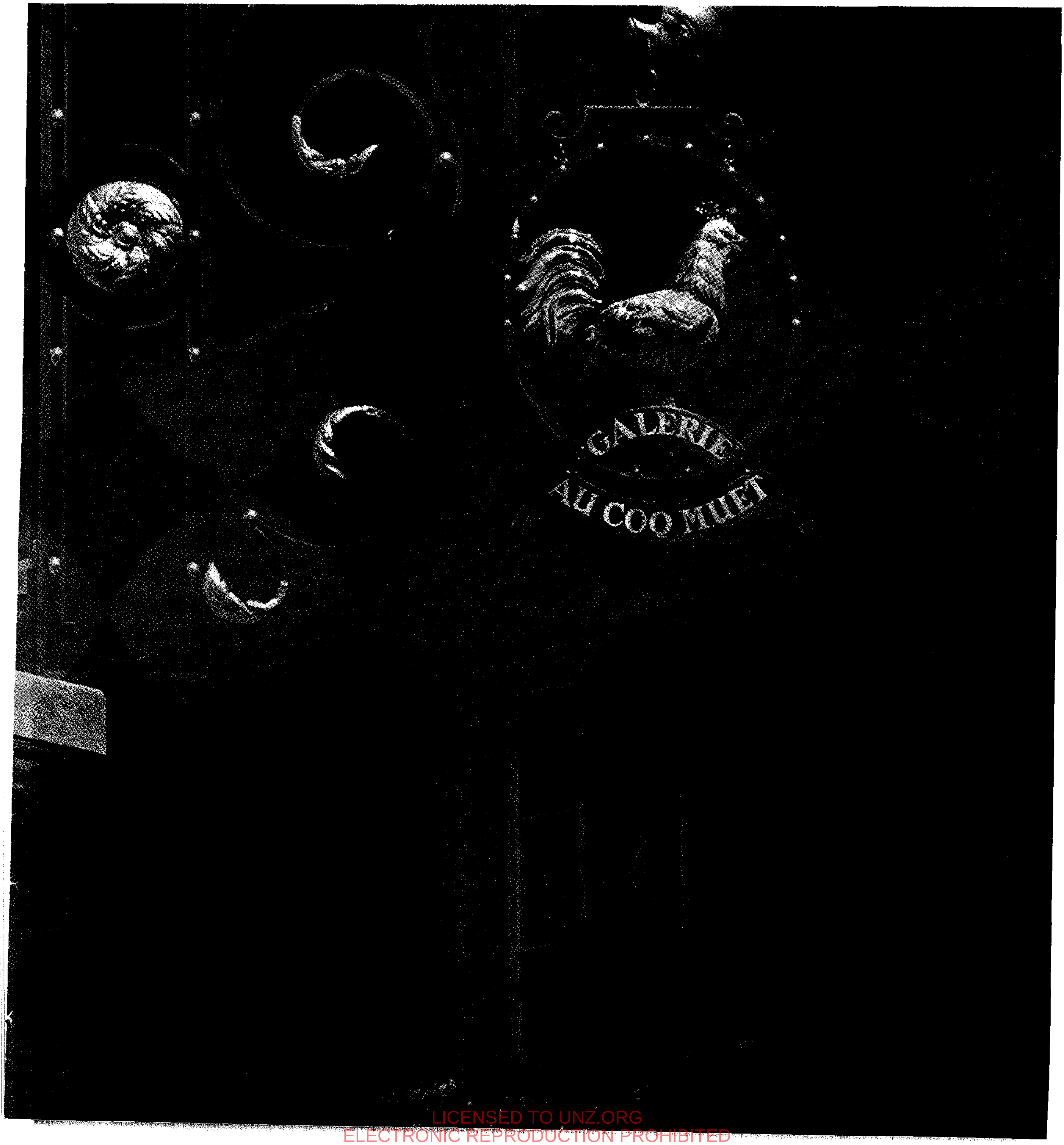

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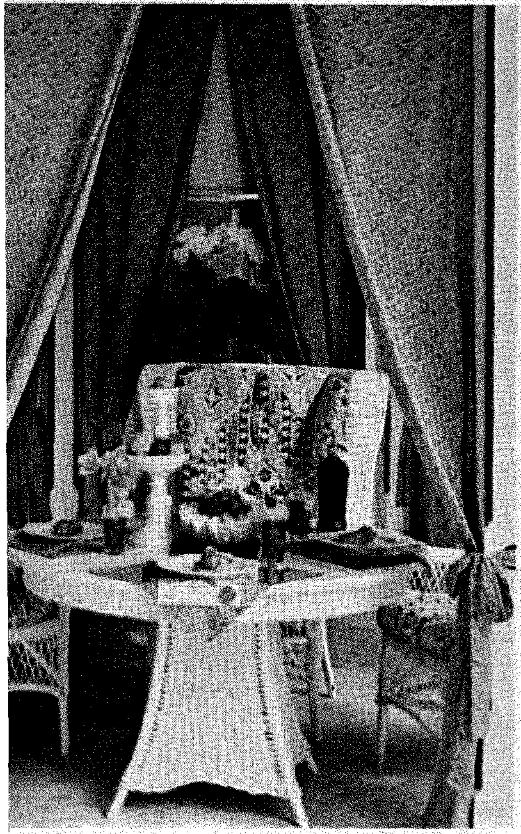

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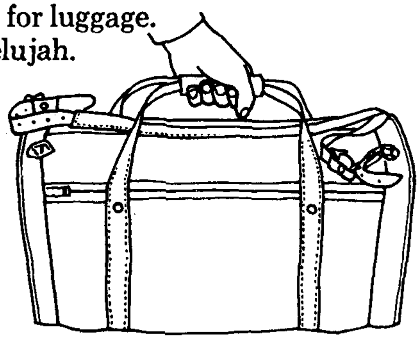

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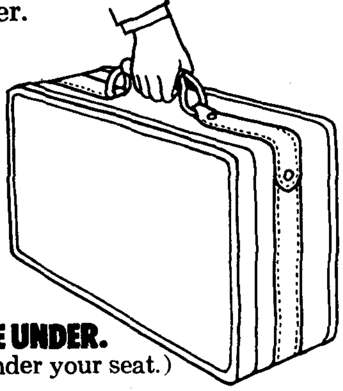

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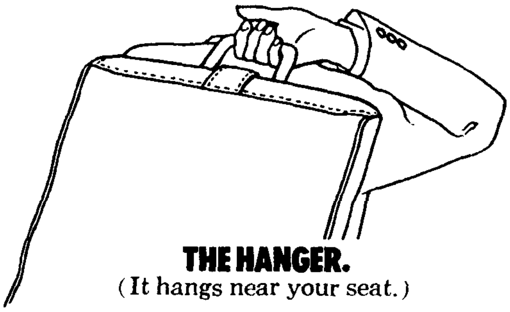

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chilidae Thorell—a group of Pacific-island and Asian spiders properly established as a family in 1873 but erroneously relegated to a subfamily of Palpimanidae in the eighteen-nineties—as a valid family; the removal of the African genus *Diaphorocellus* Simon from the synonymy of *Iheringia* and the placing of it in the Chediminae; and the description of eleven new species, of which one is from Peru, one from Paraguay, one from Trinidad, and one from Chile, and seven are from Brazil. All without leaving the fifth floor! Like Dr. Schuh, Dr. Platnick is a great fan of the electron microscope. "For a spider worker, there's no better place in the world than the Museum," he said. "The largest and best collection! Anywhere else, you'd have to be borrowing. And we have that marvellous scanning electron microscope. Because arachnid structures are so small, you can't always get at them through an ordinary microscope; you used to have to rely on drawings, which are cumbersome and not always accurate. We now get clarity up to fifty thousand times' magnification. Very expensive, but used all over the Museum. Hunting spiders could keep me busy ten lifetimes. We know the North American and European forms pretty well, but not those of the rest of the world, which is the most interesting part. So little has been done. So large a contribution has yet to be made."

Dr. Kumar Krishna, my next target, is in charge of an order of insects—Isoptera, or termites—no specimens of which are on exhibit at the Museum: a million upstairs, none downstairs. (There are two enlarged *models* of termites in the Hall of Biology of Invertebrates, in a section devoted to adaptation.) The Museum's custodian, student, collector, and historian (two thick books and a dozen or more papers and monographs, not to mention the article on Isoptera in Britannica 3) of Isoptera is a research associate, an honorary category, which includes investigators from other institutes. Dr. Krishna is a professor of biology at City College; he teaches there three days a week, and tries to spend two or three days on Central Park West. Born in 1930 in Dehra Dun, in northern India, he came to the University of Chicago on a fellowship when he was twenty-five, and formed his own connection with the Museum in 1962, when he joined the City College faculty. He is happy to get to the fifth floor several times a week, because

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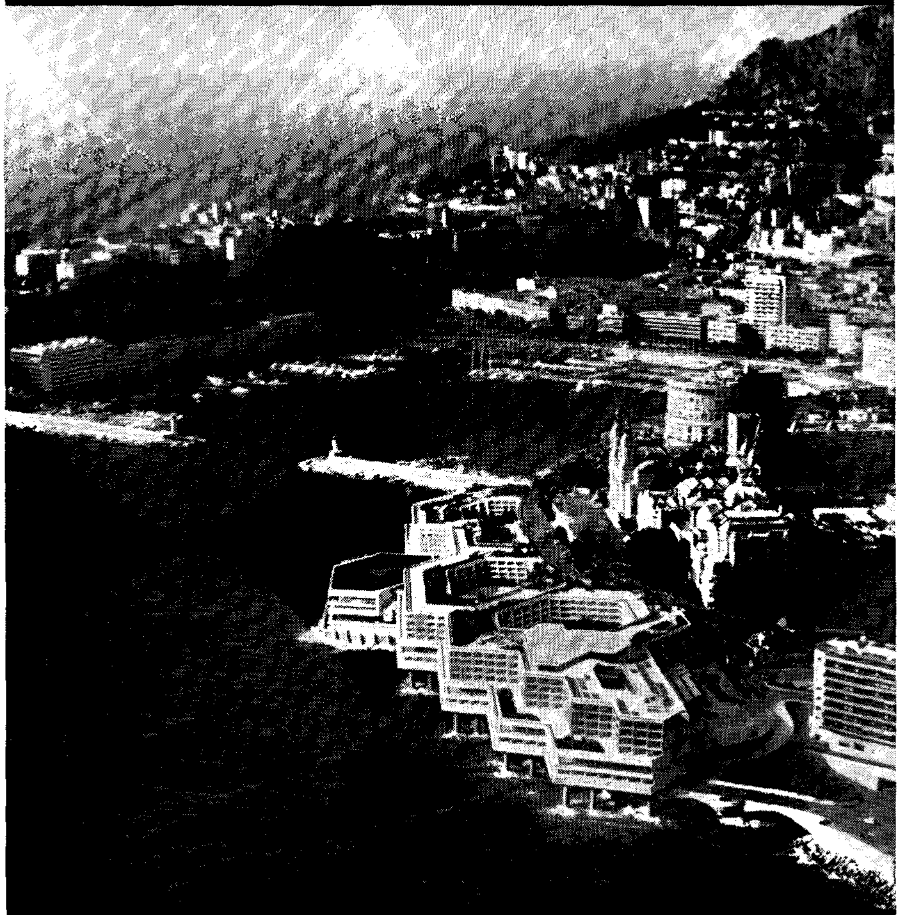

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it harbors specimens of ninety-four per cent of all the approximately nineteen hundred described species of termites. This assemblage is, in fact, the most complete single collection in the world of any animal group of comparable size; its specimens were the gift, in 1964, of Dr. Alfred E. Emerson, another research associate, who is professor emeritus of zoology at the University of Chicago, and who had obtained them through field work and exchange. In a way, Dr. Emerson also obtained Dr. Krishna for this country, because Krishna had started an isopterous correspondence with him that led to the Chicago fellowship. Dr. Krishna, whose current project is "Revision of the Indomalayan Termite Genera *Procapritermes* and *Dicuspiditermes* (Isoptera, Termitidae, Termitinae)," often spends the summer collecting in India and Ceylon. "My wife and I stay in government rest houses," he said. "The forest is all around us. The specimens are found in wood or in soil. We collect with forceps, and pickle our finds in alcohol. We sometimes collect the nests, which are built of fecal matter, soil, and wood fragments; the nests are so different that we can sometimes identify species by them. Konrad Lorenz has called the nests 'frozen behavior.' They range from papery and fragile to woody and very hard. In some parts of the tropics, where they are built of fine particles of clay glued together by saliva, they take the form of mounds that reach a height of thirty feet. These are built by *big* termites."

"How big?" I asked.

Dr. Krishna reached into an open cabinet and drew out a jar containing something that looked like a pale sausage. "A *Macrotermes* queen," he said. "A hundred and one millimetres long and thirty-one millimetres wide—a little over four inches by an inch and a quarter. Almost entirely abdomen. She can lay thirty-six thousand eggs a day for years and years. The king is very small." He pointed to a little fellow, less than an inch long, at the bottom of the jar, and said that termites came in three castes—the royal pair, which are reproductive, and the workers and the soldiers, which are sterile. "Thus, adaptive characteristics that might appear in a soldier, making it more efficient in its defensive functions—against ants, for example—cannot be transmitted directly to the offspring," he said. "Only the king and queen can pass along the hereditary makeup of all three castes, but the reproductives lack defensive adaptations, since they

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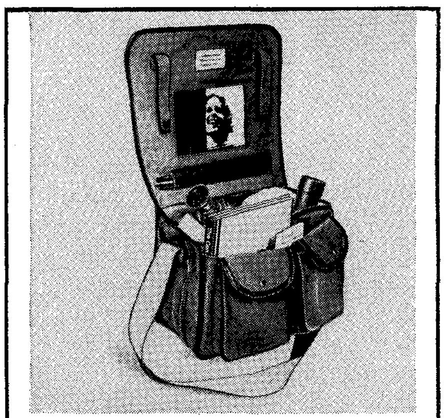

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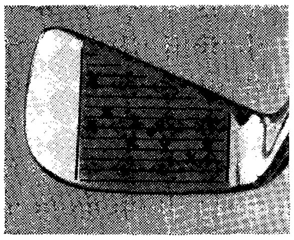

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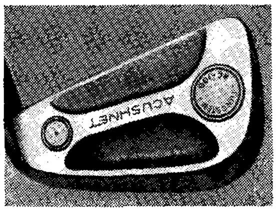

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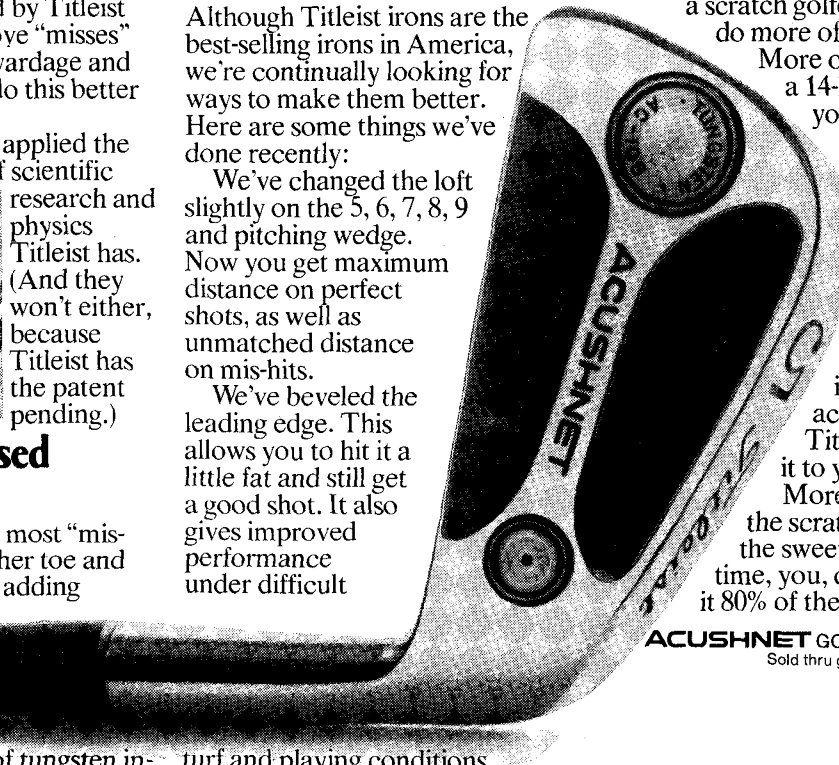

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do not engage in defense of the colony. This situation has two important implications. The adaptive evolution of the sterile castes can be explained only through the natural selection of the colony, rather than through that of the individual. The evolution of social insects, such as termites, is the best evidence against Lamarck's theory that evolution takes place through the inheritance of acquired characteristics. These points were first made by Darwin."

As if this were not enough of a compliment to termites, Dr. Krishna launched into a defense of them (*against* people, *not* ants). "They're always regarded merely as destructive insects," he said. "And their fascinating biological qualities are overlooked. Actually, only ten per cent of the species are pests. Some native species are destructive, but it's the *introduced* species—those transplanted inadvertently by men from their native habitats to new quarters in lumber, furniture, shipping crates, and so on—that become serious pests, because, not being able to compete in the natural environment, they tend to seek shelter in such protected, man-made areas as buildings or cultivated crops. Termites play an important ecological role. They recycle wood. They are one of the few organisms that convert cellulose into protein. They might be a source of protein. Some tribes eat them."

I asked Dr. Krishna whether he had ever taken a bite, and he looked startled. He shook his head. "I am basically a vegetarian," he said.

DR. ROZEN'S selective list of the Museum's post-1960 basic researchers was now exhausted, so I turned to a distinguished old-timer—Dr. Dorothy E. Bliss, Brown '37 (grayish hair, blue eyes), chairwoman and curator of the newly constituted Department of Fossil and Living Invertebrates. Concerned with the quick rather than the dead, she is down in the latest *Research Report*, along with members of her staff, for three activities involving crabs, among them "Rates of Limb Regeneration in Crab *Gecarcinus lateralis* and Their Use in Bioassaying for Limb Growth-Controlling Factors." She received me in her laboratory area, on the third floor of the Museum, and took me to a room that was lined with tanks of crabs. "Collected from our field station in Bimini and, more recently, from Boca Raton," she said. "We sometimes have five or six hundred here. They ordinarily eat sea beans

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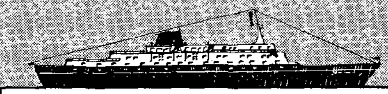

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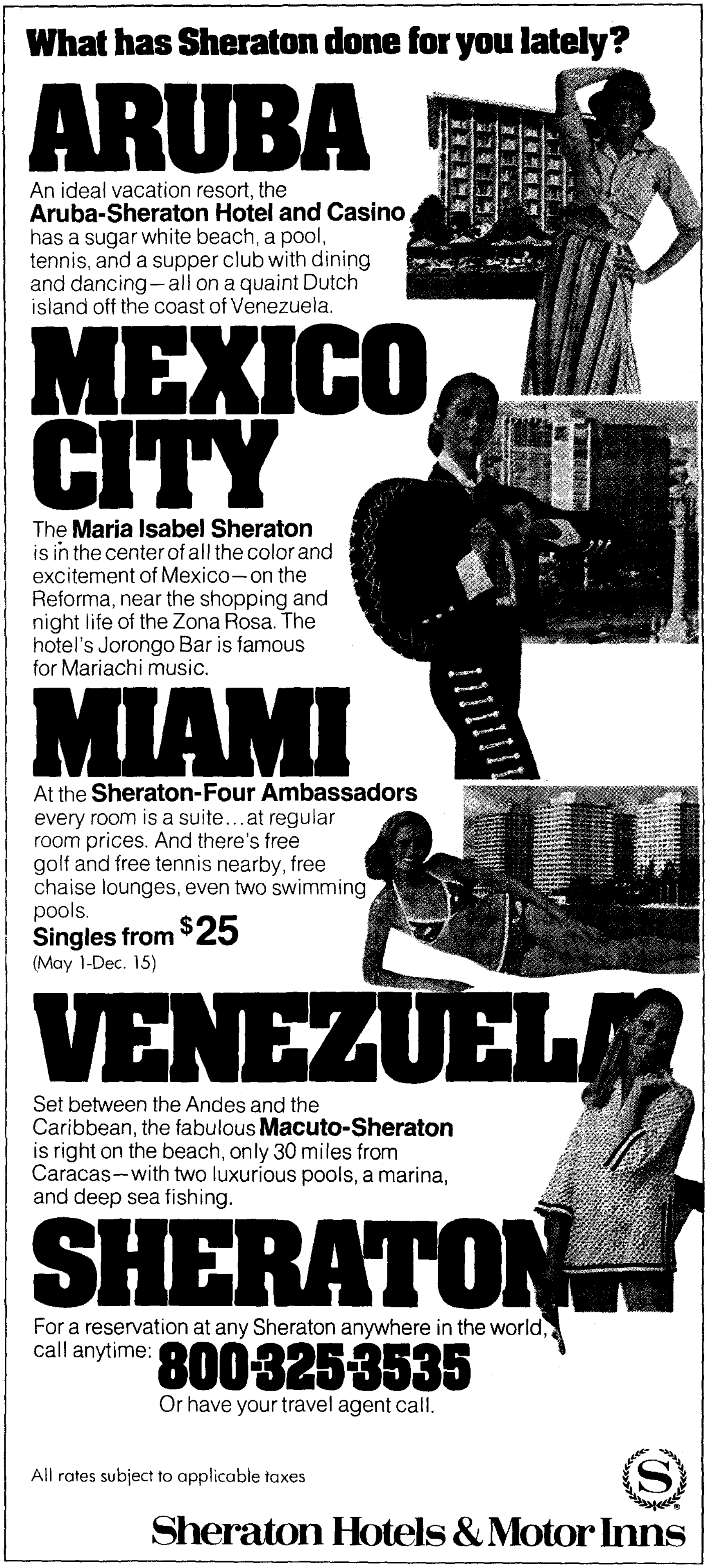
and leaves, but we give them peanuts, lettuce, carrots, eggshells, and Purina Dog Chow. I've found them eating lizards and one another. They are called purple land crabs, and, as you can see, are rather small and lively." She indicated one that was isolated in a shoebox with a petri dish of water, which the crab was sipping. "They do better when approaching molting if they have some seawater," she said. "But they don't do as well with pure seawater, so we give them a mixture of half seawater and half tap water. This mixture is closer to their own body fluids. We get the seawater from the Coney Island Aquarium."

Dr. Bliss introduced me to Dr. Penny M. Hopkins, a research fellow, and to two research assistants, Jane R. Boyer and Stefanie W. Sheehan. We all went into another room, where Dr. Bliss opened a refrigerator and showed me a mixture that she said was obtained from ground-up eyestalks of land crabs and contained enzymes, hormones, blood, and various tissues. "We take a clear aqueous extract of this mixture and, keeping it at a low temperature, infuse the extract into a destalked crab that has been induced to drop a limb and is regenerating a new one," she said. "Stefanie is in charge of infusing the crabs. The idea is to find out what hormones control molting. In nature, crabs drop a limb by reflex when injured; it takes a number of weeks to grow a new limb. This process is ordinarily completed before molt, so we can use limb regeneration as an indicator of whether molt is approaching."

"We drill a hole right over the crab's heart, and an infusion apparatus drives the extract through a tube directly into the animal," Mrs. Sheehan said. "We use a slow rate of infusion—delivery takes ten hours. This duplicates the situation in nature, where a gland releases a small amount of highly active material over a long period of time. Then we measure the crab's limb."

She pointed to two crabs that were undergoing this treatment—contentedly enough, it appeared. I found things rather hard to sort out, so the women furnished me with an abstract, "Bioassaying for Crustacean Limb Growth-Controlling Factors," which began:

> Just prior to ecdysis, the regenerating limb bud of a decapod crustacean undergoes rapid proecdysial growth. In the crab *Gecarcinus lateralis*, we have used rates of regeneration from destalked crabs during proecdysial growth as a standard with which to compare rates of regeneration in destalked crabs treated with implants or extracts of central nervous system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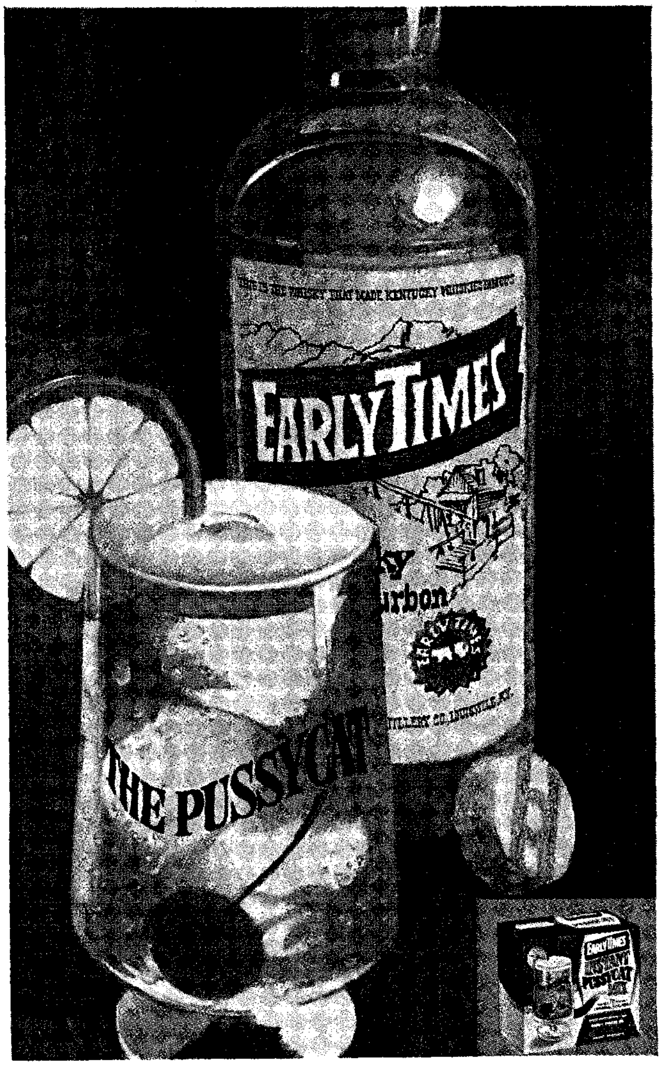

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"Land crabs are threatened by condominiums in Florida," Dr. Bliss said, and I left on an easy ecological note (EEN).

A DAY or two later, I had a talk with another staff veteran—Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, chairman and curator of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology. A boyish, unbearded sixty-one, he has been with the Museum since 1946. I met him in his big, light, book-lined office, on the tenth floor of the Childs Frick Wing. "Frick was a passionate collector," he said of the wing's donor, a son of Henry Clay Frick, and a former trustee, who died in 1965. "He spent many thousands of dollars a year collecting fossil mammals in Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, Colorado, Nevada, Texas, and California. They could not be replaced today. There are probably no new fossil fields in this country, where such things are abundantly weathering out. You could do better in the pampas of Patagonia. Frick had a knack of picking dedicated field associates and preparators for his staff. They kept accurate field and stratigraphic records. So the three hundred thousand specimens that he left us, along with an endowment fund of around eight million dollars, are an ideal collection. You cannot do a major piece of research on North American Tertiary mammals without consulting the Frick collection. Some of these groups have not been studied for so long that classification is way out of date. So we retrieve. We're now in the process of integrating these groups; it will take several more years. The Frick is a tremendous responsibility."

Using his key, Dr. Schaeffer took me down in the secret elevator to a storage floor, where three or four young men and women were cleaning and sorting fossil horse skulls and other remains. We were in the presence of thousands of bones of horses, some still embedded in rock. "Why do we need a whole floor of fossil horses?" Dr. Schaeffer said. "The director has asked me this. Well, two specimens of the same thing rarely have equal preservation, so they supplement each other. To study blood-vessel patterns at

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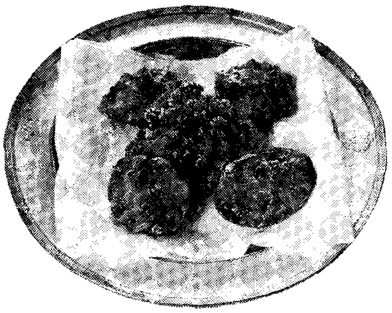

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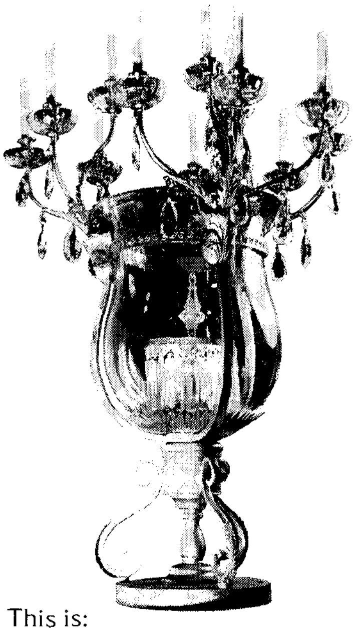

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the base of the brain, you need good skull material—the more the better. It's useful to have good collections all together in one place, so that researchers can work steadily without having to borrow or else visit other institutions."

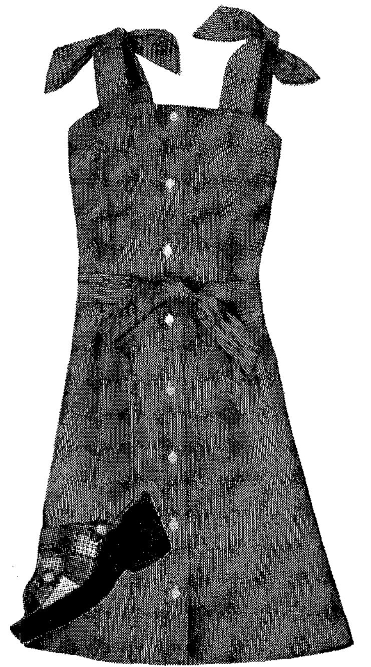
We inspected several other storage floors, and Dr. Schaeffer said that a thousand crates of Frick material were still unopened, many in the basement. Himself a specialist in fossil fish, which he has been chiselling out of shale obtained in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming since 1948, he presented me, at my request, with one of his latest *Novitates*—"A Jurassic Fish from Antarctica," which records a sequel to Museum participation in what some scientists regard as a watershed piece of basic research. In 1969, Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, Schaeffer's predecessor as chairman of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology and now emeritus, having been alerted to the possibility that Triassic amphibians and reptiles known to have inhabited South Africa might also have lived in Antarctica, took a party to the Transantarctic Mountains, near the South Pole, where they set up camp. Two days later, according to Walter Sullivan's "Continents in Motion," Colbert wrote Schaeffer:

> DEAR BOBB,
> We did it!
> On our first day of field work we found a cliff full of Triassic reptile bones....
> This happened yesterday.
> The bones are not articulated—it is a stream channel deposit. But they are numerous and in *good* condition. Should give a varied fauna....
> We are tremendously excited.
> This really pins down continental drift, in my opinion. Antarctica had to be connected [with Africa] in the Trias.

Mr. Sullivan, who is the science editor of the *Times*, wrote in that paper's Sunday *Magazine* for January 12, 1975:

> During this and the following Antarctic summer, the expeditions found a variety of reptile remains which seemed representative of a fauna virtually identical to one typical of the same period, 200 million years ago, in South Africa.... It was inconceivable that either the labyrinthodonts or the reptiles, all of them land or freshwater dwellers, could have migrated across the 2,400 miles of ocean which now separate Africa from Antarctica and are generally regarded as the stormiest waters on earth. At some point during the Triassic period, between 230 million and 180 million years ago, Antarctica had to be connected to Africa....

To paleontologists, proof that the ge-



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Man: So we'll just get up.
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Man: No? What's a Japanese waitress going to serve? Corned beef and cabbage? Vermont roast turkey?
Woman: What I mean is just because they're Japanese doesn't mean you're going to get sukiyaki. Or raw fish..
Man: Says who?
Woman: Myrna. Myrna ate in this place.
Man: I could kill Myrna. Why—why did I let you drag me down here!
Woman: Why don't you believe me? This place won't give you the usual Japanese food.
Man: Yes they will. (Morosely) I'm going to eat creepy, quivering masses of who knows what.
Woman: No, you're not.
Man: Mysterious blobs wrapped in rice.
Woman: You're wrong.
Man: Strange shapes that leaped out of the ocean only this morning.
Woman: Will you stop it!
Man: Little pickles that can burn a house down...

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Man: Boy, I thought that was fantastic.
Woman: Me too.
Man: I guess I've been wrong about a lot of things.
Woman: Yes you have.
Man: I'm really a narrow, prejudiced person.
Woman: Yes you are.
Man: Maybe I've even been narrow and prejudiced about raw fish.
Woman: No, you haven't Harry, you really haven't.

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ography of the world had been in constant flux came as a bombshell. It was necessary to look at the history of life from an entirely new perspective.

The discovery of the labyrinthodontal bones was followed by that of fossil fish from the subsequent Jurassic period, and these fish were submitted to Dr. Schaeffer for analysis. "Prior to this discovery," he writes in his paper, "the archaeomaenids [to wit, the family of the aforementioned fish] were known only from Lower Jurassic continental deposits of Australia." But, unlike Colbert and Sullivan, he does not regard this, or the Antarctic presence of the South African-type labyrinthodonts, as actual proof of continental drift. "The fossil fish provide interesting implications as to the position of the continents in Jurassic times," he said. "They do prove a kind of connection between Antarctica and Australia. They show that the fish could get back and forth." And in his paper there is no indication of a bombshell:

> Small fusiform pholidophoriform tentatively assigned to the Archaeomaenidae, differing from other genera in the family in having deep, irregular serrations on the posterior borders of the extrascapular, dermosphenotic, uppermost infraorbital, suborbital, preopercular, opercular, subopercular, and upper branchiostegals . . .

I CONCLUDED my tour by going back to Dr. Rozen to thank him for his guidance and to get a word on *his* investigations. In the latest *Research Report,* he is down for eight bee projects, all of them financed wholly or in part by the National Science Foundation. During the month that I had been travelling around the fifth floor, he and his wife, Barbara, who is also a trained entomologist, had been collecting a little-known genus of solitary bees in South Africa. "The family Fideliidae," he said. "It has three genera—one in Chile, two in South Africa. Their life histories and immature stages have never before been compared and contrasted with those of other families of bees. This sort of study, once carried out, can tell us a great deal about the evolutionary history of bees. These bees tend to be large—some considerably bigger than the honeybee—and whitish in color. They fly rapidly. They nest in underground tunnels. The family is restricted to desert regions, because its cells, unlike those of most solitary bees, have no specialized lining with which to combat moisture. It must always have lived in desert regions. But arid areas never extended from South America

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to North America, across to Europe and down to southern Africa. Hence this family must have come into being before present-day South America and Africa drifted apart in the Cretaceous—the time when flowering plants started to evolve. It must be a very ancient bee."

I asked Dr. Rozen where he and his wife had nested, and he said that they had stayed at hotels in the Transvaal and in Port Nolloth, four hundred miles north of Cape Town, on the Atlantic. "Just south of the diamond fields," he said. "Every day, we went out in the sand to excavate nests; evenings, after dinner, we studied the specimens. Good food and good wine. African wines are excellent. Bees like dry regions, and so do grapes. So good wines often are where the bees are. This is true at least of Chile, South Africa, and California."

I asked him what he had written for his colleagues recently, and, from a fat file, he handed me three *Novitates:* "Phylogeny and Systematics of Melittidae Based on the Mature Larvae (Insecta, Hymenoptera, Apoidea)," "Systematics of Ammobatine Bees Based on Their Mature Larvae and Pupae (Hymenoptera, Anthophoridae, Nomadinae)," both written with Ronald J. McGinley, and "Immature Stages of Lithurgine Bees with Descriptions of the Megachilidae and Fideliidae Based on Mature Larvae (Hymenoptera, Apoidea)." "The papers are technical, and hard to read," he said. "It's the same as in nuclear physics. You can't really expect a general lay person to appreciate them. In the early days of the Museum, the emphasis was on acquisition, but in the twentieth century it has expanded to research and preservation. We are a world-renowned research organization. In New York, the public thinks of the Museum in terms of exhibits, but when I go to South Africa, people know of our research productivity. Our staff is more distinguished now than ever before; there's far less deadwood than there used to be. Reputation in research grows slowly. It's cumulative. The Thomases and the Schuhs will be leaders. We go far afield for talent. Vuilleumier, as you know, came from Switzerland, and we got Pedro Wygodzinsky from the Argentine to work on black flies and assassin bugs."

In answer to a question, Dr. Rozen said, "As to practical application, all knowledge is related. You need a tremendous background of knowledge before you can take steps in applied re-

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On my way out, I paused in the deputy director's anteroom to admire a few tarantulas and two great black, shiny millipedes, eight inches long, all living in glass cases. "My wife found the millipedes under a huge mushroom in Africa," Dr. Rozen said. "I brought them back because they're so big. Look at that tarantula! He's starting to make a nest. If you let a possible donor hold a tarantula, he'll never forget the Museum."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

SP107. MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR—Onward Christian Soldiers, Sleepers Awake, He's Gone Away, I Need Three Every Hour.—*Catalogue of Publishers Central Bureau.*

Goodness! That's an awful lot.

•

Faces pushed against the windows to peer into the dark, reporters appeared in droves and the crowd became a series of small huddles.

The lack of word passed from mouth to mouth.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Try it, if you think it's easy.

•

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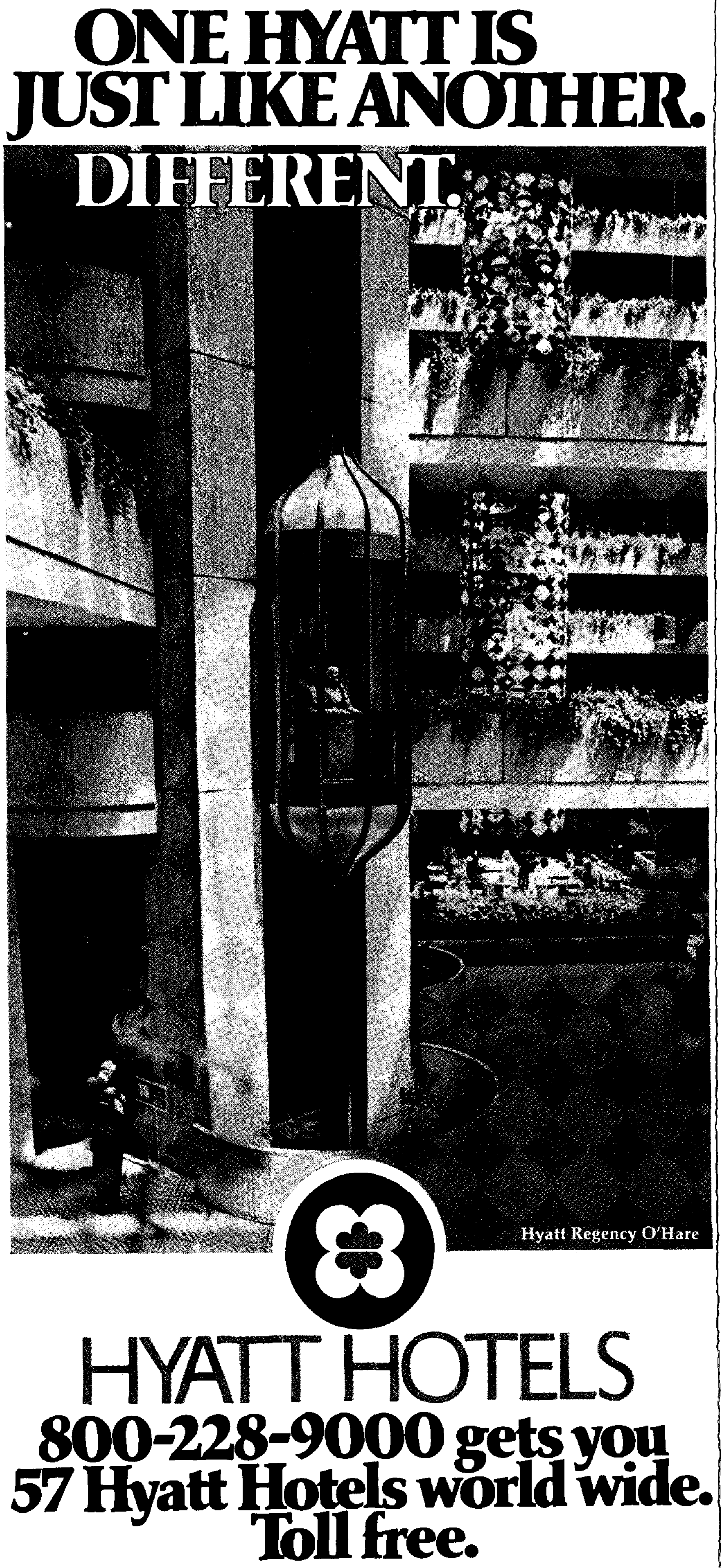
You mean routine absconding and like that?



THE THEATRE

GETTING BACK AT GOD

Anthony Scully, who is the author of "Little Black Sheep," at the Vivian Beaumont, has a way with words—an ugly way. Rarely have I encountered a play so infelicitous in its language, and not alone because much of the language is obscene; one has become accustomed to four-letter words onstage, and one is somewhat taken aback but not astonished when, as in the present instance, the words are uttered by inmates of a Jesuit house of study and by a young nun feverishly engaged in leaping over the wall and onto an adjacent priest. That Mr. Scully's chosen of God speak billingsgate is the least offensive thing about them. They are a dreary lot of misfits, with seemingly not a spark of first-rate intelligence among them; the result is that the evening passes in a series of gross exchanges of abuse, ridicule, and self-mockery. Erik Satie, who was as witty a man in his conversation as he was in his music, said once, "God has never been the same since the death of His son: He scarcely picks at His food." Mr. Scully is apparently eager to avenge himself upon God, for reasons that the play never makes clear, but he lacks Satie's gift for hilarious blasphemy; thickly, he mutters his long-drawn-out imprecation of a play, and the audience responds, as perhaps God does, with a yawn. Theologically, to bore is no sin; aesthetically, it is the gravest sin of all.

The setting of "Little Black Sheep" is New Haven, and the time is the day of Robert Kennedy's death in California, news of which is continuously broadcast offstage throughout the play. Kennedy's assassination is introduced solely in order to lend a factitious symbolic importance to the play. Mr. Scully is said to be a young man; one of the first things he must learn as a playwright is to keep his hands off history—especially tragic history—except where its use is unavoidable. It angered me to hear a dying man's name bandied about among such a group of vulgar nonentities, in what purports to be, after all, a comedy. To tell the truth, I also felt a slight twinge of indignation at hearing poor, harmless New Haven being taken advantage of for a similar purpose: Yale and Cole Porter and Porter's close friend and collaborator T. Lawrason Riggs are all called upon to serve as so many verbal props. Moreover, Mr. Scully has taken the title of his grisly play from a phrase in the chorus of the Whiffenpoof song. In a paraphrase of the late Joseph Welch, one is tempted to ask, "Mr. Scully! Mr. Scully! Have you no shame?"

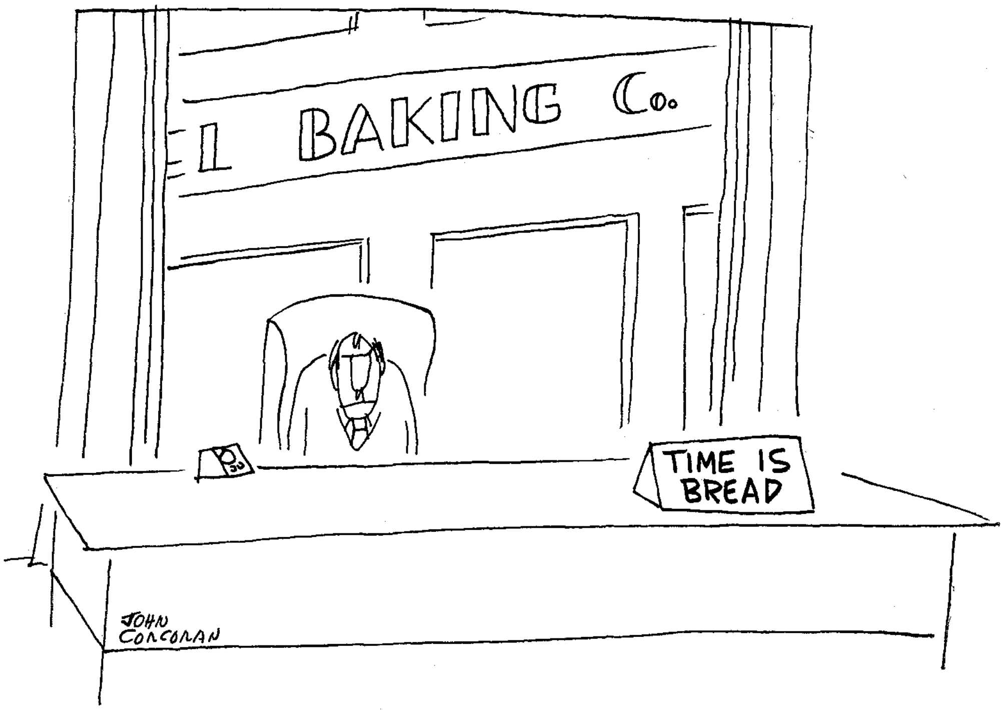
It remains to report that the cast, under the exacerbating direction of Edward Payson Call, is valiant and ineffectual. Ken Howard has many lines to recite but little character to portray, and Diane Kagan's finest moment as the nun is a deed that one early senses she will be obliged to perform—she strips off her habit and bares her breasts for a smasheroo first-act curtain. Gastone Rossilli steals the show as a transvestite priest, but alas! to steal a show that it would be difficult to give away is a compliment far smaller than he deserves. The single, stalwart set is by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Pirates and Indians

In order to enjoy the Chelsea's production of John Gay's opera "Polly," at the Brooklyn Academy—and there is quite a lot to enjoy in it—one must try to forget the glorious, burnished-gold, enclosed, Hogarthian world of the Chelsea's production of his "The Beggar's Opera" three years ago. "Polly" is a sequel, written in 1729 and banned in Gay's lifetime because the banners needlessly feared his political propaganda, and "enclosed" is the last word that comes to mind to describe it. Volume II of anything is seldom in the same class as Volume I, and "Polly" is all over the place, lacking the bravura and wit and strength of its predecessor. We descend from satire to mockery, some of it attractive and funny, and some of it far too frisky and playful. The show has been "freely adapted and directed" by Robert Kalfin, artistic director of the Chelsea. Here we leave the vigor and toughness and reality of eighteenth-century low-life London for fantasy. "Polly" is set in the never-never land of the New World, with a complement of noble savages and bloodthirsty pirates.

In a prologue, a character called the Poet, who represents Mr. Gay, is all for cancelling the whole thing—he doesn't think much of sequels, either—but eventually, of course, the curtains part (what a luxury curtains are Off Broadway!), the cast is seen in tableau, and we're off. Macheath has been banished and is now, in blackface disguise, living as a Captain Morano, the leader of a pirate band somewhere in America. The show opens on a wharf, where a rich English colonial, Mr. Ducat, is being talked into buying a girl by a madam. The girl turns out to be Polly Peachum, on the track of her lost lover. Polly escapes, dressed as



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Gainsborough's Lavender Boy. (Carrie F. Robbins' costumes are as witty as those she designed for "The Beggar's Opera.") She wanders into a wood. Pirates enter. Indians enter. Macheath enters, with a new "wife" named Jenny. There is a great deal of action, most of it out-of-doors, in any number of settings. (Robert U. Taylor's sets are as ingenious as those he designed for Volume I, and he maintains the charming, stagy artificiality of the piece by having chandeliers remain lighted and in full view throughout.) There are mistaken-identity jokes (masquerading Polly and masquerading Macheath stare long and thoughtfully at each other, and then Macheath quietly says "No;" an Indian prince, having fallen for the boy Polly, convinces himself that friendship is worth more than love), and there are barbs, mostly aimed at the English—at the rich, craven colonial Ducat (in the droll person of Edward Zang) and at the displaced pirates. The best joke of all, of course, is the all-out grand-opera style—the arias and duets and choral numbers—in which these foolish characters proclaim their foolish words. Mel Marvin's score is an attractive pastiche of Handel and Purcell, with touches of Arthur Sullivan, and the singers do very well. Among those I admired most were Patricia Elliott, bold and beautiful and tuneful as Jenny; Robert Manzari, a resounding and heroic baritone as a deadpan Indian messenger; Lucille Patton, insidious and worldly as the madam; Richard Ryder as the Indian prince; and William J. Coppola as his father, the Indian king, repository of all the virtues. As a much diminished Polly and Macheath, Betsy Beard and Stephen D. Newman do well enough, too. All things considered, the Poet was probably wrong to try to stop the performance, but he had a point.

"THE TAKING OF MISS JANIE," a strong, funny play by Ed Bullins, which I reviewed when it opened at the Henry Street some weeks ago, has now moved, cast and director intact, to the Mitzi E. Newhouse. The action, you may remember, is set in southern California in the nineteen-sixties, much of it at a party that three black college roommates give for their black and white friends.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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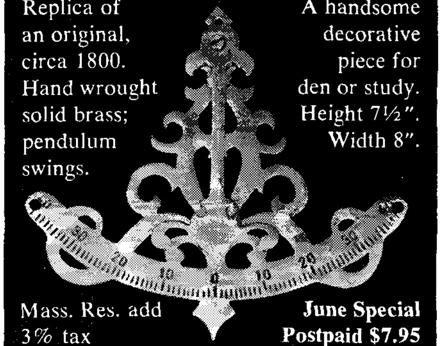

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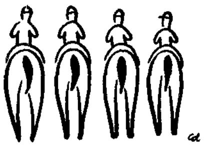
THE RACE TRACK

Preakness Ho!

May 12



MY easy answer to the big question this weekend is "You don't need to look beyond Foolish Pleasure for the winner of the Preakness." From all accounts, he came out of the Kentucky Derby in tip-top shape and ate every oat of his supper. After a day of relaxation—he didn't mind the visitors who came to have a peek at him—he shipped smoothly to Baltimore, and since then he has been doing all the exercises at Pimlico that LeRoy Jolley, his trainer, prescribed for him, and doing them just right. It seems that he thrives on hard racing; they say he's put on fifty pounds since he won the Wood Memorial last month.

As many as a dozen three-year-olds may match strides with him in the hundredth running of Maryland's classic on Saturday, the reasons for the large field being that the run is a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Derby, the track is narrow, with sharp turns—giving an advantage to speedsters—and the purse will be more than $150,000. Avatar and Diabolo, who were second and third at Churchill Downs after their bumping match, also arrived at Pimlico early, their stables keen for another go at him. (Diabolo, as you know, is owned by Frank McMahon, who won the 1969 Preakness with Majestic Prince.) Bobby Frankel, who trains Native Guest, is paying a $10,000 supplementary entry fee to put the Goldmills Farm's California star, who has won all four of his starts, in the Preakness, and Smiley Adams, no doubt hoping for rain and a muddy track, intends to do likewise for Mrs. Robert Lehmann's Master Derby. Bombay Duck, who set that breakneck pace for the first half mile at Louisville, will skip the Preakness and rest up for the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park later this month. The problem horse in the Preakness is, of course, John Galbreath's Prince Thou Art. As this is written, I'd list him as a doubtful starter. Nobody in his stable—especially Lou Rondinello, his trainer—knows why he lost the fire and dash he had in Florida, or when or how he'll regain it. He was the handsomest of all as he led the parade to the post for the Derby, but I thought he moved lethargically. Quite different, an observer reports, was Miss Cynthia Phipps's Singh when he came out for the Preakness Prep at Pimlico last weekend. Perfectly turned out by John Russell, his trainer, he rolled home by six lengths in the mile and a sixteenth, doing the mile in 1:38 and finishing out, in hand, in 1:44⅗. Not bad for his first race in a month. King of Fools, who was second all the way, barely saved the place from North of the Law. It seems to me, from where I sit, that Singh is the horse Foolish Pleasure's stable is going to worry about.

RUFFIAN is on her way to a Triple Crown, too. Increasing her unbeaten record to eight, she won the Acorn Stakes, which is the first race of the New York Racing Association's trilogy for three-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct last Saturday. In doing so, although she seemed to be having no more than a good exercise gallop, she ran the distance in 1:34⅗—the fastest time in the annals of the event. Piece of Luck tried to step along with her down the backstretch, but Ruffian soon drew away to win in splendid isolation by better than eight lengths. Somethingregal was second, and Gallant Trial third. One of the pleasures of going racing is watching good horses run, and I'd put Ruffian at the top of the list. To own such a filly must be a delight to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Janney, who have that distinction, but to have bred her, too, as they did, would be an achievement for anyone. Frank Whiteley, who trains her, will now saddle her for the two other races in the series—the Mother Goose, at nine furlongs, on May 31st, and the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park on June 21st. (Wonder what odds the boys in Vegas would lay against her winning all three.) Bill Perry's filly Sarsar, the best three-year-old I saw at Santa Anita, was scheduled to run in the Acorn, but her trainer, David Whiteley, who is a son of Ruffian's trainer, scratched her. Instead, she'll go to Pimlico for the Black-Eyed Susan—the Preakness for fillies.

FOR THE RECORD: The Pen-Y-Bryn Farm's Honorable Miss, a five-year-old mare by Damascus, won the eighty-second running of the Toboggan Handicap at Aqueduct last week. Not many of her sex have won the famous sprint. The one I remember best was Affectionately, one of Hirsch Jacobs' stars a decade ago.

—AUDAX MINOR

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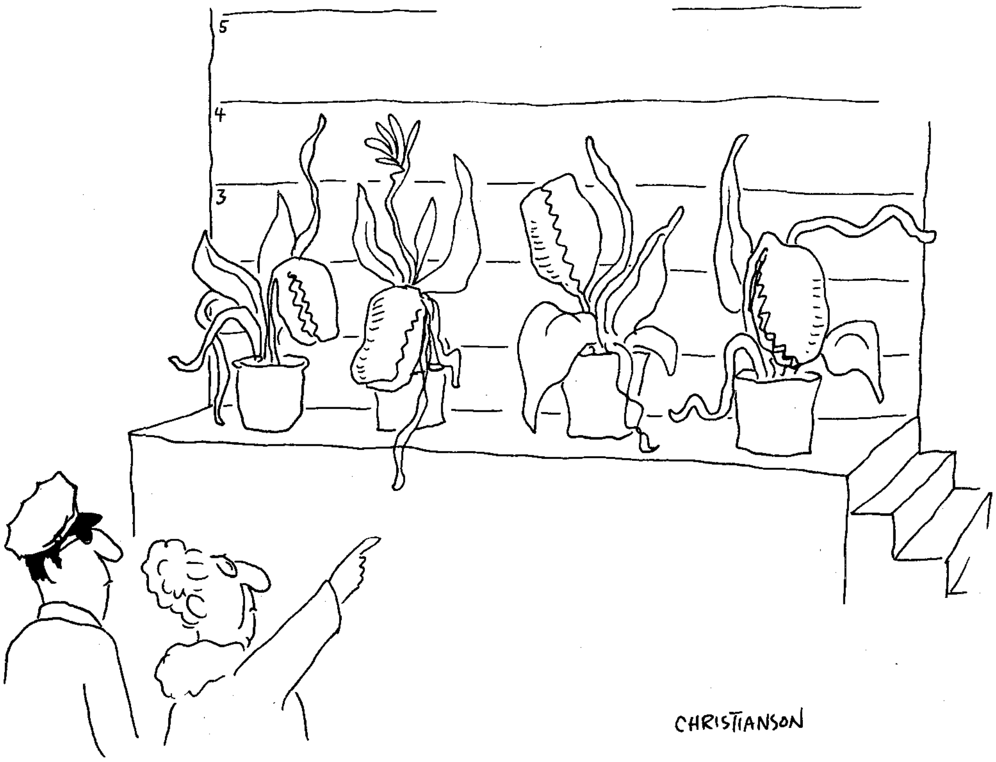
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Workers Gate-Crash Elysium

THE chroniclers of our braying epoch have often used hubbub to question the clamor we put up with. Film directors have done it, theatre directors, composers, poets. In this unquiet crypt, they say as they create a chaotic one, we are going to be buried alive; and we elect it for a tomb because we don't realize that we have the alternative of doing something else—which is a very political remark for them to make. It seems characteristic of the time that our visionaries should so often drive home the possibility of worlds elsewhere not by transporting us to a calmer and more ample place, as their counterparts did in other periods, but by exaggerating the constraints of this one. Their technique relies on delivering the roughest possible punches, and the audience that is their beanbag rocks under the blows of hyperbole. They use as didactic devices the very attributes of racket, delirium, and hammering repetition which their works oppose. An assault on din will itself assault us with a commotion beyond the dreams of Babel. A statement about the inadequacy of language will draw on gibberish for its method. Some of the most socially acute modern composers have had deliberate recourse to pure noise rather than arranged sound. Kenneth H. Brown's "The Brig"—both in the Living Theatre's production of it and in the film of it, by Adolfas and Jonas Mekas—which recorded the experience of punishment in a Marine Corps jail, itself punished us with the jail's own system of cacophony, claustrophobia, and orders barked in the tones of monkeys in a tantrum; the work was an outraged howl against the reign of the stupid, and stupidity was its aesthetic. Godard's assembly-line sequence in "See You at Mao," with its ironically placid tracking shot along the faces of machine operators knocked insensible by the work they were doing, press-ganged monotony and factory noise into the service of a poetically social cinema that is the deadly enemy of such provocations of mindlessness. Without any comment except the rendering of factory conditions, Godard unforgettably showed us the look of pummelled men doing work they unknowingly hated as they put together redundant cars that would become absurdly desirable as soon as the workers saw them on TV. It is by reproducing urban modernity's noise, dither, tunelessness, and ersatz sorcery that art can most pungently decry the world we have chosen to make; thus goes the hope of these singularly contemporary endeavors to oppose through the mimetic. The ancient form of parody also used imitation as a weapon, but this was imitation linked with wit and spleen; the modern equivalent links imitation with coma.

The latest exponent of the technique to be seen in New York is Elio Petri's "Lulù the Tool," an Italian film that shared the Grand Prize at Cannes in 1972. The luckless hero, Lulù Massa, is a pieceworker numbed by the brutishness of a clanging factory, just as we are often numbed by the processes that the picture, for gentler reasons, turns upon us. He is played by Gian Maria Volonte, of Petri's earlier "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion," whose profile is remarkably like the young Laurence Olivier's. Massa's one ambition in his boring day is to be the worker with the highest output. There is no reason for it, and several reasons against it: his fellow-workers resent him, the shop stewards exploit him, and the ritual of beating his own record leaves him no space to contemplate the allotment of his span. The arid goals of his day even overtake his private life with his mistress, Lydia (Mariangela Melato), and her son. The son is not his, but he supports him; he also supports his wife, from whom he is separated, and his own son, whom he never sees. The duplication and its futility tell us something key about Petri's view. He means to depict a man so infected by his employer's ethic that the fruitless repetitions of work at the factory have started to be copied in life at home. Mechanization and domesticity overlap. At the factory, the pieceworkers find themselves coddled in baby talk from the management, piped in over the P.A. system. Their machines are spoken of as though they were pets to be loved. Employees are encouraged to be the machines' intimates. Treat them tenderly, the men are told. Massa, whose output has won him the overseer's tacit permission to smoke a cigarette in strict "No Smoking" territory, tells a couple of new workers that the secret of productivity is concentration. "Me, I concentrate on Adalgisa," he says, pointing to the back view of a sumptuous factory errand girl. It helps him to get the right rhythm, he says. The imagery of crass pride in manhood is repeated in reverse at home. In the factory, he imagines a girl; in his sexual life, he imagines a machine. Passion doesn't enter into things. Productivity and efficiency serve in its stead. He has a loveless stint with a young girl in his cramped little car. The girl spends a horrible time with him, battling with steering wheel and gearshift as she is bossed about by this most



mechanistic Lothario, who talks to her like a particularly stolid driving instructor lecturing a learner driver. Massa seems to have developed a cruelly farcical confusion between human physiques and car parts, supporting Petri's point that everything is interchangeable with everything else in the mind of a pieceworker with no command over the design of his life. Massa's original family has been listlessly replaced by one not his own, and his aims have been replaced by his boss's. What follows is that home and factory even begin to switch character with each other. The little boy whom Massa lives with and loves wears a Martian mask as he stumbles round the house, while the factory overseers, with their paternalistic pep talks, deludingly seem more human than the child. If the film's pattern so far sounds schematic, I take this to be Petri's point: that Massa is ruled by schematicism.

The picture prospers structurally when Massa turns out to contain within himself a combination of the divisive forces at work on him. He is both a Stakhanovite and a passive TV watcher, both an anarchist and a bourgeois, both a middle-of-the-road trade unionist and a revolutionary. It is time he took stock. Then he loses his index finger in an accident at the factory, caused by sheer rapacity to improve his output, and he has to slow up. On sick leave, he acquires helpful funds of amused fury at his existence. When he goes back to work, his output drops unforgivably; he sings now, and chooses to take his own good time. So he is catechized by the factory psychiatrist, a pallid, invertebrate-looking man who bends like a filleted sole. The wetly sympathetic inquisitor makes a laborious Freudian point about the lost finger. He pretends to be concerned for Massa's sexual prowess, but all he is really concerned for, of course, is his prowess at work. The psychiatrist is a mercenary of the truisms of management, including the truisms of debased Freudian theory, which the Marxist Petri obviously wants us to note as having taken root most functionally in the industrialized West. Though Massa is still boastful enough about his output to fall into a trap laid for him by the psychiatrist, the fact is that he has begun to want to be his own man, unbeatable producer or not. Every day, as he has come to work, there have been Maoist students outside the factory to remind him that the workers arrive in the morning when it is still dark and leave when it is dark in the evening. For people like them, the day is not theirs but the factory's. Massa has never paid

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the hecklers much heed before, but now their message begins to sink in. It is not for nothing that his name is Massa, which means "mass," "heap," "people."

The English title of the film is a fairly meaningless piece of wordplay and assonance. The French and Italian titles mean "The Working Class Goes to Heaven." And what does "heaven" mean to the Communist Petri? Power, quite clearly. The incident that makes Massa review the spectacle of his life is a scene that takes place while he is on sick leave. He goes to see an old one-time factory worker called Militina (Salvo Randone), who is caged in a mental institution. Militina talks about having obsessively rearranged the cutlery whenever he sat down to eat, and Massa recognizes that he is nourishing the same compulsive behavior in himself. Militina says it was this habit that gave him the idea he was going mad. Asked exactly when he did lose his mind, he says, sagely, "It's the others who decide that." From this moment, the film flares. Impulse and eloquence suddenly begin to burn holes that let light into the rather formalized screenplay, which is by Ugo Pirro and Elio Petri. Militina's predicament becomes Massa's. Militina was fired from the factory, he says, after he yelled to an overseer, "Tell me what these pieces are used for, or, so help me, I'll kill you!" Massa visibly *thinks* about the plea and begins to hear his own voice in it. When he comes back to the factory, he takes an extreme leftist position in an otherwise tepid strike. Lydia, who has been shown to have much more grasp than he of the sexual and hierarchical contradictions of his position, quits the house with her son and leaves him to his newfound Maoism. Massa, in accordance with his surname, now sees himself as being at the bottom of the heap, and he is altogether revived by the dawn of communal motive. Lydia, ironically, has known a far less stimulating truth most of her life. With the painful lucidity that women often have about themselves, she has understood that her economic and social situation put her far lower than Massa in the structure. It is she who represents the real mass, the real oppressed majority that the whole pyramid rests on. The women of Petri's films have a grinding comprehension of the realities of their options. In fact, Lydia stands for much the most clearly painted group of people in the picture. Considering that "Lulù the Tool" is specifically about men of the factory working class engaged in a class struggle, the lack of

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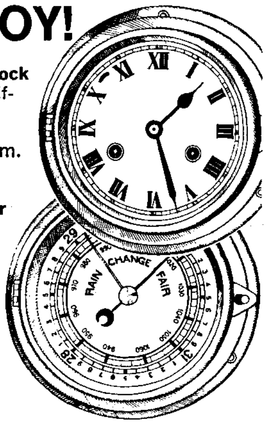

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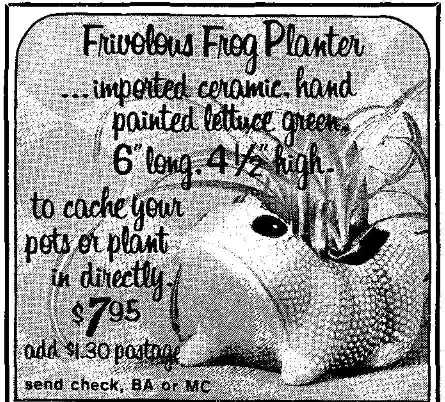
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any substantially shown character from the upper echelons to compare them with is quite a flaw. The overseers and the shop stewards make no more than token appearances, and there isn't a copper-bottomed capitalist within earshot.

Massa, on his own, eventually finds that the Maoists whom he has embraced are interested in him not as Massa but "only at a class level." What now? At work in the factory, on an assembly line, Massa tells the men about a dream he had the night before. It is passed down the line, altering as it goes. "I was dead and buried," he says. "Then up came Militina." "Who's Militina?" "Someone who's in an asylum." Militina, sacked for wanting to know what end the boss had in mind for his toil: the holy fool who, like a Dostoevskian character, shouted to his fellow-workers in Massa's dream, "Let's smash everything up and occupy Paradise!" Massa imagined a wall, he says, and the wall went down. "But what was there, behind the wall?" ask the men. "There was fog." "Me, too?" "Me, too?" "We were there?" "We were there, behind the wall, in the dust, in the fog?" "We were there?" The listeners shout one by one, above the intermittent noise of the machines. Massa tells them they were all there. The questions go on. "What does it mean?" the men ask: which was Militina's question, and the one for which he was consigned to an asylum. "I don't understand who *you* are," says a worker to Massa, who appeared in his own dream as a man without a finger. But it was, after all, only a dream. "I don't do piecework dreams," says Massa, tiring. "What do I care? Even I wasn't there. There was no one there. Forget it." And then the camera moves to a worker with a cart, and pans with him to the end of the assembly line, where he fiddles the cart into place to pick up a finished product that we never see. So what was the goal of the workers' labor? It remains mysterious. Nothing, according to the final image. This is not a piece of obscurantism on Petri's part, because any goal of their diligence was never theirs anyway. It always belonged to management. The aim of management, says this tale, is much less readily shared even than the dream of a throttled pieceworker made temporarily prophetic by an encounter with an asylum inmate and by a vision of unity in fog behind a demolished wall. It is as an extremely intelligent factory myth that Petri's film is most tonic.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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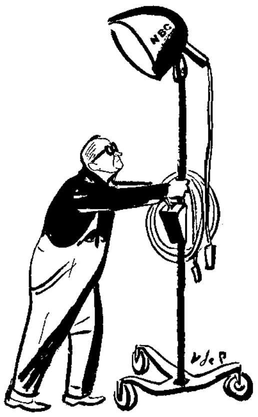
THE AIR

White Man Speaks with Forked Tongue and Good Intentions



A NUMBER of people have spoken to me approvingly about a two-hour special program called "I Will Fight No More Forever," concerning the Nez Perce Indians and their stirring, ill-fated campaign against the government in 1877. Though I didn't see the program when it was first broadcast, a few weeks ago, by ABC, I was told that it would be shown again in the future, and so I recently arranged to watch it, partly out of interest in the subject and partly because—the levels of ordinary television programming being what they are—it seemed that a special production such as this (which was accompanied by press information stating that the director, Richard Heffron, had amassed "more than 1,000 pounds" of written material during his research) doubtless represented the higher achievement levels of the craft. In fact, I found it a commendable production in many ways. I also found myself thinking that if this was one of the more ambitious exercises of contemporary television, then perhaps it was worth repaying the compliment, so to speak, and treating it with comparable seriousness, or, at least, with something beyond the usual commentary one hears or reads about the better type of program: "Fine show . . . sensitive . . . carefully researched . . ." What follows, then, is a brief attempt to consider one of the few serious ventures of current commercial television on the terms that I believe it has set for itself: the historical re-creation of the significant events of one of this country's last notable Indian wars.

THE television account, which describes itself as accurate ("This story is true"), opens in June, 1877, with a scene of two Nez Perce men hunting an eagle on a ridge above the Wallowa Valley, in northeastern Oregon. The Indians are soon surprised by two surly white settlers and (unjustly, it appears) are accused of horse-stealing. One of the settlers, called Grant, shoots the older Indian, Eagle Robe, in a particularly cowardly and sadistic fashion. When the surviving Nez Perce, Eagle Robe's son, returns to his camp, many of the younger warriors are eager for revenge, but Chief Joseph, the thirty-seven-year-old Nez Perce chief (played with earnest dignity by Ned Romero), restrains them. This sequence of events sets the tone for a meeting that then takes place between Joseph and his Nez Perces and Major General Oliver Otis Howard, the commander of the Department of the Columbia, and an Indian agent, John Monteith. General Howard (played in a grizzled, bluff-but-kindly manner by James Whitmore) is a forty-six-year-old veteran of the Civil War, in which he lost an arm and gained a reputation for soldierly decency in his treatment of freed slaves. Here he is depicted as clearly an apolitical soldier who is personally sympathetic to the Nez Perce position and is a friend of Chief Joseph's. At the beginning of the meeting, Howard and Joseph chat about Joseph's wife and expected child. Howard presents Joseph with a handmade doll as a present for the infant from Mrs. Howard. Then Monteith, the Indian agent, says curtly, "We have all received orders from our government." General Howard adds, compassionately, "I'm sorry it's not favorable to your cause, Joseph." Monteith reads aloud an order from the Secretary of the Interior which, by authority of President Grant, commands the Nez Perces to "give up their land and settle on the reservation within thirty days of this notice."

This far, the story has broadly corresponded with the historical record—at least, in the general sense of showing the hostility between the new Oregon settlers and the Nez Perces, and in pointing out the equally general theme of the government's decision, in 1877, to move the Nez Perces from the Wallowa Valley to a reservation, farther north. Still, there are noticeable discrepancies in the television account. Some are minor, and are of what might be called a technical or pedantic nature. For instance, the murder of Eagle Robe by the settler Grant just before the parley with General Howard appears to be at least a partial fabrication, based on the actual but not dramatically sadistic shooting of Eagle Robe by a settler called Larry Ott, which had taken place two years earlier, in 1875. A more complicated divergence, perhaps, lies in the depiction of General Howard and of his role in the reservation matter. The television account generally presents Howard as a stouthearted military man who has been put in a difficult situation vis-à-vis the Nez Perces by President Grant and Washington bureaucrats. However, the facts seem to show that—though there were undeniably strong pressures on Washington from the Oregon settlers to move the Nez Perces out of the Wallowa Valley—it was actually Howard who forced the issue, at the Indians' expense. Thus, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., wrote in his excellent history "The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest":

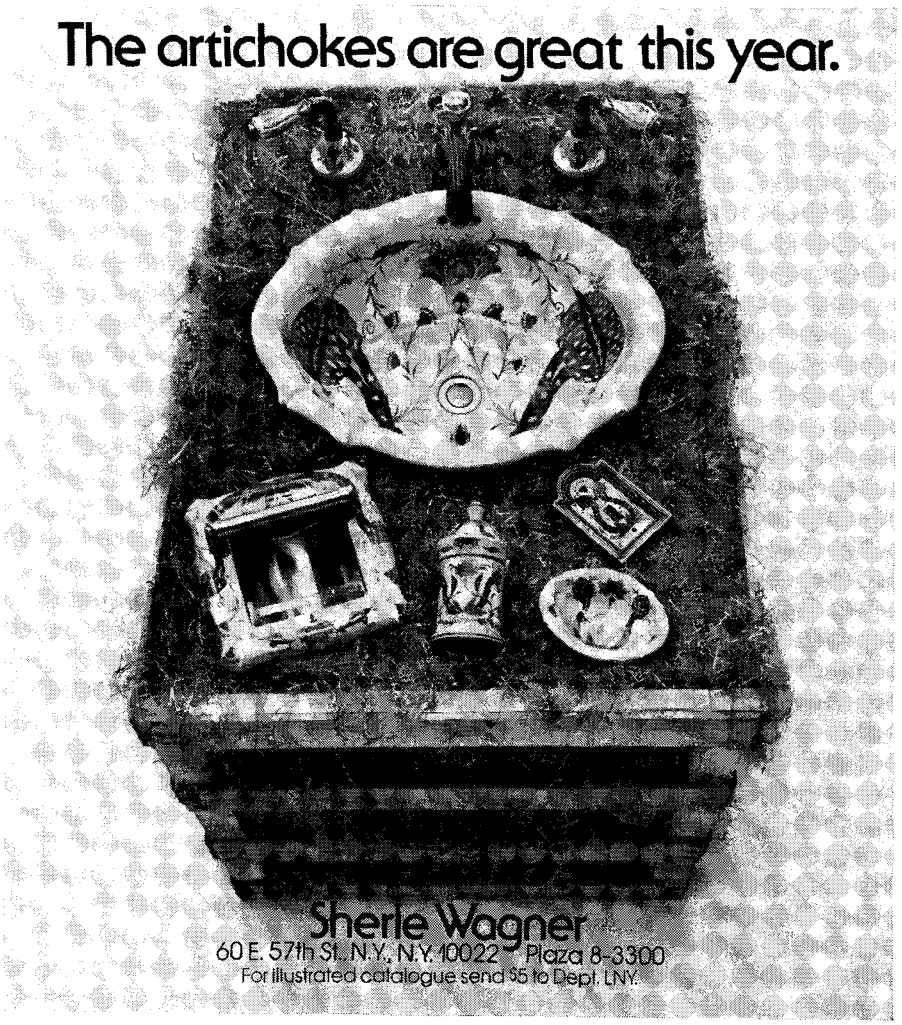
> Soon afterward [in 1876], Howard's thinking had become settled on the matter. Taking the position . . . that the whites could no longer be ousted, he had decided that the government should end the conflict . . . by extinguishing the Indians' rights to all off-reservation lands through a fair and just purchase of those claims from every band that had not signed the 1863 treaty. . . . Howard, in his future actions, showed that he had totally abandoned his position of 1875, at which time he had said that it had been a mistake to take the Wallowa from the Indians. Now he would take it, by negotiation and payment if possible, but by force if necessary. Moreover, by having the government accept and promptly execute his policy, he would make inevitable an injustice that might have been avoided.

As for the heartwarming scene in which General Howard engages in familial small talk with the Nez Perce chief, this is not totally inconceivable, but it is unlikely to have happened at that time. In fact, at the parley with the Nez Perces which historically preceded this final meeting, Howard had been so alienated from the Indians that he later characterized one of their great war chiefs, old Toohoolhoolzote, as a "large, thick-necked, ugly, obstinate savage of the worst type," and, in a fit of temper, arrested him. The June meeting shown on television (which actually took place on May 14th) had thus begun not with gifts of handmade dolls but with the reluctant release by Howard of the furious old chief.

ABOUT a month afterward, the Nez Perce war began. In the television account, the Nez Perces return to their camp after the meeting with Howard, and some of the warriors rail angrily at the white men while Joseph counsels that they proceed peacefully to the reservation. That night, three young Nez Perces ride into a nearby settlement, where they find Grant—the killer of Eagle Robe—in a saloon. Grant backs off, reaches for his gun, but a Nez Perce kills him. The three Nez Perces graciously leave the other settlers in the saloon unharmed ("Woman, your white man is not worth killing") and ride back to camp. Joseph is aghast at what they have done. "You have had your revenge," he says. "Now the whites will have theirs!" However, he remains conciliatory. "But if Howard will listen I will speak to him," he says.

Again, this is not significantly untrue to the spirit of the historical record, but certain details have been altered or omitted. For instance, after the meeting with Howard the Nez Perces (counselled by Joseph and his brother Ollokot) had promptly accepted the government's summons to the reservation, and had ridden nineteen days north and were camped within a few miles of their destination when two incidents took place. First—taunted by members of his own tribe for cowardice—the son of Eagle Robe, with two reluctant companions, rode into a settlement near Mount Idaho looking for Larry Ott, to avenge the murder of his father, which had taken place two years previously. Ott had since left the territory, but the Nez Perce trio came upon various other settlers, and killed four men and wounded another. Then, in the next few days, other Nez Perces joined the three warriors, and—fuelled by alcohol and past resentments—massacred roughly fifteen white settlers in the area of White Bird Canyon. One evening, Joseph and Ollokot and the remaining Nez Perces were briefly counterattacked by a small band of settlers, and Joseph decided that he would have to join with the raiders. From his headquarters, General Howard notified Washington that another Indian war had broken out in the West.

THUS commenced the great saga of the Nez Perce ride of more than sixteen hundred miles—pursued at various times by ten different detachments of the United States Army—from Oregon through the Idaho Territory, across the Bitterroot Mountains, into the Montana Territory, across the Continental Divide, through Yellowstone Park, and, eventually, north across the Absaroka range of the Wyoming Territory toward Canada. In most respects, the television account appears faithful to the broad outline of the Nez Perce odyssey, but there are certain changes in detail, some of which merely reflect a perhaps



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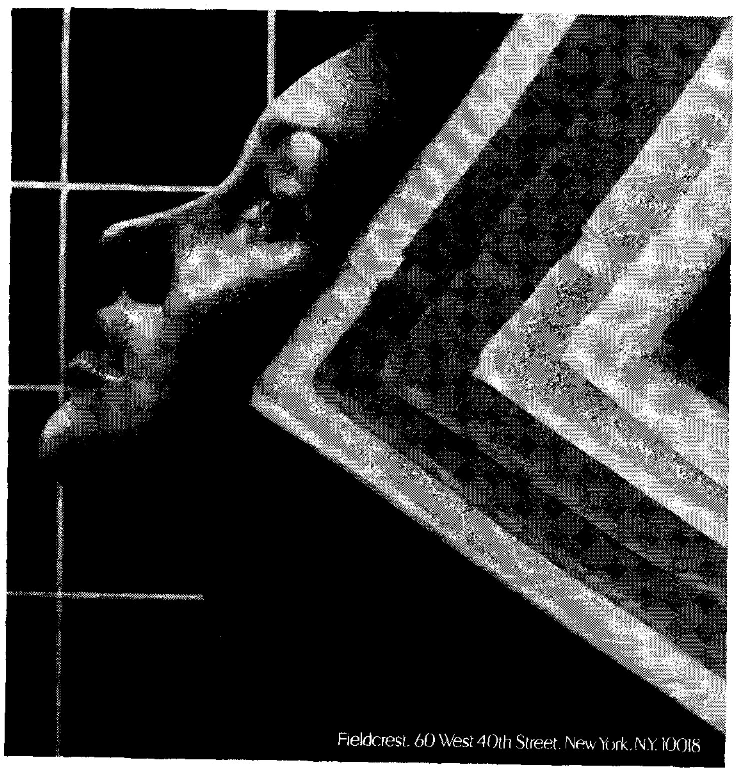

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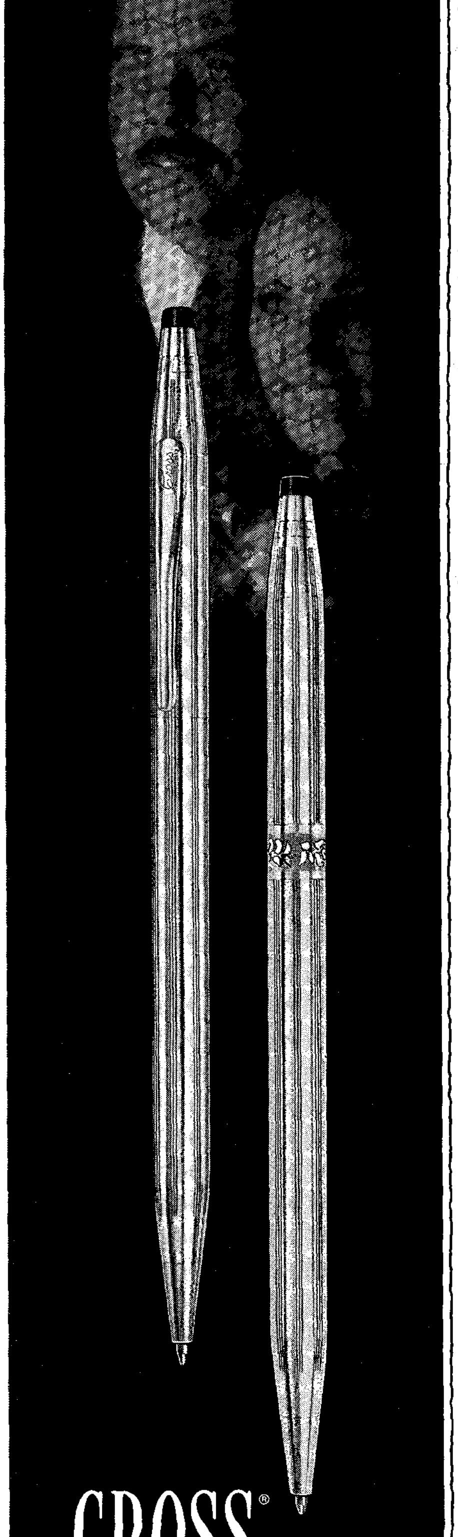

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human penchant for inaccuracy (which might have been less noticeable if it were not for the repeated assertions of historical truth in the narration), though there are others whose "slight inaccuracy" contributes to a quite different over-all effect. An example of a lesser, technical detail may be a scene of the devastating employment by Army troops of a howitzer against the Nez Perce encampment at the Big Hole. The facts seem to be that Colonel John Gibbon's command possessed a howitzer but the gun did not reach the battle until the principal day's fighting was over, and then it was rapidly captured by the Indians and overturned.

An example of a more political alteration in detail occurs in the dramatization of the battle of White Bird Canyon. At the beginning (in the television account), Joseph and the Nez Perces are pictured as unsure whether or not they are yet in a state of war with the government. "There will be no attack unless the soldiers shoot," says Joseph. Shortly after that, two companies of cavalry appear, accompanied by several armed settlers. The Indians send out three men carrying a truce flag, presumably to parley with the officer in charge, Captain David Perry, and one of the truce Indians is deliberately shot by a trigger-happy settler, who maliciously remarks, "Boys, I got my Indian. You better get yours." The Nez Perces then return fire, and quickly mount a charge against the soldiers, who are routed. However, according to Merrill D. Beal, another scholarly authority on the Nez Perce war, first, the Nez Perces were clearly set for battle when Perry's troops arrived—perhaps because in actuality they had lately massacred nearly twenty settlers, not merely a fictitious Grant. Then, though there appears to have been an informal truce team, which was mistakenly fired at by an Army scout, Arthur Chapman (Perry, however, makes no mention of the truce team in his dispatch), the truce-team Indians were unharmed and backed away, returning to their lines. What followed next was an exchange of rifle fire between the well-protected Nez Perces and the soldiers, with the result that Perry's command was driven off.

There is one further divergence of fact and tone toward the end of the drama, which I mention not because the particular scene, as played by Whitmore, Romero, etc., was aesthetically displeasing (on the contrary, it seemed an effective dramatic moment) but as

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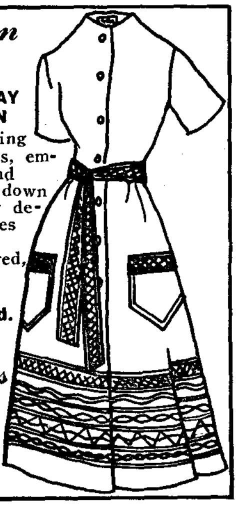

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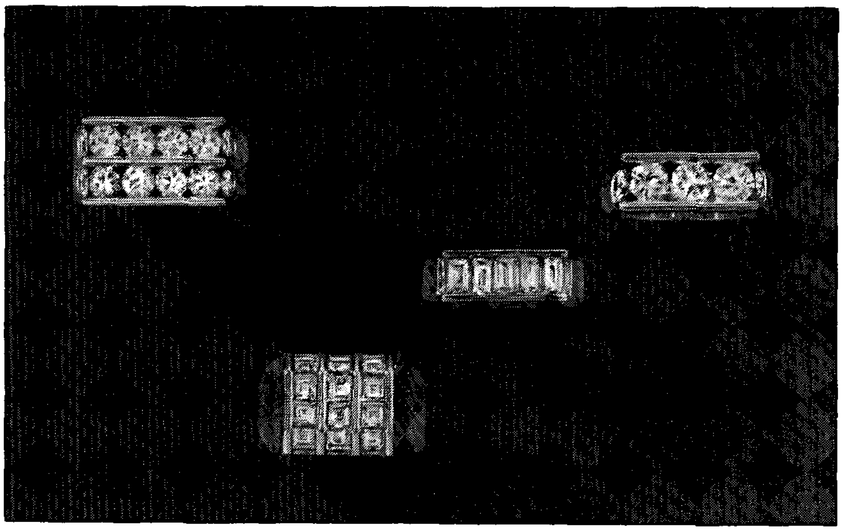
a kind of aside, or footnote, for it seems to me that the actual personalities and events of the Nez Perce war were possibly even more interesting—in the context of their own untidy reality—than were their respectfully created counterparts (by screenwriters Jeb Rosebrook and Theodore Strauss) reorchestrated for us today. What happened in history was that when Chief Joseph and roughly five hundred and fifty remaining Nez Perces escaped a trap set by General Howard on the Clark Fork River and headed north toward Canada, Howard desperately sent couriers to Colonel Nelson Miles, whose command lay more than two hundred miles to the northeast, and asked him to hasten across Montana and intercept the Nez Perces. The television account, while noting Howard's dilemma, implies that the General was thus perpetrating a ruse. ("But we've got to slow the Indians down. There's only one way to do that. Slow down ourselves.") However, the facts seem to show that by then Howard was already embarrassed militarily and in the national press, and was virtually out of the fight. Indeed, it was Miles—a bellicose and ambitious officer, who had once been Howard's aide-de-camp—who actually caught Joseph and ended the war, and who thereafter took the credit for both deeds. In the television version, doubtless in deference to Whitmore's top-billing portrayal of Howard, Miles has little more than a walk-on role: on the cold, bleak terrain of the Bear Paw Mountains, below the Canadian border, the Second Cavalry makes a surprise attack on the Nez Perces and apparently scores a decisive victory. The next day, General Howard and his troops appear, and, flanked by his aide and Colonel Miles, he receives the Nez Perce surrender from Chief Joseph, who drops his rifle on the ground and delivers his famous speech, which ends with the words "I will fight no more forever." Again, the truth is not completely different, but neither is it quite the same. To begin with, though Colonel Miles took over active pursuit of the Nez Perces, Miles and his command (which included at least two cavalry units and one infantry unit) did not really surprise the Indians, and the battle at the Bear Paws was extremely close, with the Army taking many casualties and Miles having to order his men to dig in for a siege. The weather was freezing. Snow had begun to fall. Miles was further worried about the presence of Sitting Bull and about two



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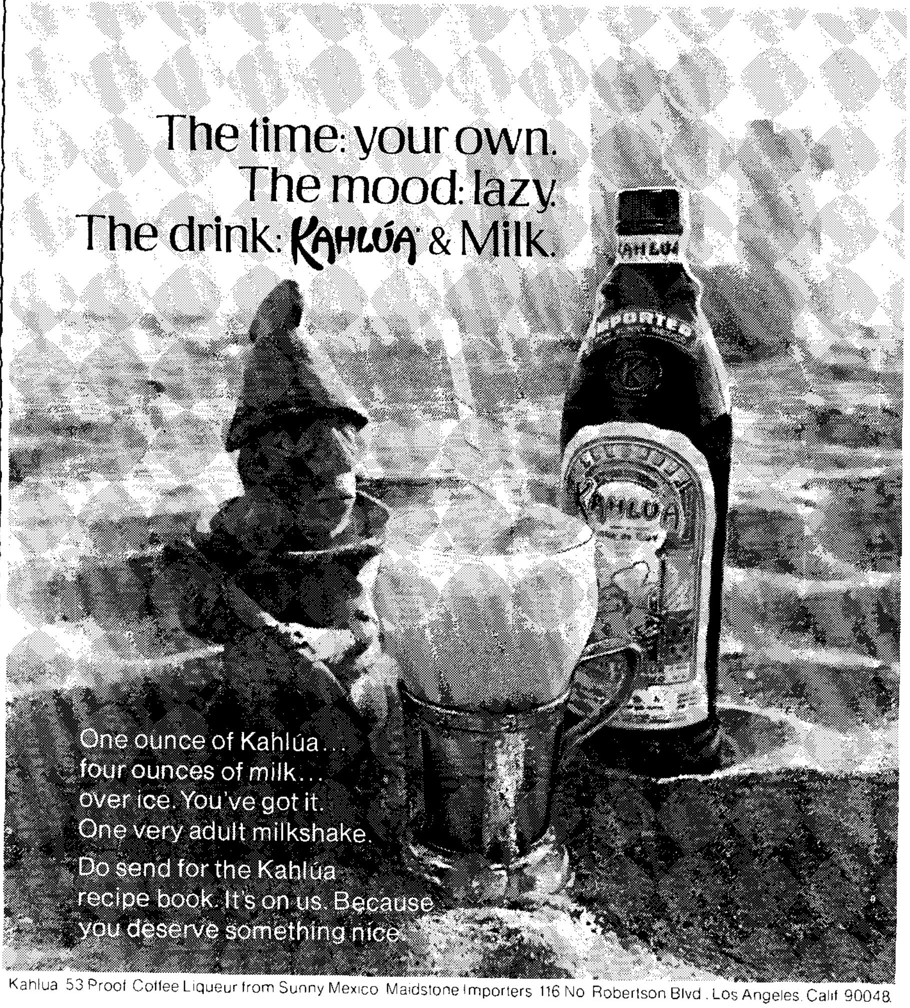

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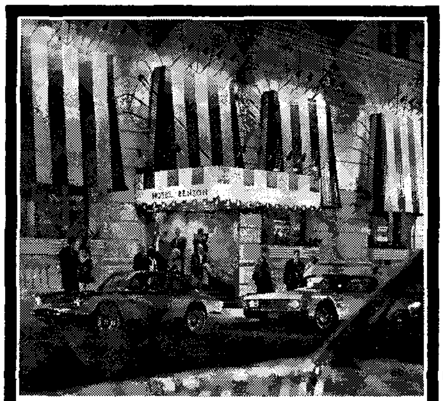

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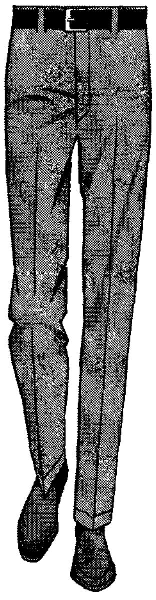

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thousand Sioux some forty miles north, across the Canadian border, and asked to have a conference with Chief Joseph. Joseph came to the Army camp to discuss surrender (which Miles seems to have been pressing for), and the Colonel ignominiously arrested the Nez Perce chief and held him hostage. Fortunately, the Nez Perces had simultaneously held one of Miles' aides hostage in their camp, and the next day the Indian and the cavalryman were exchanged. Some scattered fighting continued. Nearly six inches of snow lay on the ground. General Howard finally showed up five days later. As Miles wrote in his memoirs, "Personal Recollections of General Nelson A. Miles," published in 1897, "On the evening of the 4th of October, General Howard came up with an escort of twelve men, and, remaining in our camp over night, was present next morning at the surrender of Chief Joseph and the entire Indian camp." About two o'clock of a bitter-cold afternoon, Joseph and five of his surviving warriors approached the Army camp. He handed his rifle to Colonel Miles, who took it. The war was over.

THOUGH this "true" film account of the Nez Perce war, then, is generally faithful to the situation as a whole, and achieves a commendable accuracy in matters of costume and war paint and the like, its value to the audience is, all the same, more likely to be that of entertainment (as in a good historical novel) than that of a filmed historical record—or truth. Some of the film's inaccuracies or discrepancies, to be sure, are incidental in terms of telling a dramatic story; for instance, there are several cozy family scenes between Chief Joseph and his "wife, Toma," but the fact is that he had two wives. On television, it probably makes for a more coherent or a more acceptable narrative if he has one. Other askew details are a result of the unscriptability of nature; for instance, a key element in the Nez Perce escape from General Howard after White Bird Canyon was the flood conditions in June on the Salmon River—whose televised counterpart (in Mexico) is shown to be a gently flowing stream.

Overall, probably the most important alterations in detail and texture are in the film account's simplification of the two key roles: General Howard and Chief Joseph. James Whitmore's Howard is a dramatic portrait that has been painted with some praiseworthy

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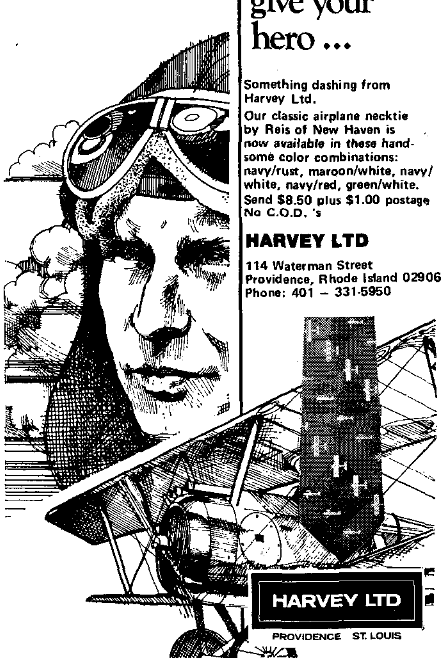

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realism, but in the end it remains that of a conventional actor-hero, and takes into account neither that Howard had a considerable role in provoking the Nez Perce war through his own reservation policies nor that by the end of the campaign he was not the nobly authoritative figure depicted as receiving Joseph's surrender. Ned Romero's portrayal of Joseph, for its part, seems on the surface to be adequately faithful to the dignity and common sense of this notable Indian, but here, too, the television version created distortions in its simplifications—in this case, of Chief Joseph's actual position among the Nez Perces and in the Nez Perce war. Principally, the television account reinforces a kind of popular myth of the time that Joseph was *the* Nez Perce chief and that he was a great military strategist—beliefs that doubtless derived from the fact that in military dispatches from the Nez Perce war American commanders found it convenient to refer to Joseph's relatively accessible name (his father, Tuekakas, had been baptized Joseph by a Presbyterian missionary and had passed the name on to his son), and also from a certain self-serving ignorance in various memoirists. Thus, Colonel Miles (who, as we saw, arrived late to the war) referred to Joseph in his memoirs, twenty years later, as "the Indian Napoleon." Similarly, in the television version General Howard (who had fought against General Robert E. Lee in the Civil War) remarks, "I've never fought a better general." The facts seem to be that though Joseph's sagacity and diplomacy eventually came to carry dominant influence in Nez Perce councils—especially after the Nez Perces had lost the war and were taken to the reservation—during most of the fighting period on the long march Joseph had been but one of several chiefs (such as White Bird, Looking Glass, and old Toohoolhoolzote) and by no means the most militarily adept among them. As the historian L. V. McWhorter wrote in "Hear Me, My Chiefs!," "Joseph, the war chief, is a creature of legend; Joseph, the Indian Napoleon, does not emerge from the Nez Perce chronicles of their great fight for freedom." In a more evenhanded approach, Alvin Josephy, Jr., has written:

> The fact that neither Joseph nor any other individual chief had been responsible for the outstanding strategy and masterful success of the campaign is irrelevant. The surrender speech, taken down by Howard's adjutant and published soon afterwards, confirmed Joseph

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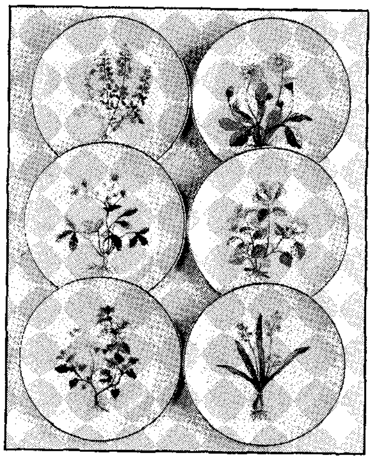
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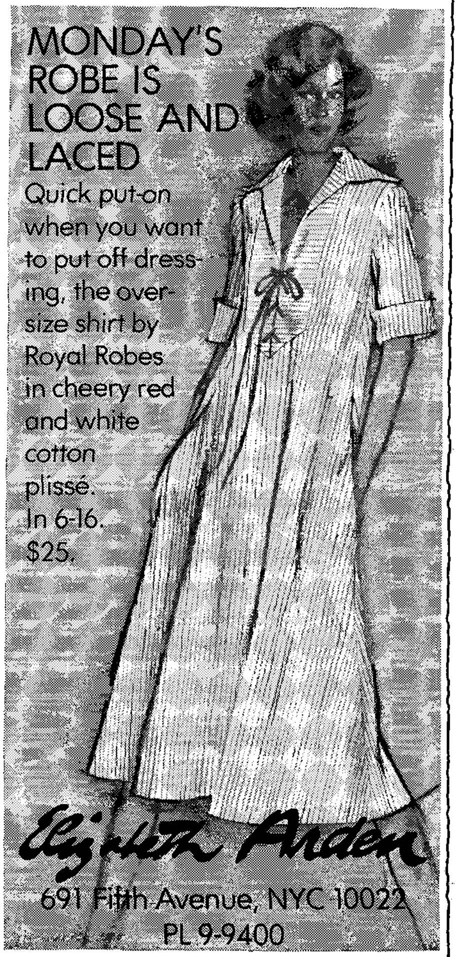
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in the public's mind as the symbol of the Nez Perces' heroic, fighting retreat.

Perhaps it is a fine point that would have mattered only to the Nez Perces—though, being uncommonly democratic, they would probably not have pushed it.

IT would be unfortunate if these comments dissuaded anyone from watching "I Will Fight No More Forever" when it is next shown on television, for it is certainly an entertaining and interesting rendering of an exceptional saga, and it has been translated into telefilm with a greater concern for the Indian position than has been shown by most filmmakers in the past. All the same, it raises questions of accuracy and truth which I suspect may become more common as the public's penchant for reality, or dramatized reality, becomes more widespread. After watching the television film, I mentioned my doubts about some of the film's depictions—notably of General Howard—and about the "political" highlighting of white brutality and avoidance of Indian brutality to a television producer, and he replied, "The point is that the public gets to see a relatively honest film about a subject that it otherwise mightn't have looked at." I am sure that this is true, and it is an argument based on apparent benefit to the general audience, but I think the questions remain. For instance, what is "relative honesty" when it comes to portraying actual lives and events? Admittedly, our notion of history may be an arrogant impossibility, since each move a person makes is precisely *that* move, so that even the common events of a lifetime become an almost mathematical complex of "moves": a vast molecular network of precise, interlocking factors of event and personality which we peer at from a distance, usually with only the most inadequate equipment for examining the whole structure. All the same, despite what we do with it and to it, there remains something noble about truth, and maybe especially about the so-called simple truths of a man's or a woman's life. And possibly this is one of the reasons that until recently imaginative artists have shied away from putting actual people into their fabrications—those tales and novels that are invariably fabricated from the events and personalities of actual people. Lately, the line that separates our ways of looking at life has become more and more blurred—with history, journalism, and storytelling seemingly mixed together as in a stewpot. The tendency derives,

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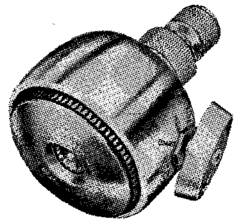
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one is told, from our less compartmentalized times. "This story is true," says the prologue to the television film about the Nez Perce war. Alas, it is not quite true. It is somewhat true. It is nearly true; and much of the trouble certainly lies in our restless, modern tampering with reality in the guise of providing attractive "information," or even of righting past wrongs: thus, if Indians were once mis-shown as savages, we will now presumably assist the Indian by mis-showing the settlers as brutes. At any rate, the entertainment public appears to be the gainer, and so be it. Moreover, if it happens that there are imperfections in this historical entertainment, with details of fact or character not fully portrayed, or else distorted, perhaps it will also happen that "I Will Fight No More Forever" may encourage some in its audience to pursue the story further, into history and the considerable literature on the subject—and that itself would be no small achievement. As for larger matters of truth, or of the propagandizing and counter-propagandizing tendencies of our times, one should probably let them be for the moment, for they will not go away soon or readily—though perhaps it is worth noting that primitive peoples who even today make those quaintly naïve gestures at photographers for fear of losing their souls may in the end be closer to a conception of truth than we are, who ceaselessly dabble with it. After all, how better, finally, to steal someone's soul than by re-creating him on paper or film or canvas, or in bronze, with good will and fine intentions and a certain regard for technical accuracy—but *not quite right*? —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

●

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Somewhat milder and a *lot* more imaginative.

●

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

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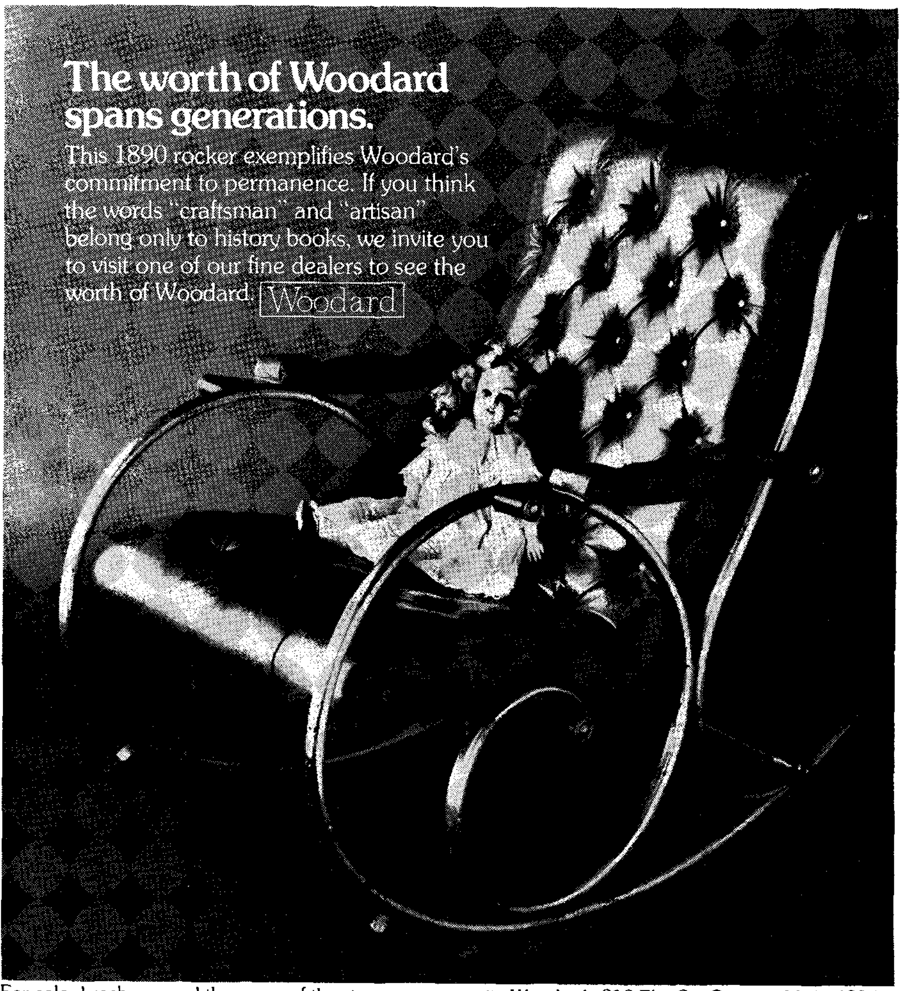

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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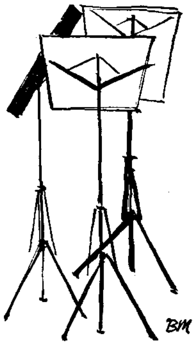

THERE are ancient African and Far Eastern musics sounded entirely by families of percussion instruments. In the West, recitals by percussion ensembles—there were two at Lincoln Center last month—are a fairly new thing. Compositions like Pierre Boulez's "Le Marteau sans Maître," Olivier Messiaen's "Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum," and Hans Werner Henze's "El Cimarrón" call for a new breed of percussion players, adepts on a dozen and more Eastern and Afro-Cuban instruments. Virtuosos of our day inspired the composers ("Et Exspecto" was written with Les Batteurs de Strasbourg and the sonorities of their famous battery in mind; around Stomu Yamash'ta, who is dancer, acrobat, mime, and percussionist in one, "El Cimarrón" was created), and now the compositions that resulted inspire new performers. A few years ago, I spent two weeks in Shiraz and Persepolis, listening for hours every day to percussion from all over the world: to drummers from Africa, Iran, India, and the United States; to varieties of dulcimer (zither, santir, zimbalon) from a dozen countries. I heard a Balinese gamelan one night and the Strasbourg Battery in Yannis Xenakis's latest "stochastic" composition the next; watched the Professor of Percussion from Bloomington, Indiana, teach a group of village children, wordlessly, how to clash stones in simple and then increasingly complex rhythms; attended group improvisations in which players from different cultures picked up, exchanged, and modified one another's rhythmic patterns; and learnt, in general, how vividly music could be made without melody. These were new sounds, new timbres, and new musical shapes. Debussy was fascinated by new sounds when a gamelan visited Paris for the Great Exhibition of 1889. Benjamin Britten brought new sounds back from the East and put them into his ballet "The Prince of the Pagodas" and his church parables. The assimilation of exotic percussion has been a recurrent feature of Western musical history.

Percussion entered Western music as the accompaniment to action—marking rhythms to dance to, or rhythms to march to. Drum and dance go together in the Bible. After the crossing of the Red Sea, "Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." The Psalmist tells us to praise the Lord with the timbrel and dance. The Greeks had timbrels, cymbals, and castanets, which, the authorities tell us, they banged and clashed "mostly in the orgiastic cults of Cybele and Dionysus." Kettledrums, nakers, Islam's *naqqāra* were introduced to Europe by the Crusaders. At first, their use was military. Drum calls preceded bugle calls as army signals; in Dryden's words, "The double double double beat/ Of the thund'ring DRUM/ Cryes, heark the Foes come;/ Charge, Charge." Edward III entered Calais in 1347 to the sound of "trumpets, tabours, nakquayres & hornyes," but it was not until the late seventeenth century that Matthew Locke, in London, and Lully, in Paris, added kettledrums to the civilian orchestra. Once there, they stayed. Purcell wrote a brief solo for kettledrums in "The Fairy Queen" (1692); in 1733, Bach began his cantata "Tönet, ihr Pauken" ("Sound, Ye Kettledrums") with another; in Handel's "Semele" (1744), the solemnity of Jove's vow is underscored by a solo on two drums. By the mid-eighteenth century, Johann Christian Molter, in his Symphony No. 99, was writing melodic lines for a set of five kettledrums, and the way was open for the kettledrum devices of Beethoven, Berlioz, and Meyerbeer.

Meanwhile, the eighteenth-century craze for "Turkish music" brought the bass drum and cymbals, the triangle, and other jingles and clashes into Western orchestras. In "Die Entführung," Mozart used "Turkish music" for picturesque local color; Haydn claimed it for the concert hall in the "Military Symphony;" Beethoven elevated it, as an energetic expression of joy unbounded, in the finale of the Ninth. The next large wave of new percussion sounds broke over Europe only in the second decade of our own century, when—as Percy Scholes rather sniffily put it—"in the universal weakening of social conventions, Afro-American elaborations of rhythm and noise, suited to the dances of the period, were carried over the world and, under the influence of a highly commercialized sophistication, still further elaborated." The instruments soon lost their locative connotations. Stravinsky used a güira (a Latin-American gourd with a notched surface over which a stick is scraped) in "The Rite of Spring;" Prokofieff used the maracas of South and Central America in his cantata "Alexander Nevsky." Primacy of Western concert music played by percussion instruments alone is claimed for the last two of the six "Rítmicas" by the Cuban composer Amadeo Roldán; they were first performed, in Havana, in 1930. But the "Rítmicas" are no more than brief studies in Cuban dance patterns. In 1929, Edgard Varèse began, and in 1931 completed, his substantial "Ionisation," the classic of the genre, and a work in which Eastern, Western, and Afro-Cuban instruments combine.

"IONISATION" was the climax of the concert given, in the Juilliard Theatre, by the Percussion Ensemble of the Juilliard School, conducted by Saul Goodman. The piece was accorded a strong, steady, and very impressive performance. In Varèse's earlier "Amériques," "Offrandes," "Hyperprism," "Intégrales," and "Arcana," percussion plays a very important role; in "Ionisation" it takes over completely. This is a music of timbres and rhythms that has no roots in the classical or romantic traditions, no program that can be verbalized, no links with any spoken language. When I was asked to suggest what Western music could be performed in the palace of Persepolis and neither be dwarfed in a setting that combines huge natural majesty with ancient imperial splendors nor seem exotic there, before an audience gathered from East and West, I could think only of Varèse's compositions. His music, whether for large forces (the hundred and twenty players of "Arcana") or small (the single flutist of "Density 21.5"), would be seemly there. For it is "absolute"—untied to the vocal inflections and song-influenced instrumental melodies of the West, linked neither to place nor to period. Rhythms are not of universal significance (try teaching Balinese musicians to play in three-quarter time; the notion seems to them absurd), but Varèse's music is the most nearly universal I know. "Ionisation" can be analyzed and charted; one can note the moments when the orchestra plays only on instruments of metal, and when, in the coda, instruments of definite pitch—bells, glockenspiel, the piano treated percussively—strike in for the first time. But a Varèse chart explains little. Varèse performances prompt such assertions as Virgil Thomson's, after hearing "Hyperprism": "Your listener found it absorbing, convincing, beautiful, and in every way grand. . . . I know it is great music."

The Juilliard program was skillfully assembled to lead up to "Ionisation," to avoid monotony of timbre, and to show percussion in many moods. Michael Colgrass's "Three Brothers," which began it, is a beguiling essay of Afro-Cuban inspiration for nine drummers drumming—three soloists (bongos, snare drum, kettledrums), and six other players pattering a background. Robert Hall Lewis's Toccata for Violin and Two Percussion revealed a richness and aptness in the combination of instruments that would have surprised me had I not, in Persepolis, admired Betsy Jolas's concerto composed for solo violin and the Strasbourg Battery. Susan Lang was the violinist in Mr. Lewis's piece, David Fein and Scott Eddlemon were the percussionists, and all three were highly accomplished. Mr. Eddlemon then took the piano part in John Cage's "Amores"—two solos for prepared piano framing two delicate percussion trios, one of the neatest and most attractive Cage compositions. Lester Trimble's "Quadraphonics (Panels VI)," for four percussionists, closed the first part with inventions of many colors. The second part began with divertissements: Bach's D-Minor Toccata and Fugue transcribed for marimba, his D-Minor Chaconne transcribed for vibraphone, and Barber's Adagio for Strings transcribed for three marimbas, eight hands. The Juilliard students showed their skills; Mr. Eddlemon, now marimba soloist in the Toccata and Fugue, was the star. Mr. Goodman played his own "Ballad for the Dance" on kettledrums; and then the full ensemble mustered for "Ionisation." Everything conspired to provide an enjoyable evening. The lighting was carefully planned. The "scene shifts" between numbers—moving the picturesque apparatus into new groupings—were trimly achieved. Thought had been given to what the players wore.

THE Juilliard ensemble was on its home ground. When the Brooklyn College Percussion Ensemble, directed by Morris Lang, moved into Alice Tully Hall, a few days later, to present a Manhattan concert, it did not manage the extramusical trappings half

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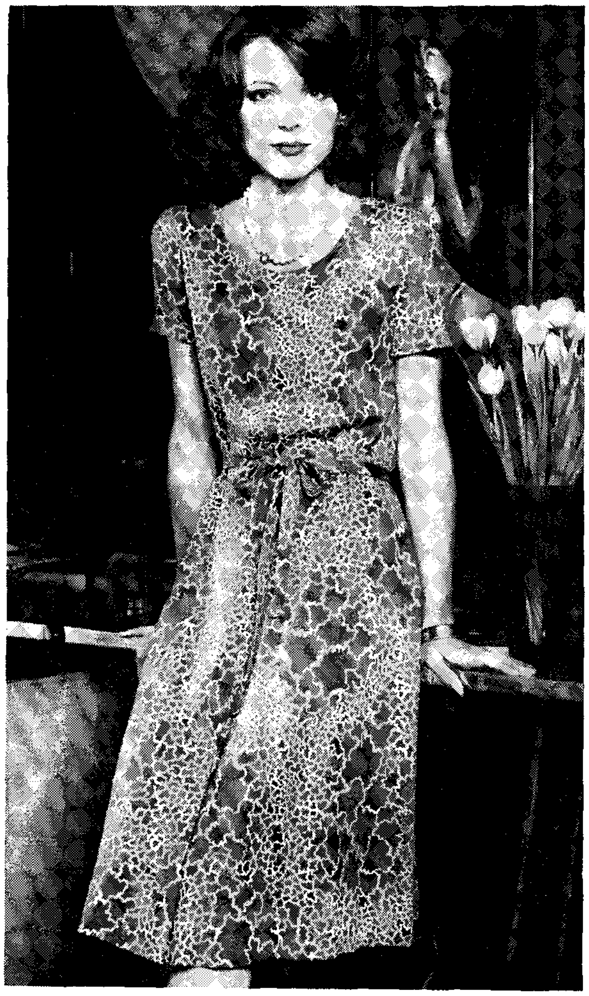

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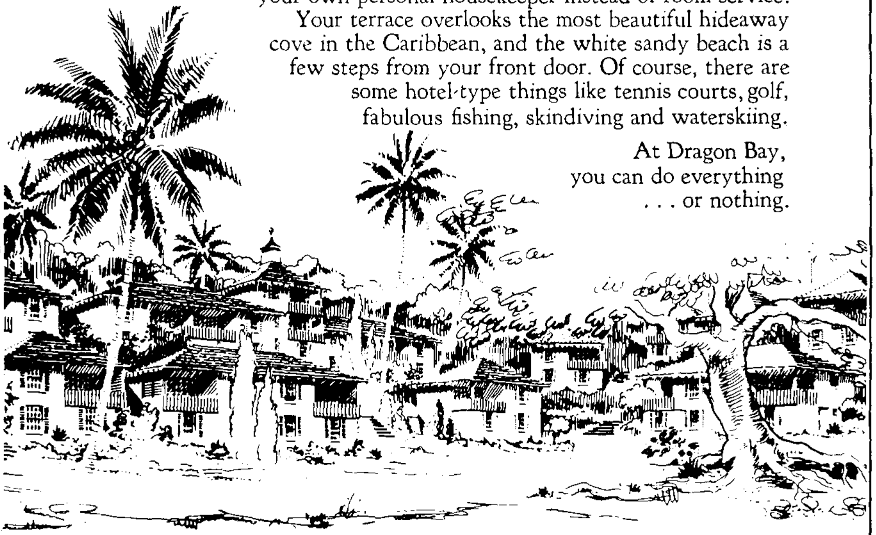

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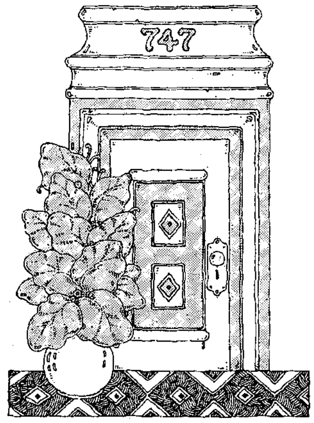

North Michigan Avenue at Hancock Center.

so well. Percussion events are usually, and properly, something of a show. The glinting instruments would have looked good set out beneath the gleaming pipes of the new organ—but on this occasion the organ was hidden away behind shutters. The platform was used in its narrow size, unextended, which meant a clutter on the stage, not the elegant scenic effects of the Juilliard event. The lighting was ordinary. The audience was smaller. (Admission was three and five dollars, whereas the Juilliard concert was free.)

The first work of the evening—Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Kreuzspiel," for piano, oboe, bass clarinet, and two percussionists—came off best, in a sensitive, carefully balanced performance. Jacob Druckman's "Animus II," done later in the program, is a piece of sexy music-theatre for a mezzo-soprano temptress, two percussionists who work out on their instruments the feelings she arouses in them, and an electronic tape. I described a Juilliard student performance, in the Juilliard Theatre, two years ago. The Brooklyn group had the same alluring singer, Barbara Martin; in other ways, its version was not comparable, for the players seemed more intent on their scores than on the girl, and so the drama of the action, which moves back and forth through the hall, was reduced. Mr. Lang himself played Elliott Carter's Four Pieces for Kettledrums on instruments whose tone rattled in fortissimo in the "Recitative" and whose tuning pedals creaked noisily in the "Canto." His handling of note values in the "Improvisation" was cavalier. Three other works were for larger ensemble: David Loeb's "Nocturnes and Meditations" for nine players, Marta Ptaszynska's "Siderals" for ten, and Irwin Bazelon's "Propulsions" for seven. The Loeb consists of three fragments of mood music, vaguely Oriental in effect; in the first two, mainly the "'phones and 'spiels" are used; drums are added to the third. The outer movements of the Ptaszynska were noisy and conventional, but in the central panel pretty sounds were stroked from musical glasses and, with bows, from cymbals and gongs, and curious sounds were coaxed from an instrument that looked like an ice bucket and lowed like a cow. In the finale there was an enthusiastic free-for-all climax, everybody crashing away; and another in the Bazelon.

PERHAPS the most famous bass-drum strokes in Western music are those near the beginning of the "Dies

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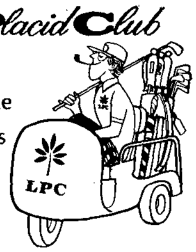

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Irae" of Verdi's Requiem (where the player is instructed to have the strings on his drum good and tight, so that the syncopated thumps will be "dry and very loud") and then those that punctuate the bass solo, "Mors Stupebit," later in the movement (where, having slackened the strings, the player produces a dull, dead thud, *ppp*). In the mezzo solo that follows, "Liber Scriptus," a kettledrum fills the pauses of the vocal line with an ominously muttering figure, which Verdi had tried before, in the (subsequently discarded) duet for Elizabeth and Eboli in "Don Carlos." These percussion details, like all the other instrumental details of the score, were realized with the utmost finesse and precision in the performance of the Requiem that Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus brought to Carnegie Hall on the last day of April. Instrumentally and—apart from an occasional weakness in the bass line—chorally, it was a blazing interpretation. Gwynne Howell, the bass, was the best of the four solo singers. Luciano Pavarotti was unwontedly tight in tone. Yvonne Minton, the mezzo, was secure but not magical. Leontyne Price tended to go her own, impulsive way rather than mold her interpretation and her dynamics to the rest.

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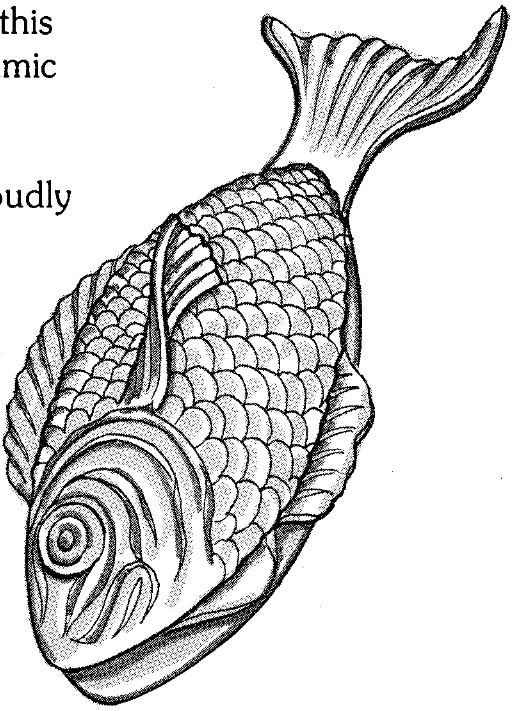

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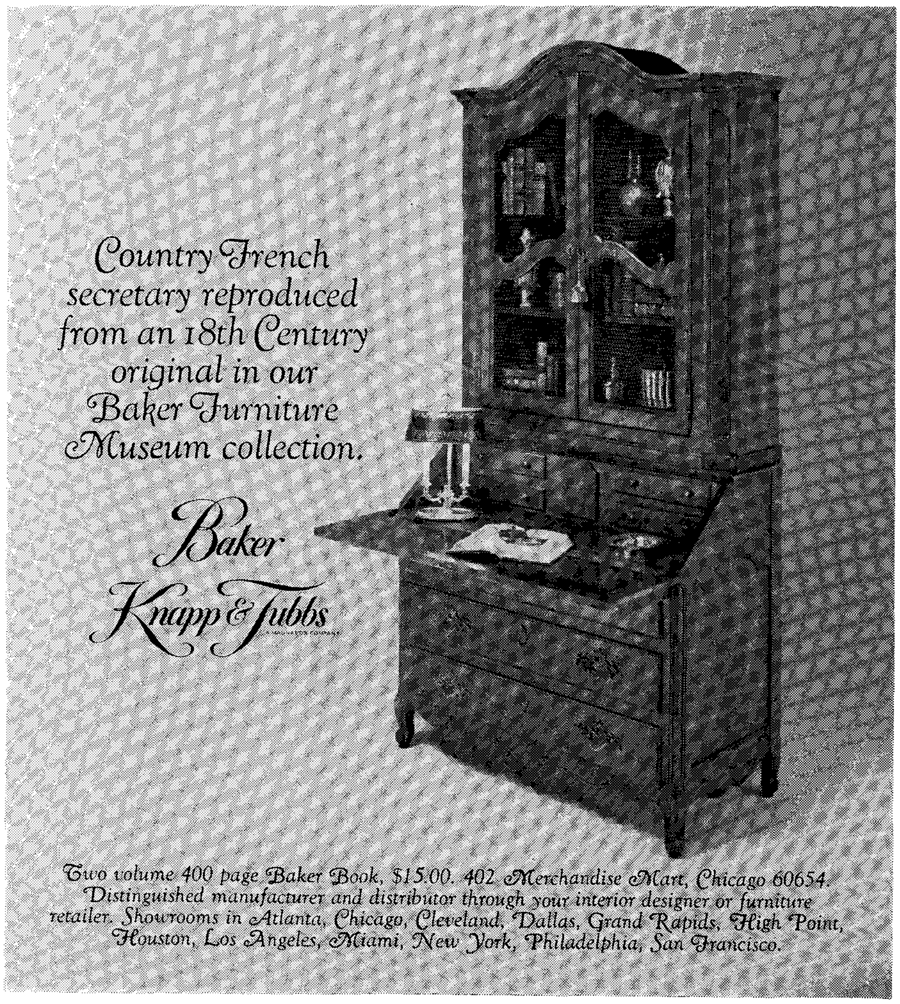

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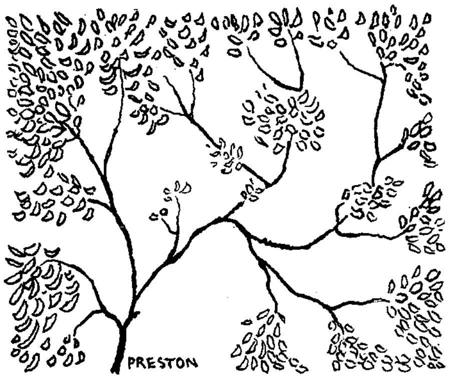
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SAIGON EXIT

THE end of the Vietnamese nightmare, like that of most nightmares, was swift. Though the remembrance, the doubts, and the recriminations will certainly linger, the long torment was over. There was a sort of ironic logic in the sequence of grotesque events that culminated in the uncontested capture of Saigon on April 30th, a few hours after the departure of the last of almost fourteen hundred rear-guard Americans and a hundred and fifteen thousand Vietnamese. Everything that happened during that fateful week provided the North Vietnamese with an additional pretext for seizing the capital immediately; they didn't have to fight their way in or conduct any meaningless and time-consuming political negotiations. It is now known, through intelligence sources, that, while the North Vietnamese were pretending to be willing to negotiate, they had decided, as far back as the last week of March, after the capture of the Central Highlands, to go for broke—and they may have decided to seek outright military victory long before that. With the South Vietnamese defenses collapsing, it was easy for the Communists to encircle the city, rocket and bomb the surrounding areas, and adopt a tough stand, refusing any compromise with the quarrelsome Southern leaders, who moved far too late and far too slowly to establish a new government—though in fact Hanoi had no intention of dealing with any Saigon government except as an instrument of surrender.

Having been permitted, under the terms of the Paris peace agreement of January 27, 1973, to keep large numbers of troops in South Vietnam, and having received ample military aid from the Communist powers—particularly the Soviet Union—Hanoi, it now appears, was merely propagandizing when it suggested the possibility of arranging a new ceasefire and establishing a coalition government. (This decision, in fact, had even leaked out through some Communist diplomats.) Once it became obvious that the United States was no longer willing to resupply the South Vietnamese militarily, the North Vietnamese knew that they could get almost anything they wanted. What they wanted was Saigon, and by capturing it outright they not only have made it unnecessary to include any members of the former Saigon regime in the new government (though a few may play minor roles after being "reëducated") but—more significant, as far as they are concerned—have in all likelihood reduced the importance of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in the South, not all of whose members have been eager to come under Hanoi's total domination. Even though the P.R.G. has always been a complete instrument of the Communist Vietnamese Workers' Party (Lao-dong), the P.R.G. leaders—including the apparent Prime Minister-designate, Huynh Tan Phat—will now, it appears, have any independent impulses they may harbor still more strictly limited than they had anticipated. Their Hanoi overlords, headed for the moment by General Tran Van Tra, will transmit their orders through the now surfacing People's Revolutionary Party, the main Communist apparatus in the South.

THE role played at the end by the Americans was peculiarly ambivalent. Finally, on April 21st, after procrastinating for weeks, Ambassador Graham A. Martin, with the help of the French Ambassador, Jean-Marie Mérillon, persuaded President Nguyen Van Thieu to resign. But Martin held back on recommending the complete evacuation of Americans, of their Vietnamese employees, and of political friends, because he was afraid that such a move would panic the population and so influence the Communists' choice between military and political action. He did not realize, or would not admit, that the choice of military action had already been made. For months, Martin had performed diplomatically as a lone wolf (a tendency he had displayed earlier in his career), and his proconsular status in Vietnam had been unchallenged, because Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was preoccupied with other matters and had, according to people close to the State Department, lost interest in South Vietnam—which he privately regarded as pretty much of a hopeless cause. Having forced on the South Vietnamese an agreement that they considered distasteful and dangerous, Kissinger masked his own cynicism by continuing to support Thieu—whom he actually disliked intensely for having tried to cross him on the Paris agreement—because of his compulsion for supporting anti-Communist allies no matter how ineffective they might be and because he had always felt that the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem, in November, 1963, with American help, had been a tragic blunder. Since Martin shared Kissinger's views, he was left in command.



Shortly past ten o'clock on the morning of April 29th, after making a hazardous personal inspection of the precarious situation at Tan Son Nhut Airport and after talking with Kissinger, Martin gave the order for the final evacuation—which I watched until I at last boarded a helicopter that afternoon. In view of the long delay and the extremely difficult circumstances, the evacuation was surprisingly successful. The helicopter operation, which had been the last and the least desirable—because the most dangerous—of four options the Americans considered (the first was an evacuation mostly by ship, and the second and third were versions of an exodus by fixed-wing transport planes), was brilliantly conducted by Marine helicopter pilots, flying to units of the American Seventh Fleet, nearly half of which was standing offshore. Even so, there was panic at the American Embassy, in downtown Saigon, where crowds of Vietnamese climbed the high, barbed-wire-topped wall to get into the compound. At one point during the mad scramble, I saw a group of Vietnamese drive a fire engine that had been parked in the compound through the back door of the Embassy to gain entry, while another group seized a sedan and two jeeps and drove off toward the nearby Independence Palace, where Duong Van Minh, the newly chosen President, was holding frantic meetings trying to form a Cabinet—something he never succeeded in doing, because telephone operators had abandoned their switchboards and he could not reach the people he wanted. Thousands of Vietnamese ran hysterically through the streets of the city trying to climb onto buses or cars heading for the main helicopter evacuation site, at Tan Son Nhut. Many others, often in tears, ran to their American friends, begging for help. In the fifteen minutes before I left my room at the Continental Hotel for the last time, a couple of Vietnamese visited me. One of them, I later discovered, eventually got aboard a helicopter on the top of an apartment building two blocks away; the other was left behind. Far more Vietnamese, including a large number whose lives were undoubtedly imperilled, chose to stay, perhaps thinking what many of the Vietnamese who fled abroad are likely to think in time—that risking their lives in Vietnam under the Communists was preferable to being a destitute alien in some strange, faraway country.

Many of those Vietnamese who fled during the last day and night—and an even larger proportion of the forty thousand who had been flown out from Tan Son Nhut in transport planes during the previous ten days—were bar girls who were "vouched for" by individual Americans, and others were corrupt businessmen or government officials, while numbers of more reputable people who tried to get out never did. The responsibility for this cannot be attributed directly to Martin, though he could have prevented it by ordering an earlier evacuation, which could have been better controlled. He had felt all along, though, that an early evacuation, in addition to causing panic, might precipitate a swift Communist military attack, and the North Vietnamese had expressed very clearly their strong opposition to what they described as the American "kidnapping" of South Vietnamese citizens. Where Martin was more misguided was in persistently believing that a political solution was possible, though he had in fact been told for weeks by his military analysts, particularly by Frank Sneff, a civilian expert well qualified to judge, that the situation was deteriorating very rapidly and the Communists were fully prepared to begin an attack on Saigon.

Whatever justification Martin may have had for his belief that a political solution was still obtainable, he demonstrated a high degree of shortsightedness in disregarding the views of virtually his entire Embassy staff concerning the nature of such a solution. People there had been trying for weeks to convince him that the only hope of compensating for the worsening military conditions was to force the cre-

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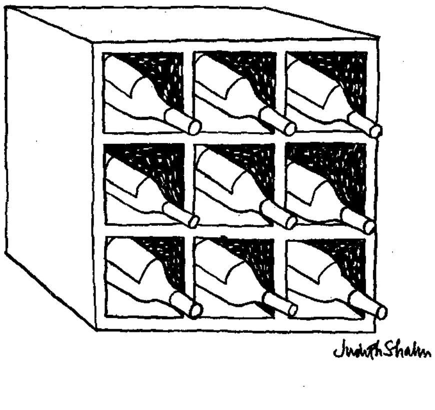
ation of a suitable Saigon government, which would negotiate from weakness but might at least save lives and arrange an orderly American withdrawal and a surrender with some dignity, but Martin, bolstered by a few yes-men, ignored this advice. At the root of his hesitation was his stubborn hope that Congress would vote South Vietnam enough aid to enable it to rally its soldiers and continue fighting—long enough, at any rate, to allow political changes to come about in a way that would preserve the legality of the government the Americans had so assiduously helped create. Even if the Saigon politicians had not procrastinated and quibbled among themselves, there was no time for the polite political scenario Martin envisaged. Earlier than that, at the end of March, when the Communist offensive had captured Danang, Hué, and a chain of coastal provinces, Martin had consistently refused to take seriously the reports he was getting from his Central Intelligence Agency staff detailing the almost total collapse of the South Vietnamese Army's military capacity and its morale. And he not only minimized these losses but dispatched an economic report that emphasized the wealth of the rest of the country, which he felt could yet be saved, and which, he said, merited sizable foreign investment.

Later, aboard the Navy communications ship Blue Ridge, looking like a ghost of his former confident self (he was then suffering from pneumonia), Martin defended his position, while admitting his deep "professional as well as personal involvements." He told the assembled correspondents, "The verdict of history will be that we didn't have to leave Vietnam the way we did"—meaning that the fault was not his but that of Congress in withholding additional aid. He was a man who, in effect, chose to go down with his ship, blaming the abrupt final crisis entirely on the storms of political controversy back home.

NOW that the Communists have taken Saigon (and referred to it as Ho Chi Minh City, which they had often called it in the past, both in their propaganda and in their documents, though they have kept Saigon as the official name), the North Vietnamese and their Southern lieutenants are moving quickly to reëstablish order, reopen shops, public services, and institutions, and round up those top officers and civilian officials they want to "reëducate." The job of reëducating the entire South, with its varying religions and its comparatively easy way of life, will not be a simple one, and Hanoi is fully aware of the problems it faces. Pockets of diehard resistance, consisting of, say, small hold-out Army units, representatives of the anti-Communist Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects, and perhaps some of the Montagnards, may well have to be obliterated, so although the long war is over some more people are still bound to be killed—especially at the hamlet level, where animosities are deepest. In addition to former government village and hamlet chiefs, tax collectors, and policemen, anyone who tries to conceal weapons will be dealt with harshly—as the Communists have already warned.

In the fifties, during the period of the land-reform struggles in North Vietnam, thousands were shot there. No one can tell yet what may happen in the South, but I have heard both Americans and South Vietnamese estimate that as many as a hundred thousand people could be killed. One can only hope that such forecasts are not fulfilled. The Northern Communists have certainly gone out of their way to emphasize to their cadres their aim of reconciliation with the South—a principle that was set forth clearly in a ten-point P.R.G. statement early in April, for example. Consequently, the conquerors, while maintaining a tight political and military grip on the South, may decide to move carefully and calmly to gain there what they want most—rice and raw materials (including possible offshore oil deposits), together with technical and managerial skills, all of which are needed in the North—and wait until later to impose their particular totalitarian brand of Socialism, based on what they call "democratic centralism." In all likelihood, the South will thus become an economic satellite of the North pending unification of the country, which will probably take some time.

However soon steps are taken toward full Vietnamese unification—perhaps accompanied by some sort of loose confederation with Laos and Cambodia—an eventual single Vietnam of



more than forty million people looms as the most powerful nation militarily in Southeast Asia. The North Vietnamese Army, of six hundred thousand; its Air Force, of twelve hundred modern Russian planes (now augmented by hundreds of captured American ones); its tank force, of a thousand or more (now that four hundred South Vietnamese tanks have been captured); and its ample artillery arsenal make up a formidable combination that no neighboring nation is likely to want to tangle with. Most analysts expect that Laos and Cambodia will be allowed by Hanoi to develop their own Communist systems. Laos is fast falling to the Pathet Lao Communists, and Cambodia is under the control of the various feuding factions of the Khmer Rouge, but Hanoi will undoubtedly keep a close watch on developments in both countries and try to head off any overt interference by either the Soviet Union or China. What was once Indo-China will almost surely adopt a Third World posture—and, in fact, seek to assume a role in the leadership of that world, in company with Yugoslavia and Algeria, while continuing to balance itself adroitly between Russia and China.

Neither of those powers is visibly very happy about the steamroller victory of the North Vietnamese. The Russians have said relatively little, and so far the Chinese reaction, too, has been muted. During the final, frantic days in Saigon, one of the scores of rumors that people heard was to the effect that the Chinese were moving troops to the North Vietnamese border as a warning to Hanoi to go slow militarily. This report, as far as I know, is totally unauthenticated, but it served to lift the spirits of thousands of people who were ready to grasp at any straw. Rumors have always swept Saigon like prairie fires, and the city indeed seethed with them in the last week before its surrender. Most of them had to do with the progress or lack of progress of the painful and ineffective political discussions that the South Vietnamese leaders were engaged in; with supposed fresh military encroachments by the North Vietnamese; or with the pending American evacuation. Oddly, people in the city, displaying a stoicism that the Vietnamese have perforce developed to a high degree, laughed and joked, exchanged rumors with a note of self-mockery, picked up each other's bills at café tables, and waited, with a sensation of fear that no one wanted to reveal, for the dénouement. There was something heroic about it, and moving. One

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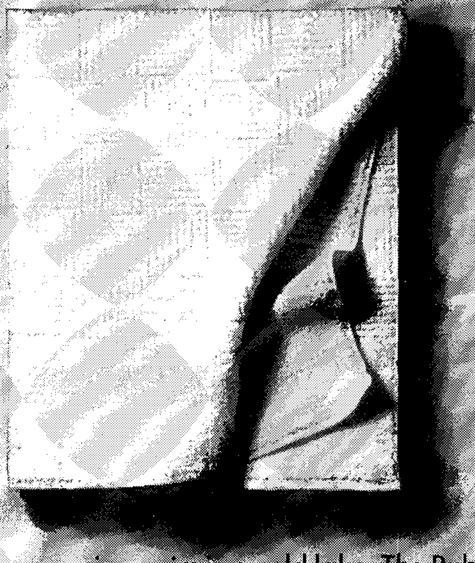

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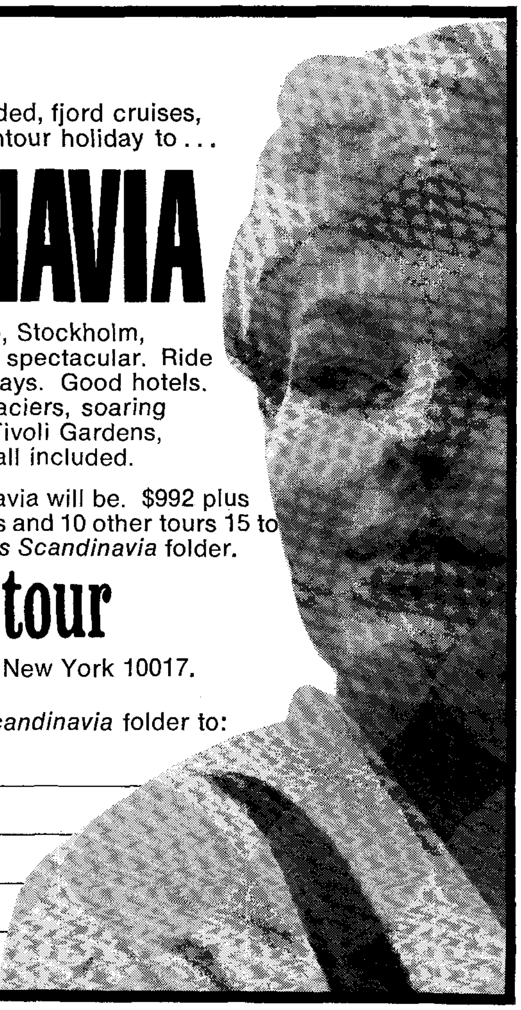

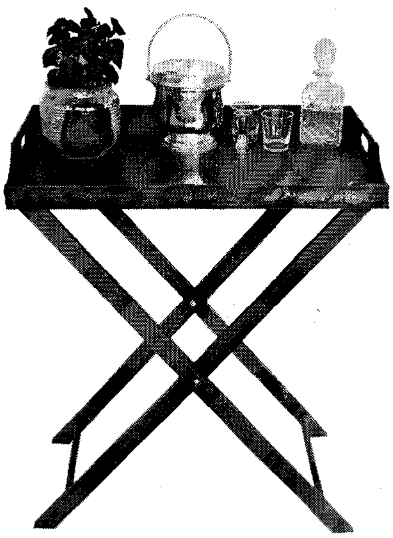

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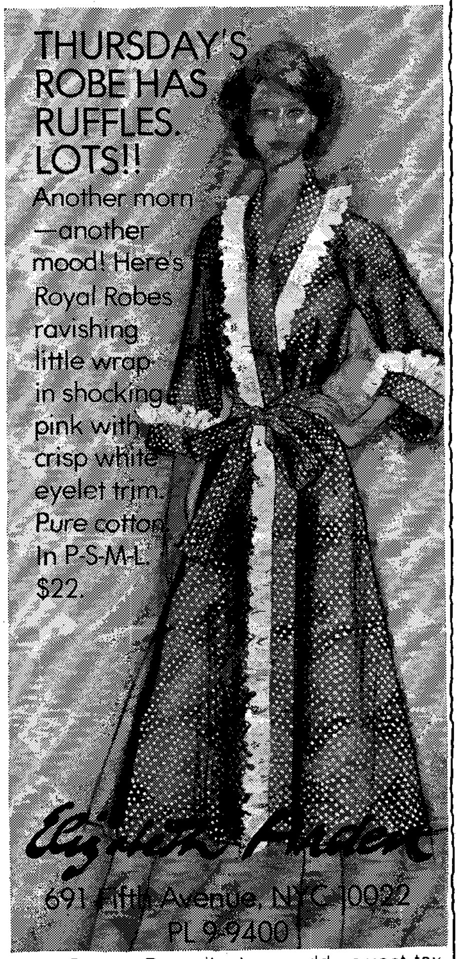

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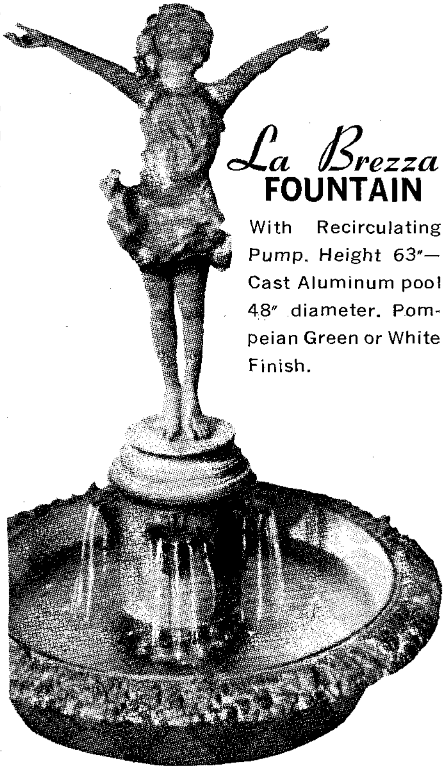
might cry in solitude, but to do so in public was impermissible. Only at the very end did the tension break, and the tears—and the self-pity and the recriminations—take over.

Some remembered incidents: Trinh Cong Son, the thirty-six-year-old "bard" of South Vietnam, whose anti-war songs were banned by the government a number of years ago but continued to be sung in night clubs and were secretly taped and heard by thousands, was sitting, at dusk a few days before the end, in the garden of a house near my hotel softly strumming his guitar and singing his latest songs. Green trees, azaleas, and frangipanni surrounded us. Neighbors leaned over nearby gates, and Trinh Cong Son's brothers and sisters sat with us to listen. A thin man with deep brown eyes and a wispy beard, he tapped his bare feet as he sang, in a melodious voice:

I want to say hello to our glorious native land.
Hello, my dear ones, on the other side of the forests and mountains.
Let me ask you, Are you still loving and longing for us?
Hello, my brother.
The present frontier will not last for thousands of years;
Hello to all other cities and towns.
Let me ask, in this life of broken brick and burnt ashes,
Why our country is still withering away after so many years,
Why our life is still full of calamity.

He sang several other songs, including some in the traditional style of Hué ballads (he was brought up in Hué) and some he recently wrote for children. "I've written too much about love and war," he said. "I realized that this wouldn't solve anything, and it made me sad. So I looked for a new outlet—something to give me peace of mind, a new equilibrium. Yes, I will stay here—we are all Vietnamese. But if the Communists don't offer me inspiration, I won't write. I can't tell how or when I will get inspired."

Another evening, after curfew, I sat listening with some Vietnamese friends to other songs, broadcast by the Provisional Revolutionary Government. One of them was a "song of farewell"—farewell "to hatred, to fighting, to a life of poverty and suffering." These were victory songs, half martial, half lyrical. The Communists' propaganda had all along been infinitely more sophisticated than the South Vietnamese government's. Before each major city was captured—Hué, Danang, Qui Nhon, Dalat, Nha Trang, and so on—the P.R.G. broadcast poems and songs directed specifically at that city:



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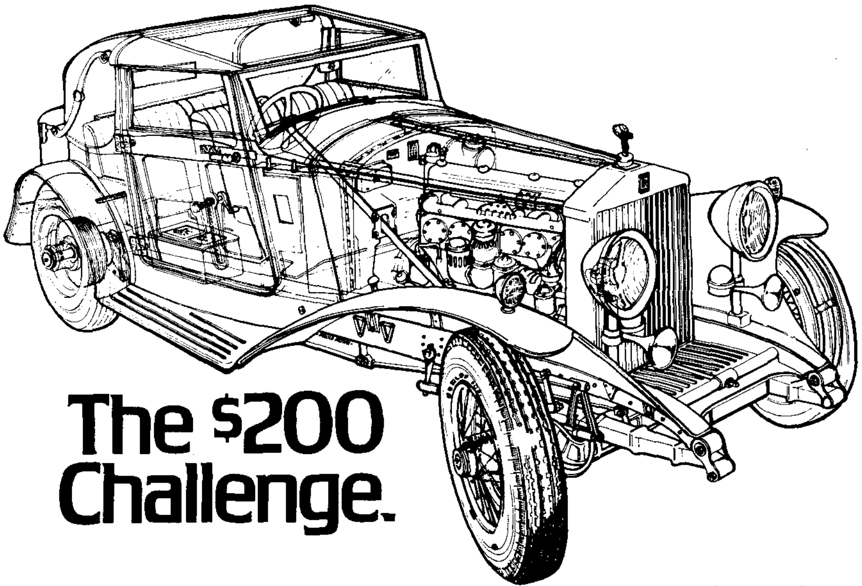
the songs emphasized the desperation of the people, soon to be alleviated, and detailed the history and culture of each place. The Communists seldom missed a trick, and were so sure of themselves that they didn't mind tipping their military hand.

IN the final week, Saigon was more crowded than ever, because of the influx of tens of thousands of refugees from Xuan Loc, Bien Hoa, and other towns just to the north, and also from the Delta, to the south, as more and more localities were overrun or threatened. The traffic snarls were impenetrable, and the fumes of gasoline and kerosene created a constant, poisonous blue haze. Many of the incoming horde of people had no place to sleep and simply camped on the sidewalks and in doorways, competing with beggars and street children who had long ago staked out claims there. For several nights before I left, two boys less than ten years old, with grimy feet and soiled pants and shirts, occupied a choice spot on the edge of the Continental veranda. It was impossible to enter or leave the hotel without being besieged by a score or more of bedraggled children either begging for a few piastres (the black-market rate soared as high as four thousand to the dollar, more than five times the official rate) or grabbing at shoes they wanted to shine. One boy, whom I had known for years, kept repeating, day after day, "You know me, I good boy, you take me America." As services began to break down, garbage and refuse piled up in the streets, and the city looked shabbier than I had ever before seen it.

Each afternoon, the Saigon *Post*, the only surviving English-language newspaper, contained advertisements placed by young girls wanting to "collaborate" with foreigners or marry them in order to get out of the country. One of the more restrained of these ads read, "Fairly pretty high school girl, 18, holder of the baccalaureate degree, piano player, of well-to-do family, seeks adoption by or marriage with foreigner of American, British, French, German, or other nationality who would take her abroad legally to enable her to continue her college studies outside Vietnam at her own expense." On the streets one was accosted not only by girls but by men, middle-aged and older, many of them obviously middle-class, asking for help in getting out. All of Saigon seemed to be begging to be rescued—taken somewhere, somehow. Pieces of paper with American names scrawled on them were con-



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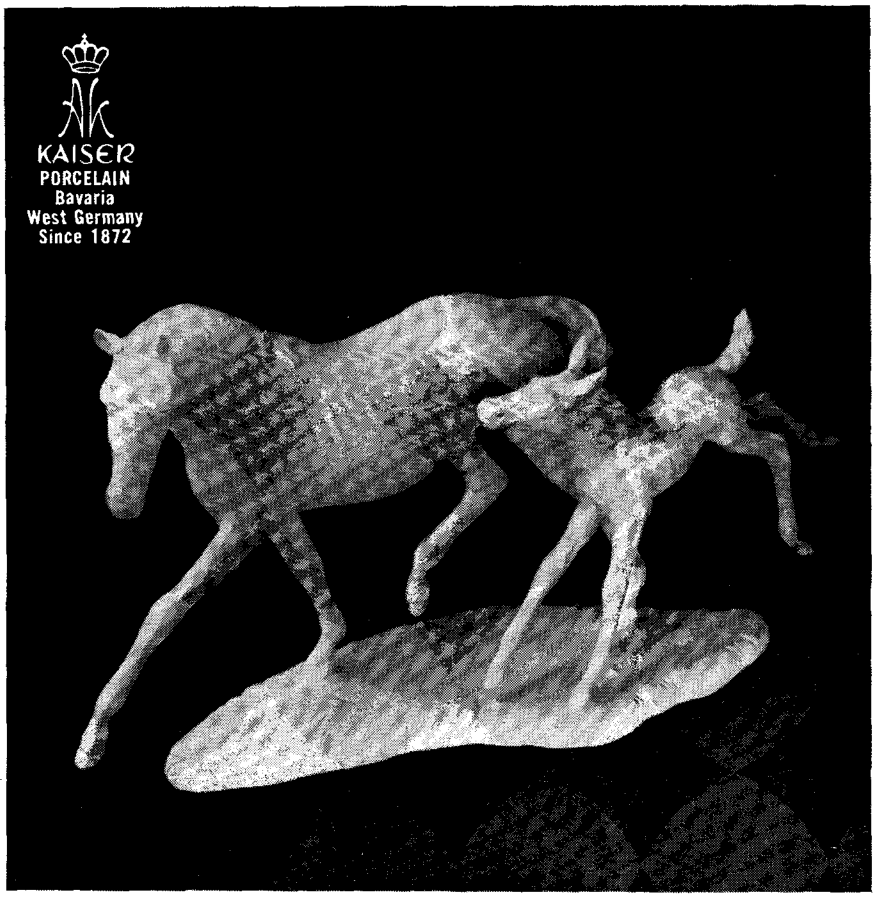

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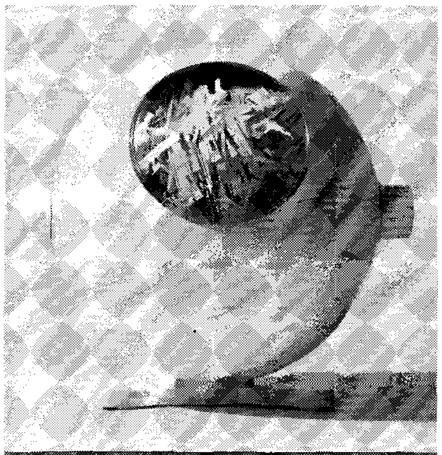

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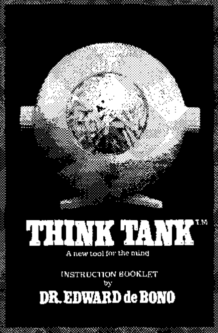

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stantly thrust at me; usually the names were of officials long since gone, and two or three of them I recognized as those of military men who had been killed in battle years ago.

In the ten days before the final evacuation began, the gymnasium and bowling alley at the Defense Attaché's Office at the airport, which were being used as a processing center for emigrants, were jammed around the clock with Vietnamese of all ages and occupations, whose departures had mostly been sponsored by some of the five thousand Americans who left the country before the end. In the early stages of the exodus, Vietnamese wives and dependents of American citizens had to produce birth and marriage certificates in order to receive a *laissez-passer*, in lieu of a passport, but after five days had passed the only requirement was to be "sponsored" by any American willing to fill out an affidavit assuming financial responsibility for the departing Vietnamese, who were for a time boarding flights for Manila, and then, after our government decided to halt the flow there, were sent to Guam. The average American, whose responsibility seemed likely to be forgotten once the refugees arrived in Guam and were taken under the wing of the United States government, signed for six Vietnamese, but some Americans signed for thirty or more. The departing Americans, ranging from retired Army officers who had stayed on in Saigon to alcoholic drifters off merchant ships and Embassy secretaries, were as motley a collection as the Vietnamese. One of the secretaries, who had moved all her belongings to Saigon after spending twenty-three years on Okinawa, doubted whether she would ever see the belongings again but was philosophical about it. "It's hard to get upset about your own things when you see how much these people are suffering," she said. "I really liked it here, though. I came for three years, but I've only been here nine months. That's what annoys me most." Among the Vietnamese, there were a few middle-class families, who looked out of place amid the crowds of bar girls and more attractive young women who had formed some sort of "permanent" liaison with Americans, and there were surprising numbers of old ladies who looked like *chi bas*, or household servants, most of them wearing tiny jade earrings, cotton blouses, and black trousers. Some of the girls were married to Americans who were in the States, and quite a few had children. One girl had dyed her young daughter's brown hair black, because, she explained, "I worry if Vietcong come they kill her."

IT seems idle to speculate on how much of the final chaos could have been avoided if the Americans had pulled out much earlier. A few thousand favored South Vietnamese with passports and exit visas might have left in time, but the rest would have had to remain and probably would have made their adjustments to Communism sooner or later in ways that may now be rendered much more difficult. Those who may find life most difficult will be the three-quarters of a million or so Catholics who fled south in 1954, after the end of the French Indo-China war, whose children have been born in the South, and who fear reprisals by the Communists. The Vatican, incidentally, has already sent them word to lie low and to make what accommodation with the Communists they can.

As I watched the Marines guiding the Americans out, a little more than ten years since the arrival of the first Marine battalions—they came to Danang in March, 1965—I was struck by the realization that the Americans had all along been far more optimistic about the war than the vast majority of Vietnamese I have known, including peasants, who had always carefully hedged their bets and made their own accommodations with the Communists whenever that was necessary. It was the Americans who created the myth of ultimate victory, and refused to face the fact that, much as the South Vietnamese might want to avoid Communism, they were simply incapable of working together effectively enough to achieve that end. They proved even less capable of adapting themselves to American methods, whether military or political, and, as one of my Vietnamese friends commented, "never even had the courage to speak up to the Americans." Certainly, if they were ever to have a chance, they should have been made far more self-reliant from the outset than we ever made them. If we were going to give them guns, for example, we should have given them the best guns we had, our M-16 rifles, far sooner than we did—which was not until after the 1968 Tet attack—and trained them to train themselves, not imitate us or depend on us. And if we were going to walk away from Vietnam and write it off as a hopeless proposition, we should have done so as early as the fifties, and not gone on to put more than half a million combat troops there. Our whole ar-

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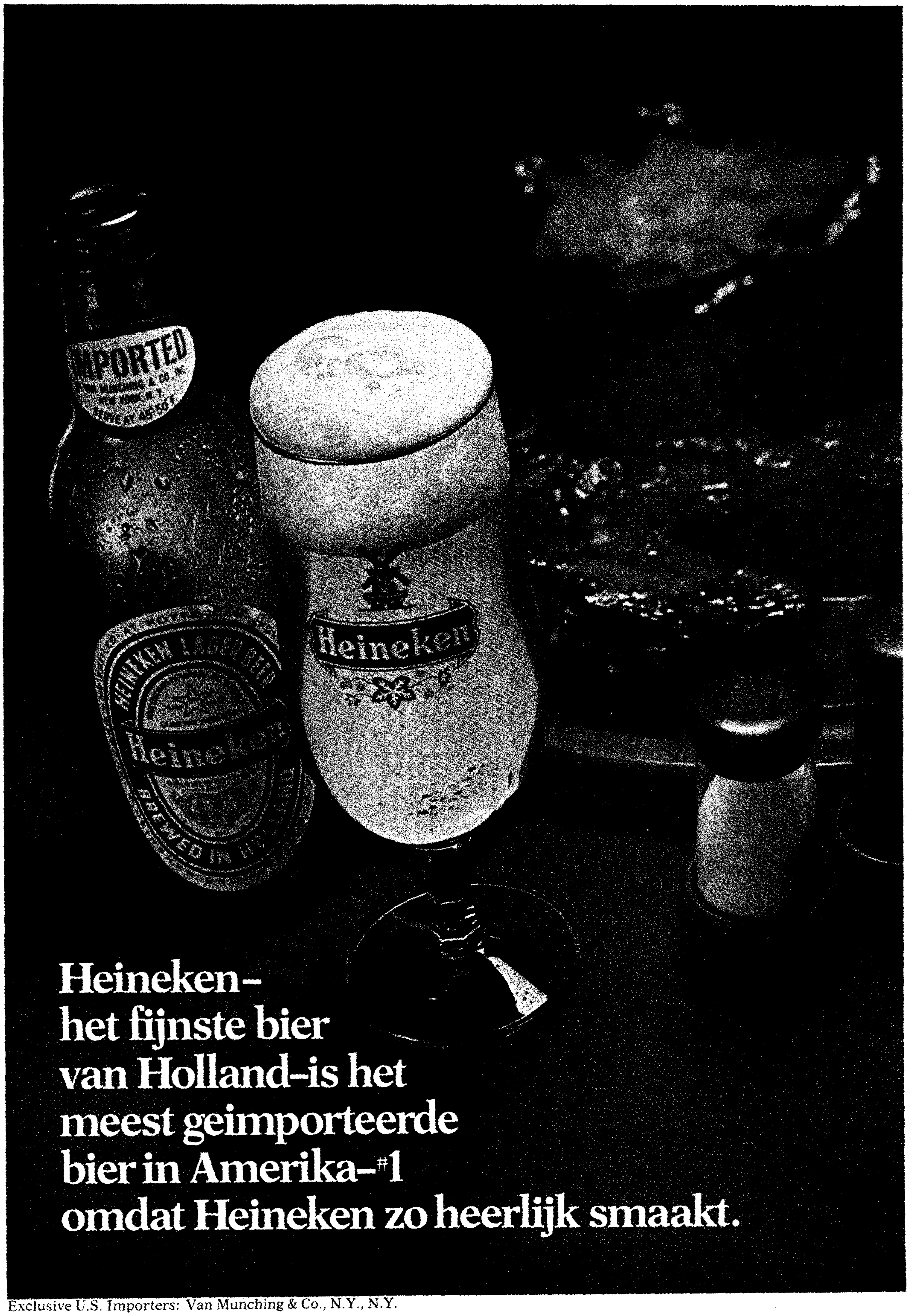
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ray of American-imposed panaceas—among others, the Strategic Hamlet Program, and the Phoenix Program for killing Vietcong agents—were derived from our own "think-tank" approach and then masterminded from the White House basement, without sufficient recognition of Vietnamese social and economic factors, though there were, to be sure, some extremely able and dedicated young Americans, who spoke Vietnamese, and who worked hard in the provinces with the tools they had. The trouble was that when the so-called Big War took over the social planning went awry, and our almost total lack of political judgment, combined with our failure to use any leverage, led us time and again to back leaders because they were amenable to doing things "our way," no matter how corrupt and ineffective they and their entourages might be. As the American effort dwindled and despair and frustration mounted among those Americans who stayed on, diehard officials on the scene, including a few I know who devoted ten or more years of their lives to Vietnam—not without many emoluments and satisfactions—reluctantly began to admit that the other end of the tunnel had all along been sealed and there was no light. Aboard the Blue Ridge, one of them shook his head and said, "I'm not mad at anybody—I'm just sad."

The end, when it came, was almost anticlimactic. For several days before and after April 21st, when Thieu resigned, there was a seeming pause in the Communist attack, and both Hanoi and the P.R.G. slowed down their propaganda as well. The United States gave assurances to Hanoi (through French and Eastern European channels, and probably through Moscow, too) that the man the Communists had for some time pretended they might negotiate with, General Duong Van Minh, would be chosen to head a new government. Minh had been chief of state for three months after the 1963 coup against President Diem, which he helped lead; had then gone into exile in Thailand for five years; and upon his return had moved slowly back onto the political scene as a figure sympathetic to the "third force," recommending reconciliation and peaceful coexistence with the Communists and urging that Thieu resign. He has a brother in North Vietnam, General Duong Van Nhut, about whom not much is known, and I was told by a usually reliable Vietnamese friend of mine, who saw Minh frequently, and who acted behind the scenes to try to

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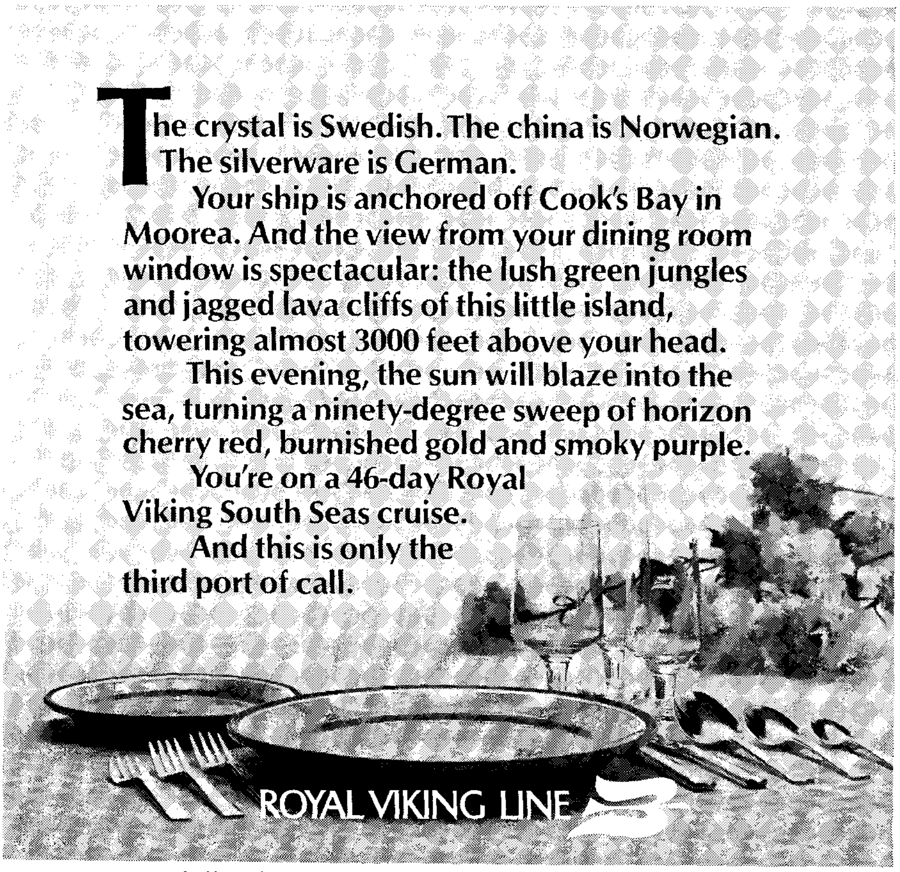

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weld the disparate third-force elements into some sort of unity, that there were two Communist Party agents in Minh's private entourage. Whether or not that was true, Americans who should know maintain that Minh never made any direct contact with "the other side." Minh had the backing of, among others, the activist Buddhist monk Thich Tri Quang, who led the Buddhist revolt in 1963 that helped provoke the overthrow of Diem, and though Tri Quang himself was anti-Communist, the An Quang Pagoda, of which he was the spiritual leader, was known to have its own contacts with the P.R.G. and the National Liberation Front, as a number of other Saigon political leaders and a few generals also had. Just how important these contacts were was always extremely difficult to gauge, but there was no doubt that the Communists were able to keep track of every political move made in Saigon.

In any event, if the Communists ever regarded Minh as anything more than a decoy—which now seems doubtful—the scenario that belatedly brought him to the Presidency, on the evening of Sunday, April 27th, advanced much too slowly, with the South Vietnamese bickering about "legality" and "constitutionality" while the roof was falling on their heads. Once again, the vaunted American-style democracy, which we foisted upon South Vietnam, and to which Ambassador Martin was so thoroughly dedicated, failed miserably. Martin had gone out of his way to avoid precipitate action against President Thieu in the first week of April, when Air Vice-Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, the former Vice-President and Prime Minister, was ready to mount a small-scale military coup to push Thieu out of office. Martin forestalled Ky by indicating to him that Thieu would soon quit. At the time, General Frederick Weyand, the former top commander in Vietnam and present Army Chief of Staff, was in Saigon, along with eight other Vietnam experts—including two top C.I.A. men but, significantly, no one from the State Department, since our relations with South Vietnam were regarded as Martin's personal show—to assess the situation, with the idea of returning to Washington and persuading Congress to give more aid. Martin's plan for preserving the legal structure still included preserving Thieu for at least a while longer, because he believed that any upsetting of the political applecart would be harmful in the event that Congress could still be moved. As it

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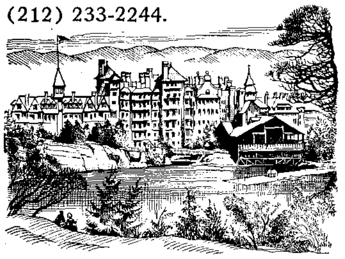

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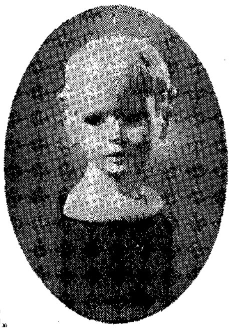

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turned out, the two weeks lost before Thieu finally did resign may have represented the last chance to avoid the abrupt American withdrawal and allow the South Vietnamese a more decent way to surrender.

Thieu's successor was Vice-President Tran Van Huong, the once-popular mayor of Saigon, who, at seventy-one, had become infirm, and who had every bit of Thieu's stubbornness but little of his acumen and adroit manipulative ability. Once having achieved the Presidency, Huong was in no mood to relinquish it. He made a brief acceptance speech in which, completely disregarding the reality of the situation, he spoke of continuing the fight against the Communists. Once more, the heavy weight of legality hung over Independence Palace—just as every last shred of independence was vanishing. During the six days that Huong remained in office—until April 27th—the Saigon politicians engaged in a swan song of debate, trying to work out a formula for Huong to turn the reins of government over to Minh. Minh, as stubborn as the rest of them, wanted to be made chief of state again, or else President, and so refused to become Prime Minister under Huong. The incumbent Prime Minister, Nguyen Ba Can, who had been appointed by Thieu in mid-April, had been in the position of a window-washer trying to keep the windows of a house clean during a typhoon. He resigned, with his Cabinet, on April 23rd. During the next four days, the National Assembly and Huong kept throwing the ball back and forth in an effort to find a new solution, but Huong clung to power tenaciously, at one point making a dramatic, tearful speech proclaiming that "we would rather die and become skeletons than capitulate," which rallied the Assembly unanimously behind him. Tran Van Don, the real hero of the 1963 coup, who was Defense Minister in the Can Cabinet, now wanted to become Prime Minister, which might have been acceptable to the Communists earlier, because of Don's connections with the French, who, undoubtedly looking to the future and a new role for themselves in Indo-China, were pulling strings all over the place to create a new government that the Communists might negotiate with. But events by now had passed Don by. Air Vice-Marshal Ky, in a talk I had with him during this frenetic period, threatened again to stage a coup—this time to force Huong to retire—but later he changed his plans and sought to rally Army offi-

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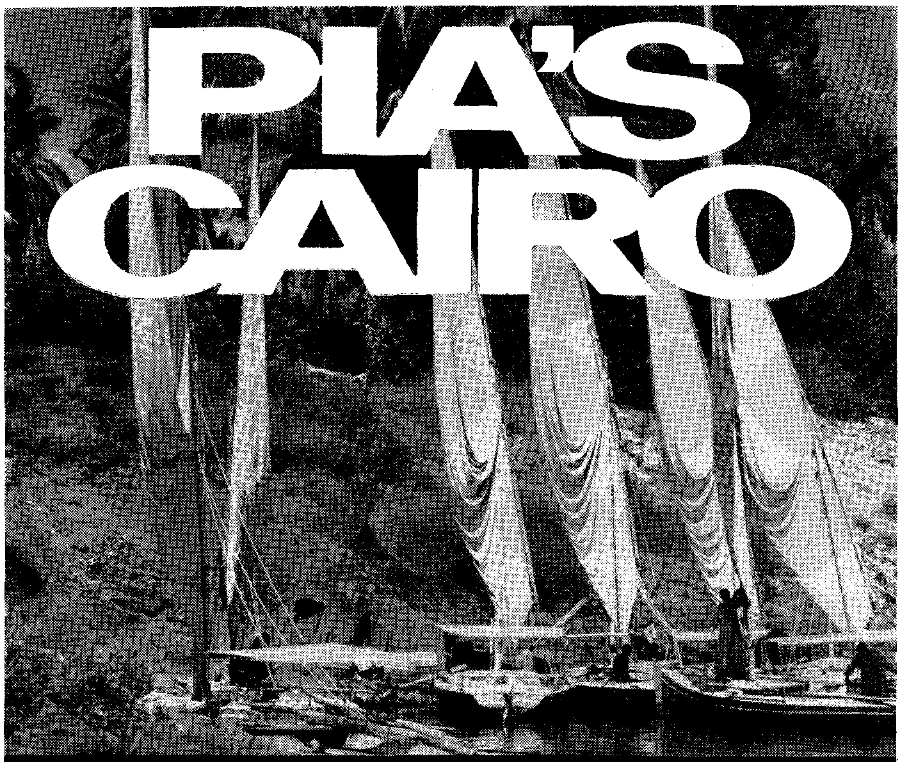

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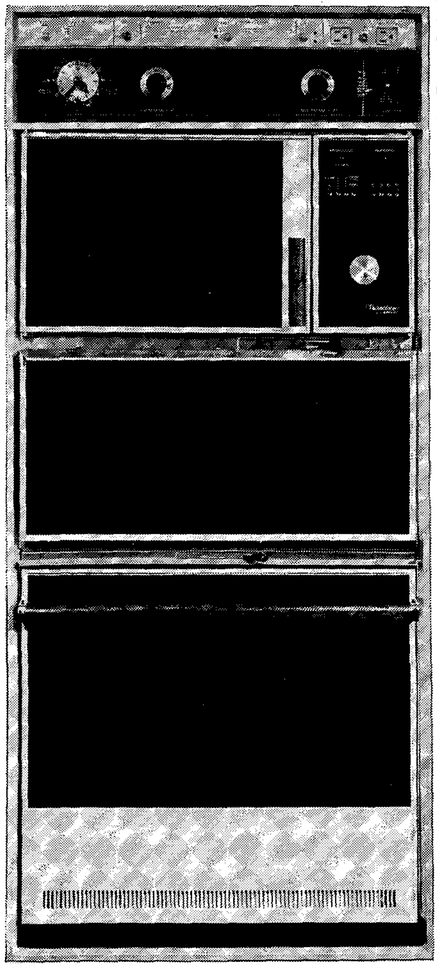

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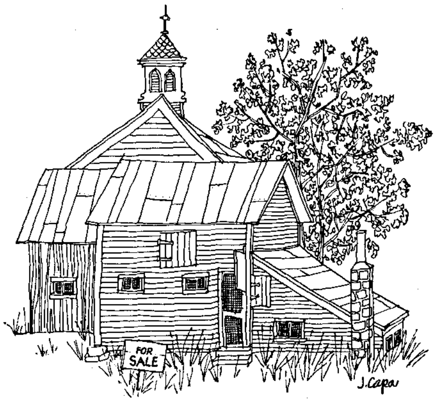
cers who wanted to go on fighting at least long enough to establish a new defense line and buy time for negotiations, all of which, given the Communist decision to move ahead militantly and the numerical superiority of North Vietnamese forces, was utterly futile. “We are still playing games,” one of my oldest and wisest Vietnamese friends said sorrowfully. “And the Americans, as usual, have been too sure that they could control the situation.”

NEITHER the South Vietnamese nor the Americans were sufficiently aware at this point of the degree to which they *were* playing games and *had* lost control of the situation. The Communists’ decision to move ahead militarily had been taken in the last week of March at a meeting of COSVN (the Central Office for South Vietnam), and by April 4th the word had been passed along at lower-level cadre meetings that the aim now was “total victory,” with the attack on Saigon to begin by mid-April. The National Security Agency, in Fort Meade, Maryland, had begun by about April 20th to receive intercepted Communist communications that fully substantiated the attack plan. These offered proof that the North Vietnamese were placing as many as thirteen divisions around the capital, that they had missiles, capable of functioning over a radius of thirty nautical miles, emplaced close enough to neutralize Bien Hoa, and probably Saigon as well, and that the big attack was about to begin.

The Communists, if they had ever been serious about giving the Saigon government time to reorganize itself, ran out of patience on April 22nd, when they stiffened their propaganda line and started cutting off the roads leading into Saigon. By April 26th, the P.R.G. was broadcasting demands that all Americans, including Ambassador Martin, leave the country, and that before going they dismantle the “puppet government and its machinery completely,” and it declared that a third force could no longer serve any useful function beyond “bringing the people over to the revolutionary side.” In effect, this spelled out clearly the point that the Communists were now interested not in a tripartite government under the terms of the Paris agreement but only in dealing directly with a new regime that was ready to surrender.

The politicians in Saigon, however, kept going through the motions. On April 26th, in the game of political volleyball with Huong, the National Assembly voted to give him the right to appoint Minh to the Presidency if he wished to do so. Early the following morning, two rockets fell on downtown Saigon, killing seven people. That evening, shortly after eight o’clock, Minh was finally approved unanimously as President, Huong having reluctantly stepped down. In his acceptance speech, in which he spoke of the need for reconciliation, Minh also ordered the Army to “keep your spirit high, your ranks intact, and your positions firm,” so as “to defend the territory that is left,” and he ordered all officials and the police “to continue fulfilling their duties and to watch vigilantly to prevent sabotage.” The Communist radio quickly let it be known that the speech was “insufficient.”

There was no longer any doubt that the die was cast. Shortly after six o’clock on the evening of April 28th, the Communists began their neatest ploy—the full details of which were later picked up in intelligence reports. They manned four captured government A-37 fighter-bombers with captured government pilots who were angry at having been abandoned by Thieu and had undoubtedly been subjected to some rapid “reëducation,” and sent the planes to Phan Rang, on the coast, where they refuelled before proceeding to Tan Son Nhut, where they bombed the headquarters of the Vietnamese Air Force. The irony of the Communists’ using American-donated planes flown by disaffected government pilots to attack the capital and the regime that the United States had so long futilely backed was not lost on the Vietnamese in Saigon. From the airport, one of the planes flew over Independence Palace—an action that created panic downtown, with soldiers firing wildly at it—and then all four planes flew northward, strafing Route 1. The incident occurred just after President Minh had been formally installed in the palace, in a typically elaborate South Vietnamese ceremony



marked by the removal of the flags and seal of the Second Republic and their replacement by Minh's personal symbol, a stylized lotus. A twenty-four-hour curfew was immediately imposed. At four o'clock the next morning, Tan Son Nhut and the principal suburbs of Saigon were bombed, shelled, and rocketed, and numerous fires broke out on the city's outskirts. Correspondents on the roof of the Caravelle Hotel watched North Vietnamese tanks and vehicles move down Route 1, their lights brazenly shining, toward the capital.

American officials, rushing to the Embassy in the dark, early-morning hours, suspected that the end had come, yet few took the precaution of packing even an overnight bag, for they believed they would at least have a chance to go to their lodgings again. The chance never came. They spent the morning burning and shredding documents, and they also burned three million dollars' worth of United States currency; seventeen million more was said to have been burned at the Defense Attaché's Office at Tan Son Nhut. There, in the early morning, two United States Marines and an unknown number of Vietnamese were killed just outside the D.A.O. compound, and several planes were destroyed. By dawn, crowds of Vietnamese were seeking to get into the Embassy; no one seemed to take much notice of the curfew, and the panic to get out of Saigon was spreading through the city. Offshore, the ships of the Seventh Fleet, most of which had been on station for five days or a week, were already on full alert, although, oddly, the helicopters from three carriers didn't get the word to start the evacuation until 12:30 P.M.—two hours after Ambassador Martin had given the order in Saigon. Channels being channels, the Navy had to get its orders from headquarters in Washington via Pacific Fleet Headquarters, in Honolulu.

As half a dozen members of the Embassy's political staff and several C.I.A. agents rushed around town to collect Vietnamese politicians and intellectuals who had been placed on a special evacuation list, other officials, both at the Embassy and at the D.A.O., gathered Vietnamese employees of the Americans, and the employees' families, and piled them on buses bound for the D.A.O. area—the main embarkation point. Though some planning had been done in the final week, this operation was largely a last-minute one, and it was amazing that so many Vietnamese were got out. Heroic work

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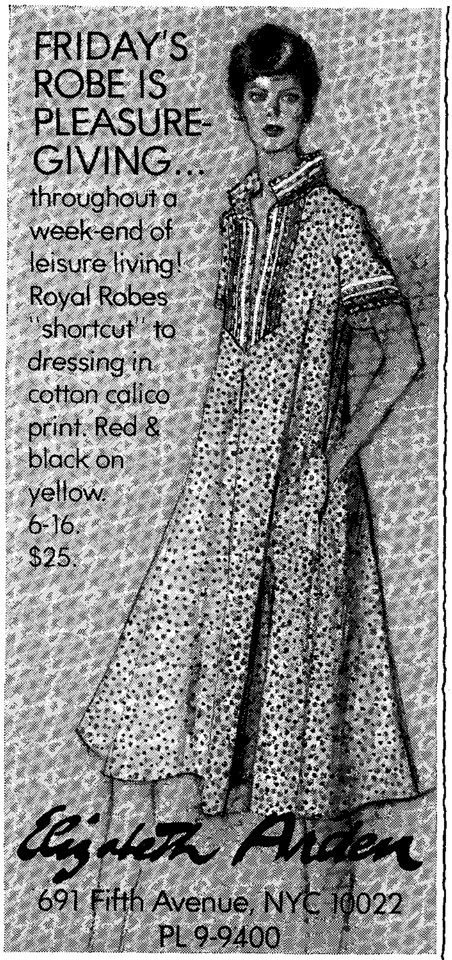

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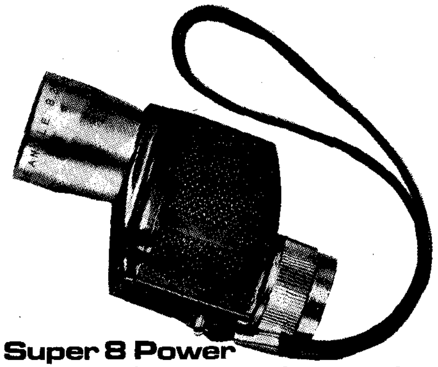

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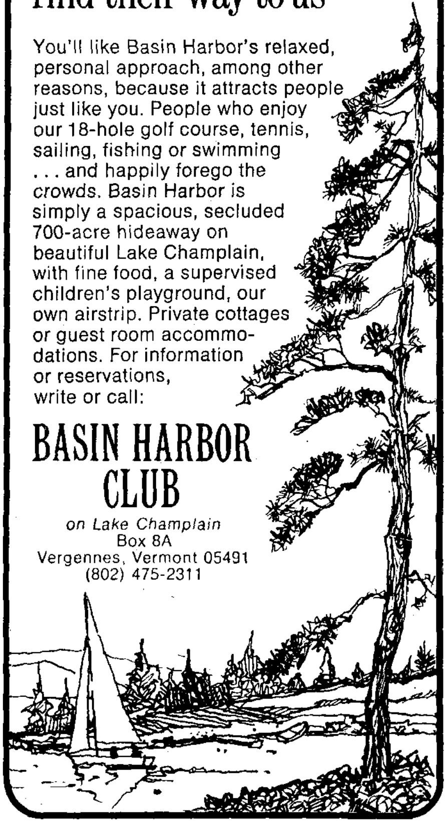
was performed by a small group of Foreign Service officers; among other things, these men managed to get six thousand Vietnamese employees aboard a barge, which went from the naval base just outside the city down the Saigon River to the China Sea. A similar operation, involving about the same large number of Vietnamese, was mounted at Can Tho, in the Delta, from which point a barge was towed down the Bassac River to the sea. Both barges, and countless smaller barges and boats, which the Vietnamese themselves launched on perilous river journeys, were subjected to rocket attacks and rifle fire, but they got through without any known casualties, carrying twenty thousand or more refugees. Vietnamese naval vessels carried thirty thousand additional refugees out, and American merchant ships in the South China Sea picked up at least fifteen thousand others—though the total evacuated comes to many more, if one includes ships that picked up refugees in Danang and elsewhere along the coast.

I LEFT my hotel shortly before eleven o'clock that morning—most of my baggage had to be abandoned—and, in the company of some three dozen other correspondents, trudged five blocks to a designated assembly point, where we boarded buses for the D.A.O. site at the airport. The bus I was on, after meandering about for an hour, luckily got past an officious Vietnamese policeman at the airport gate. The bus behind us couldn't get by, and wandered around for nearly two hours, then ended up back at the Embassy, having been mobbed en route by Vietnamese scratching and battling to get aboard. As our bus moved through the Tan Son Nhut area, small-arms fire crackled, and I saw the rotor of a crashed helicopter still turning crazily; I found out later that the craft had been overloaded. Just as we climbed out and dashed into the D.A.O. building—familiarly known to us correspondents through the years as Pentagon East—a rocket dropped about a hundred and fifty yards away. After an hour's wait in the D.A.O. corridor, which was full of Vietnamese employees of the military, we rushed for a CH-53 helicopter—a Sea Stallion—moments after some Marines who had been put ashore to safeguard the evacuation poured off. We lifted immediately from the pad—a tennis-court area—and more or less held our breath for twenty minutes, for fear we might be hit by one of the deadly Russian-made heat-seeking missiles called Strellas.



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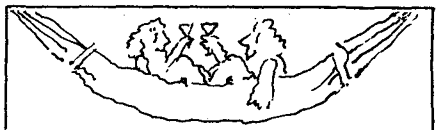

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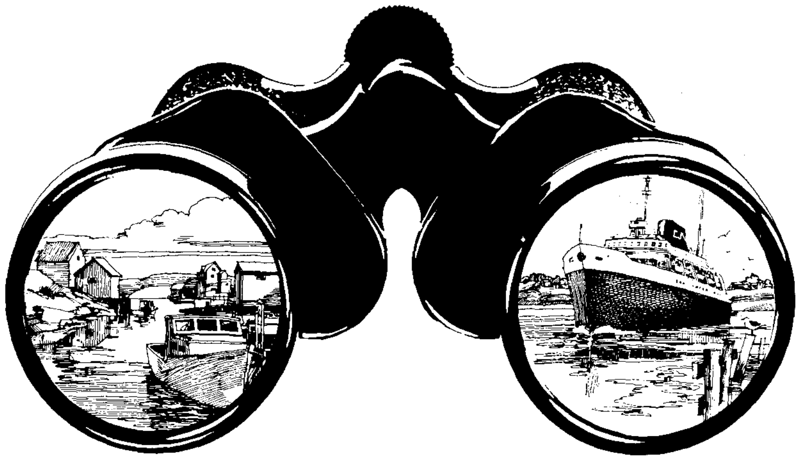
Shortly after four o'clock that afternoon, we set down safely aboard the helicopter carrier Okinawa, and half an hour later a huge load of Vietnamese arrived. Old men and women hobbled off, their canes slipping over the deck, and then came a score or more of children and infants, who were completely bewildered as young Marines carried them off to prevent their being swept overboard by the wash of rotors and exhausts. The youngest was only eight hours old, and during the subsequent voyage to the Philippines eight babies were born aboard various ships of the Seventh Fleet.

The stunningly efficient helicopter operation lasted all that night, and a final load of eleven Marines from the Embassy set down on one of the carriers at 7:46 A.M. on April 30th. It had been the largest helicopter lift in the history of aviation, and both the Navy and the Marines deserved the high praise they received. Throughout the night, we watched the helicopters arrive, refuel, and go for more loads. Before dark on the twenty-ninth, and the next morning, thirty or forty Vietnamese helicopters and some belonging to Air America, the C.I.A.-financed airline, dropped onto the decks of the flotilla, spilled their human cargoes, and, because there was no room for them aboard, were then shoved overboard or ditched in the sea. Veteran television crewmen could not believe what they were seeing and filming. Only one helicopter, a Ch-46 Sea Knight, manned by Marines, was lost, and the pilot and co-pilot were drowned.

I spent four nights aboard the Okinawa and one night—the second of the voyage—aboard the Blue Ridge, the main communications ship, to which most of the high-ranking American officials, including Ambassador Martin, had been taken, along with nine general officers of the Vietnamese Army and Air Force, among them Air Vice-Marshal Ky, who had spent a final afternoon and night directing Vietnamese fighter-bombers over the Tan Son Nhut area. The Americans, many of whom had been my friends for several years, were a chagrined lot. Wandering about in the only shirts and trousers they had, they remarked repeatedly, in one form or another, "We're just part of the unemployed now," and indulged in a variety of post mortems. For once, few excuses were offered, and they talked freely about the events of the recent days and weeks. They wandered like lost sheep in and out of the pressroom aboard the



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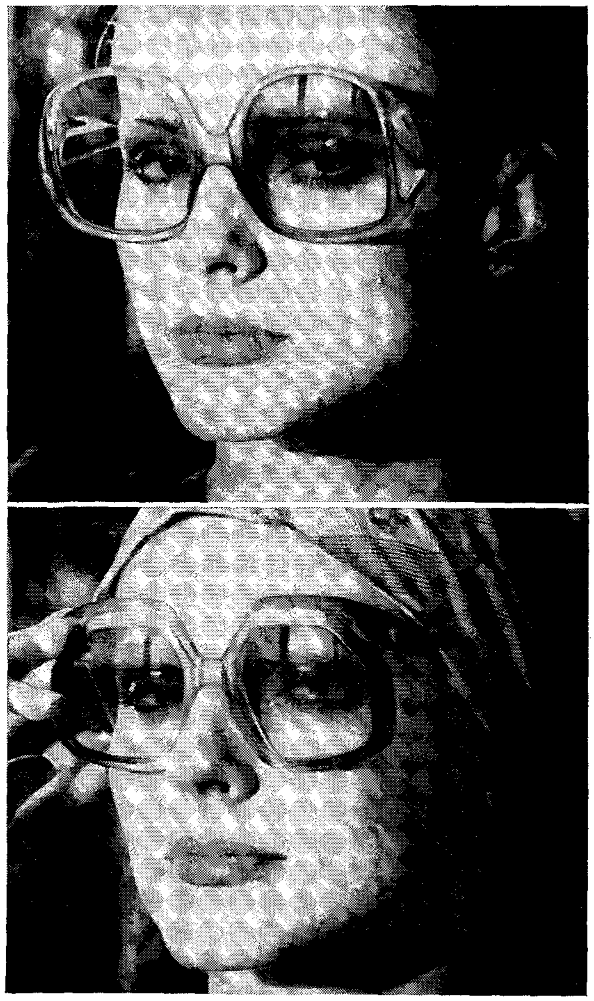

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Blue Ridge, where they could read the latest wire-service news from Saigon. Seven members of the Associated Press and United Press International had stayed behind—not all of them voluntarily—and they were allowed to send dispatches for one day before the North Vietnamese shut down communications. These were reopened a week later, but in the interval the only news out of Saigon came over the P.R.G.'s Liberation Radio. From that source we heard that the Communist forces had taken Saigon in orderly fashion at 12:15 P.M. on April 30th, though tanks and troops had entered the city at 10 A.M., and had accepted Minh's surrender shortly thereafter. April 30th was officially declared Liberation Day, and Vietnam was proclaimed finally "free." We also heard that there was "a popular uprising all over the country" and that "the world was already raising its voice in praise." What we didn't hear, but found out later, again through intelligence sources, was that if the Americans hadn't left when they did and the South Vietnamese hadn't prepared themselves to welcome their conquerors, Independence Palace would have been attacked with two hundred rounds of 130-mm. shells—the heaviest artillery weapon the North Vietnamese had.

The post mortems continued in the Philippines, after we arrived there, and in Hong Kong, to which many Americans quickly flew, as I did, and these reappraisals are bound to go on for years. The United States may at last have ended the tragic Vietnam chapter, but the debates over what went wrong, who bears the blame, and what might have been will be waged indefinitely, and to stir our consciences we will have the refugees to deal with, graciously or impatiently: they will be here to haunt us as all that we managed to salvage from the bitter experience of our longest and most disastrous war. Perhaps in a shorter time than it took us to come to terms with Communist China, we may make our adjustment to a new Vietnam and, whether out of guilt or for more sensible reasons, may establish a fresh relationship with the Communist Vietnamese and help in the rebuilding of the nation we devastated. If that does not take place, those of us who may someday be allowed to return to Vietnam to see how "the enemy," or "the other side," has coped with what neither we nor the South Vietnamese were ever able to deal with satisfactorily will discover that we are the other side, the enemy.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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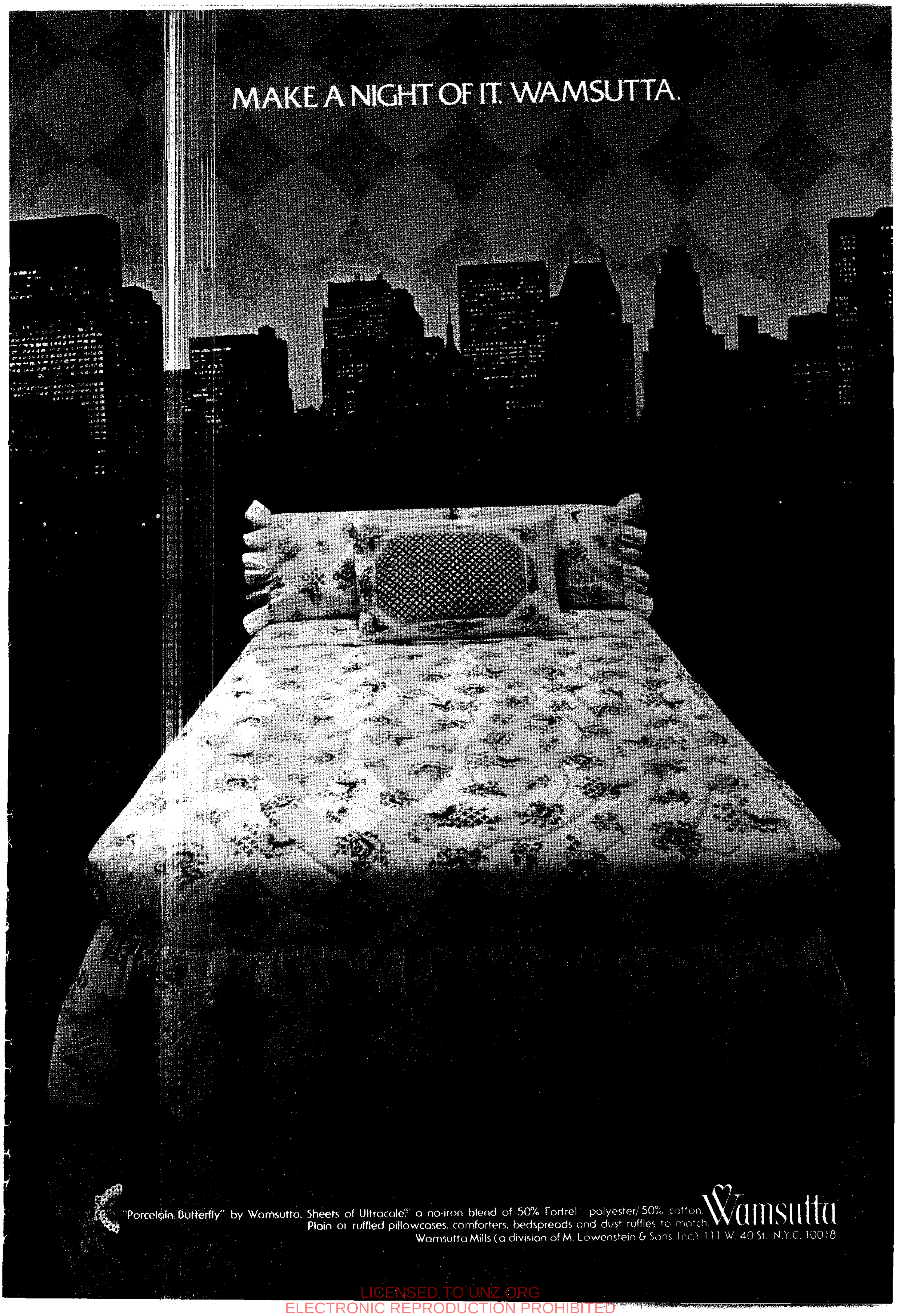
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DANCING

American Space

THE New York City Ballet has brought its "Ivesiana" back to the stage of the State Theatre, a year late for the Ives centennial but in plenty of time for the Bicentennial. The piece is one of those on an American subject in which Balanchine becomes completely an American choreographer—not the Stravinsky Balanchine, or the Balanchine of "Western Symphony" or "Stars and Stripes," who expresses America from a European point of view, but a Balanchine who sees us at the same distance from which we see ourselves. "Ivesiana" is about that American distance, that equalizing yet comfortless space which separates Americans from Americans under the neutral American sky. It is about the lack of perimeters, and journeys pressing onward despite that lack. It is about situations, not destinations, and in it the stage is a box with no sides. Dancers come and go and disappear and seem to fall off the edges into eternity. Each section of the dance gives us a concise picture of what might be happening in the real world, but the pictures, evocative as they are, are not fashioned after anthropological home truths. They are images of pure drama, disconcerting and melancholy, unlike any we have seen before, and "Ivesiana" is like no other ballet in the repertory.

Balanchine made it in 1954 as a homage to Charles Ives in the year of his death. The choreography reflects the music not in patterned dance sequences but in a kind of epic pantomime suspended in time. All but one of the ballet's four sections have this floating quality. The exception is "In the Inn," which comes the closest to an actual dance. "Central Park in the Dark" and "The Unanswered Question" move very slowly, at about the same speed. The finale, "In the Night," moves only a little faster. And all but "In the Inn" are placed far away in space, looming from odd corners or levels of the blackened stage, deep within their cave of orchestral sonorities. Yet dramatically the piece as a whole persistently throws you off course. When it's over, its shape is still unsettled; it goes on spreading its queer dissonances in your mind. This is wonderful, of course, but "Ivesiana," which has never been a popular piece, ought to grip its audiences more than it does. In the form it has kept since its revival in the sixties (four sections out of an original six) it is too short—and too short on contrast—to do the damage it was meant to do. "In the Inn," a casual encounter between a boy and a girl who compete to the piled-up, off-center rhythms of many raggedy dances, is so different in mood from the other numbers that it practically throws you out of the ballet. Next comes the end, in which numbers of people walk in different directions all over the stage on their knees—nothing but that for a few minutes until the curtain falls. The particular insanity that the ballet mirrors is consistent. The crazy jazz couple who break off their involved game with a handshake and a farewell merge with the night stream of aimless yet obsessed wanderers who populate the ballet, but that point takes a while to sink in. At first sight, "In the Inn" seems to be a break in style.

The only other direct encounter in the ballet, a violently sexual one, occurs in "Central Park in the Dark." In a forest of bending and swaying forms, a girl cannot find her way. She touches a man's chest and crumples; he catches her up bodily in a lift and releases her in a groping descent; then they lose each other. There is a panic, a tumble, a suggestion of rape, and she is again lost and sightless as the forest shrinks back to the spongy cluster it was at the beginning. In another circle of Hell, another cluster emerges out of the dark—the totemic cortege of "The Unanswered Question." In this amazing, slow-motion adagio, a girl enters standing upright on the shoulders of four men, who then manipulate her body in a series of passes through space, high overhead or around their waists like a belt or low over the floor on which the questioner stretches himself, hoping for a moment's contact. It never comes—or, rather, she does come once into his arms, feet first, clenched up tight as a ball. With this, his erotic torment is complete. Soon, before the ritual can restate itself many more times, it is disappearing, moving off into the dark.

In Elise Flagg's performance I missed the security that would have enabled her to execute one of the more peacefully startling of the scene's incidents—the slow passé into attitude back, accompanied by formal port de bras, which is performed by the priestess atop her human pyramid. Deni Lamont as the questioner and Sara Leland and Francisco Moncion as the "Central Park" pair repeated the good performances they used to give years ago. Suzanne Farrell appeared in "In the Inn," her hair parted gothically and braided in pigtails, and gave a lighthearted, mischievous performance quite different from years ago. Victor Castelli paralleled her in stealth and wit as well as in some frisky high jumps. The costumes, which have never been credited and have always been effective, are practice clothes in a selection of pungent, subdued colors. Only Moncion's shirt, which looked like something a Technicolor pirate might wear, was wrong. The lighting has never recaptured the atmosphere that Jean Rosenthal once gave it, but it has been better than it is now—especially in "In the Inn," where a harsh, dirty-white light is used instead of the gold of New England on a hot summer afternoon.

HAVING seen the Bolshoi's present production of "Swan Lake" five years ago in Rome, and having since then seen several "Swan Lake"s that destroy themselves by trying to make Siegfried into the most important figure in the ballet, I am less appalled than I might have been by what the Bolshoi is now showing New York for the first time—a "Swan Lake" in which Siegfried's role is expanded by having him dance almost constantly, to music that was written for mime or ensemble or scenic effects, and by having him dance some of these passages as a double solo with Von Rothbart, suggesting that it is Siegfried, and not Odette, who has fallen under the spell of the sorcerer. Exam question: Whistle Siegfried's Theme from "Swan Lake;" demonstrate its chief movement motif. The Bolshoi production is further disfigured by the wholesale deletion of the old mime scenes, along with their plot connections, so that the hero no longer goes to the lake to hunt swans; he's dragged there, instead, by some mysterious power to see a ballet, all of it stage-managed by the Evil Magician. Siegfried becomes a bigger goof than he is in the standard version.

The best parts of the old Bolshoi "Swan Lake" were Acts I and III. This new production, with its "abstract" monochrome setting and undifferentiated non-stop dancing, sacrifices the electric social stir of Act I, which dancers seated or standing on the sidelines used to create anew, seemingly, at every performance. It was no small achievement, and it projected for miles, even in places like Madison Square Garden. In Act III, the Bolshoi was unrivalled at the national dances;

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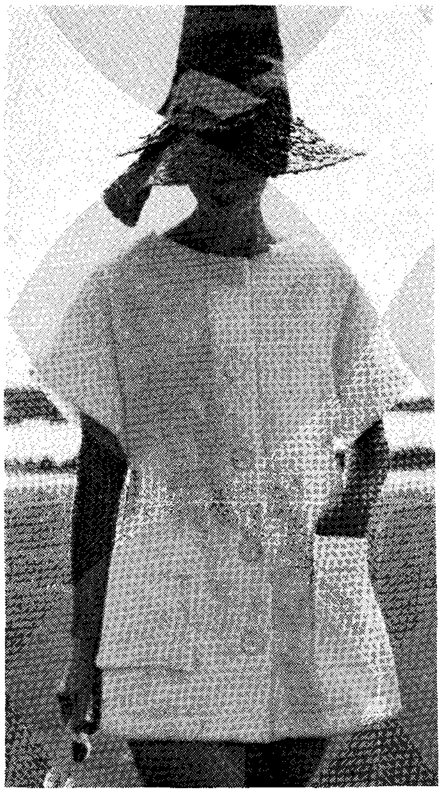

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possibly it no longer is. But the suite of point dances for the fiancées which it substitutes has no force either as characterization or as diversion. (Most of it is done to the national-dance music—a miscarriage of Tchaikovsky's intentions.)

The "Giselle" is a downer, too, longer and slower than ever, but at least it isn't marred by witless novelty. Bolshoi swans resemble cranes. The whole lot of them lift and drive their legs, work their arms through the shoulder, and bend back the air they move through as if it were jelly. It's the massive treatment, and in the white acts every step is placed and stressed for maximum impact. Dull but honest work. In "Giselle," the Bolshoi tries to deëmphasize its hardness of contour, but the production is at its best when its punches aren't pulled, as in the Wilis' sequence of death-dealing dances which begins with Hilarion's second entrance. Elsewhere, the hallmark of the production is vitality filtered through the gauze of Romanticism. The whole company applies itself to the goal of maximum expression within a shortened dynamic range. Instead of hard lights and darks, we get a soft-focus composition in a palette of grays. The gradations in a performance by Natalia Bessmertnova are nearly infinite, but because they all occur within a limited compass it is as easy to feel throttled by the effect as to admire the restricted virtuosity it takes to get it. Russian nostalgia observes the Romantic ballet of the eighteen-thirties and forties at a ceremonial distance and makes a special icon of "Giselle," finding it, as Carl Van Vechten wrote of the music, "full of the sad, gray splendor of the time of Louis Philippe." But by Pavlova's time, which was when Van Vechten wrote, the choreographic design of the 1841 "Giselle" had been much modified, and Adam's light scaffolding was being used to support the more fully buttressed architecture of Petipa's revisions of the eighties and nineties. "Giselle" as we know it today is as much a product of Russian late-nineteenth-century classicism as it is of the Parisian classicism that flowered a half century before. It is, if anything, more fin-de-siècle purple than it is mal-de-siècle gray. The Russians, though, seem to cherish what is exotic in "Giselle's" tradition more than what is native; they adore that French perfume. Their own essence is dilute.

I have seen more flavorfully "Russian" performances of "Giselle" by

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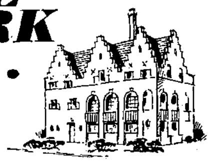

American and British companies. When Ulanova was dancing it, the Bolshoi's production had an immense influence in the West. Now it seems keyed to Bessmertnova's performance—solid in substance but muted in impact, and also much more "pure-dance" in principle. The mime saga of the first act and the dramatic line of the dances in the second act weren't very interesting until Nina Timofeyeva got hold of them. Timofeyeva remembers. She's an "older" dancer, all too evidently, but she's a livelier one, too—not narcotized; she danced full-scale, and made the story points in both acts earnestly clear. When she rushed to Myrtha with an offering of lilies, one recognized the same brave child who had confronted Bathilde in Act I. And Maris Liepa, her Albrecht, reinforced her at every moment. These weren't inspired performances; they were strong, simple, well-routined ones—but what a routine, and what a world of ardent professionalism it implies.

Behind Timofeyeva, for some reason, was the highly talented Ludmila Semenyaka dancing as one of the Wili lieutenants. Semenyaka had earlier danced Giselle with much more confidence and projection than when we first saw her, two years ago, and she's now bone-thin, which heightens the effect of her long, plastically elegant frame and pulled-out limbs, so oddly raylike in their light transparency and force. Semenyaka, alone of the Bolshoi ballerinas, always stretches and points her feet; her high, small head opposes her shoulder on a neck that arches like a violin's; she has severity and blazing pride. But she was overshadowed by Vladimir Vasiliev, who seemed to have heart and style enough for twelve Giselles. This is the man on whom the new Bolshoi male-dominated ballets seem to have been modelled. He's a boomer, all right, but, as the "Giselle" showed, he can be subtle, too, and he lavished on it every nuance, every inflection in his vocabulary. Mikhail Lavrovsky, the Siegfried in "Swan Lake" and the Albrecht to Bessmertnova's Giselle, is, like her, an exponent of pure dance and a good example of the Bolshoi school, but I find him colorless. Colorless in a pretty, sugar-tipped way was Lavrovsky's Odette, Tatiana Golikova. Some of the most exciting dancing of the season has come from Vyacheslav Gordeyev, that paragon of classical refinement. But to speak of Gordeyev is to enter a region of fertile grace which he alone inhabits. I hope to have the pleasure soon.

—Arlene Croce

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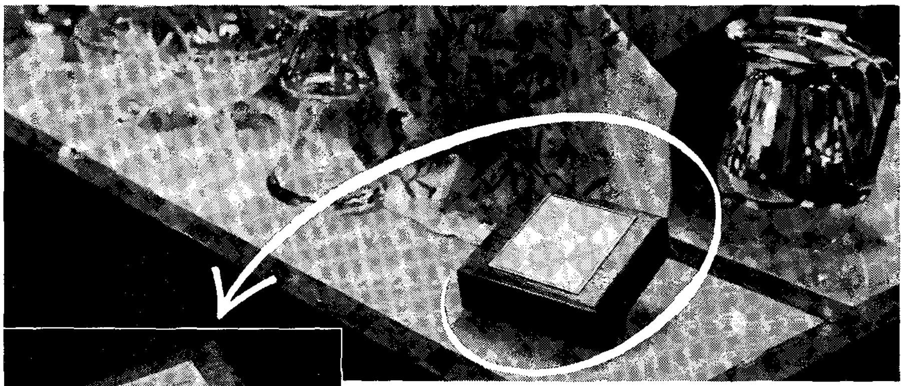

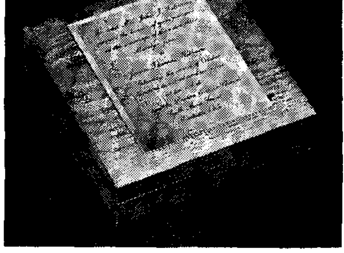

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BOOKS

Trial and Error

WILLIAM SAFIRE's "Before the Fall: An Inside View of the Pre-Watergate White House" (Doubleday) is a book at once absorbing and atrocious. It is by far the most interesting of the "inside" memoirs yet published by anyone associated with the Presidency of Richard M. Nixon. Safire, a ghostwriter for the ex-President, was not implicated in any of the scandals, and, in fact, he made his departure before the worst of them became public knowledge. But he was close to most of the people who were involved, and he writes of them with reasonable detachment and often with considerable insight. At the same time, his grip on the mother tongue is anything but secure. Though he is described on the jacket as being, among other things, a "lexicographer," he commits just about every gaffe imaginable—for example, using "like" as a conjunction and "because" as a "reason." His training as a P.R. man shows in his language. People write "punchy" prose and make "gutsy" decisions. He talks of "authoring" this book. He writes of someone's being "Nixonized," which is apparently like having a car Simonized. He can't manage a metaphor. He tries an extended one that pictures Nixon as a "layer cake" in which one layer "identifies" with certain people.

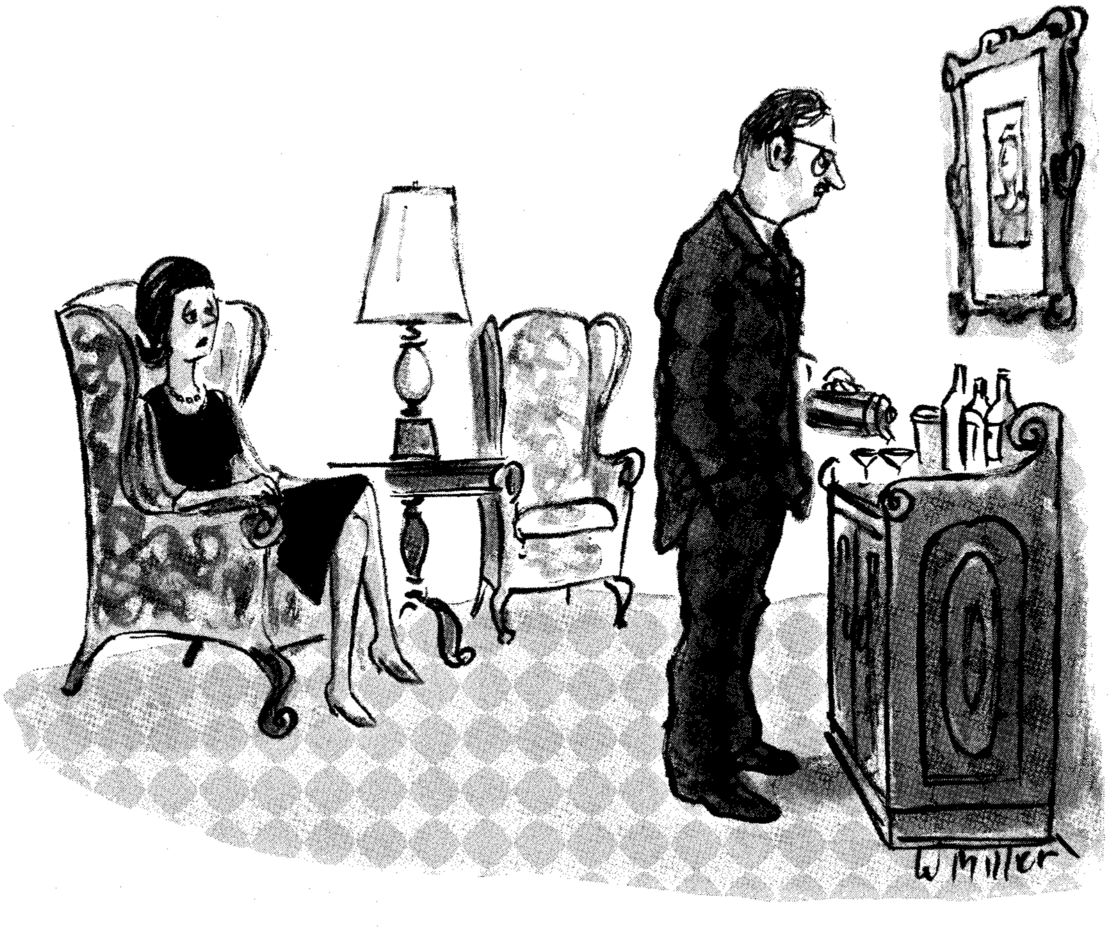
But enough of that. The book is interesting for what it tells of Safire as well as for what it tells of his associates of a few years back. Though he has developed certain reservations about Nixon, he still admires the ex-President. He compares him with Woodrow Wilson and "Teddy" Roosevelt. (Safire uses diminutives as if they were obligatory.) To be fair, he also compares him with Machiavelli and "Shakespeare's Cassius," which wouldn't be bad if Nixon had a mind as great as Machiavelli's or was more than a bush-league Cassius. Safire writes of his benefactor as "magnificent in defeat." He quotes Nixon as saying, "Politics is poetry, not prose." Hugely admiring of this vacuous assertion, Safire follows it with "An unexpected man. A presence." To him, as to other loyalists, Nixon is still "the President." Safire reproduces a longhand memorandum that Nixon apparently wrote for himself: "gvt doesn't work," "gvt" meaning "government." A curious notion for a President of the United States. Nothing seems to follow from it—not even the proposition that tyranny might be necessary, since tyranny is also government. Can Nixon now be an anarchist?

A more than adequate sample of the working of Safire's mind is this passage on Henry Kissinger:

> The mind of Henry the K had comprehensive ability almost equal to Richard Nixon's—that is, it could range the entire horizon, from the creation of grand geopolitical concepts to the manipulation of minute bargaining levers, and then go vertically [here the reader gets vertigo] with the same breathtaking sweep, from niggling little bureaucratic intrigues and tricks to a profound concern for "moral authority," stopping along the way at the pessimistic realism of Oswald Spengler (the author of The Decline of the West, a book written in World War I that Kissinger urged Nixon to read).

Kissinger may not stand in the front rank of American intellectuals, but to rate him a step below Nixon is preposterous. Incidentally, Spengler did not complete his best-known book until three or four years after the First World War.

"Henry the K" is typical of Safire's efforts at humor. One more example will suffice. Kissinger asked Safire if he thought that a speech of Nixon's was "jingoistic." "Not a bit, by jingo," Safire replied. This is sophomoric—high-school sophomoric. The chapter on Kissinger is about the most rewarding in the book; it is neither fawning nor altogether silly. Safire does not like Kissinger, and for reasons far from petty. For one thing, Kissinger authorized wiretaps on the home telephones of, among others, Safire. When the truth came out, Kissinger waffled and lied. He claimed not to have been aware of some of the taps and pleaded that in any case he had been led to believe that the taps were legal—as if that were a justification. The best explanation Safire could get came from

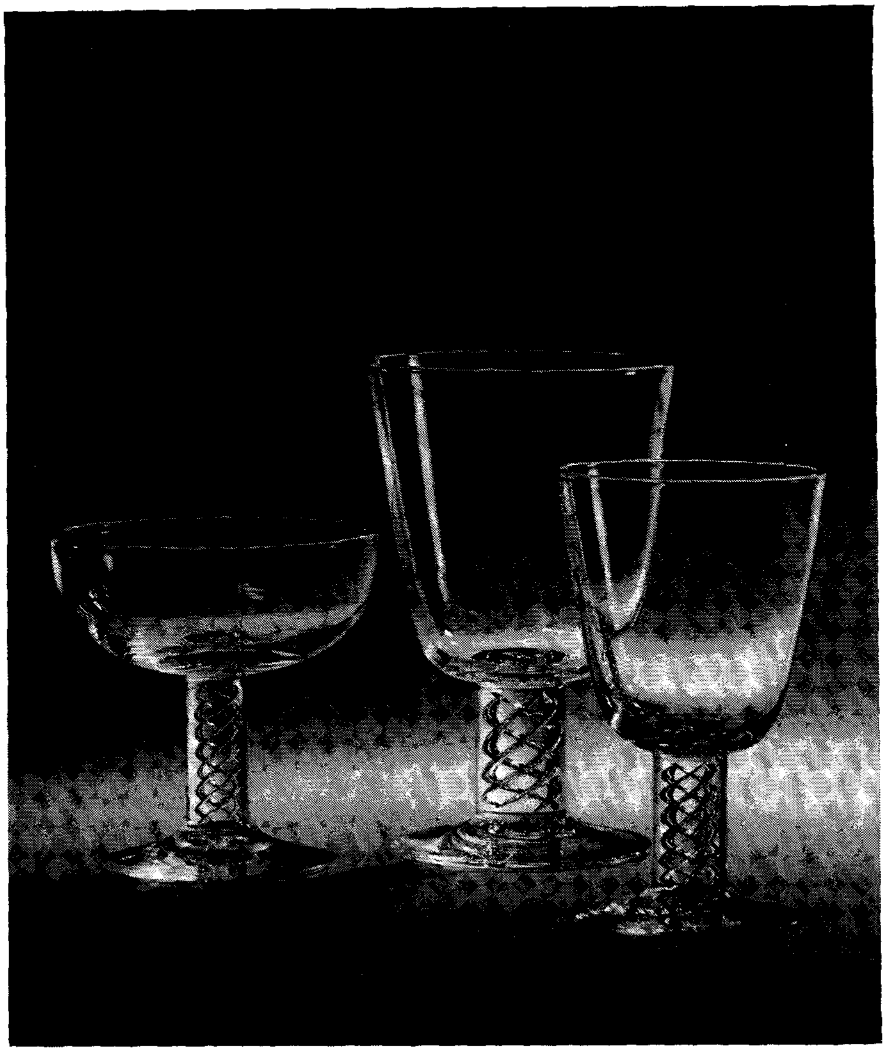


"What's become of your unkempt charm, dear? Lately you've been looking just plain sloppy."

"a convicted former Assistant to the President [who] told me: 'Your wife was British, Henry Brandon [Washington correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*, whose home telephone was also tapped] was British, Henry and Al [Colonel Alexander Haig, Kissinger's deputy] learned the two of you were talking, so you were tapped.' " Did the Nixon Administration regard the British as subversive? To his credit, Safire also faults Kissinger for taking a stand against germ warfare on strategic rather than humanitarian grounds. Safire says that what Kissinger had done was to "finesse the Joint Chiefs' position, reason them out of it in terms of military effectiveness rather than expostulate with them about unfair methods of fighting and the horrors of war." Kissinger's place in history will not be enhanced by what Safire has to say.

Part of Safire's remarks about Kissinger appeared first in a recent issue of *Harper's*. In a letter in a later issue, the Secretary of State describes Safire's contribution as a "fairy tale." He claims that Safire attributes to him a statement that had been included in a draft of an announcement but had never been released. Kissinger has also taken issue with Safire on the matter of releasing classified documents, but he has not brought up the matter of the wiretapping affair or of his attitude toward germ warfare. So it can be assumed that he concedes that Safire was right about these two incidents, which occupy much of the space he devotes to Kissinger. Thus, that portion of the book is at most only half a "fairy tale."

A chapter on "Jack" Kennedy is also interesting. Safire confirms the widely held suspicion that the predecessor Nixon most wanted to resemble was the man who defeated him in 1960. Nixon's respect for Kennedy had—may still have—two sides. He would not, by the late sixties, attack the fallen President. At the same time, he deleted from a White House press release a passage describing an appearance in London at which "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was played. "That's a Kennedy song," he said, having in mind, Safire writes, the use of it at Robert Kennedy's funeral. But how can this song be partisan, at least north of the Mason-Dixon Line? When Edward Kennedy found himself in some difficulty after the 1969 tragedy at Chappaquiddick, Nixon comforted him and wrote a note, evidently to himself, which read as follows: "Defeat—doesn't finish a man—quit—does—A man is not fin-



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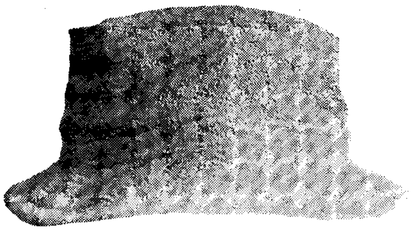

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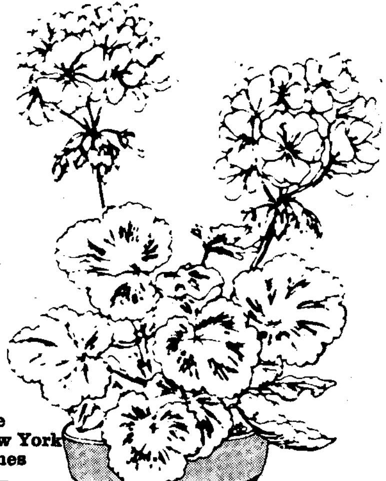

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ished when he's defeated. He's finished when he quits." The punctuation of this peculiar document is the author's. It is characteristic of Safire's veneration that it is set in his book as verse.

Sentimentality is hardly a virtue, but it is more appealing than the callousness so frequently on display in Washington before Nixon's resignation. Safire has sentimentality in abundance, and perhaps that is the quality of Nixon's note. Mixed with the envy of the Kennedys was a touch of generosity—a trait that, one gathers, is not to be found in most of his lieutenants. A more considerable virtue is the candor Nixon has frequently shown, at least in self-appraisal. This was one of his most striking characteristics before he took up residency in the White House. Journalists and politicians who heard him describe his own prospects were struck by the frankness of his approach. As a reporter, Safire is not altogether trustworthy, but this exchange rings true:

> NIXON: You think of Truman—a fighter. Eisenhower—a good man. Kennedy—charisma. Johnson—work. Me—what?
> SAFIRE: Competence. Sorry about that.

Nixon "smiled ruefully, having made his point and not liking the point [I] had made," and then said, "Hell, if all we do is manage things ten per cent better, we'll never be remembered for anything. Republicans are supposed to manage things better, after Democrats break new ground—that's the old cliché. We have bigger things to do." He had bigger things to do, and worse things. He did his worst.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FAR TORTUGA, by Peter Matthiessen (Random House). Centuries of greed have depleted the Caribbean Sea of its once abundant supply of green turtles, and when the men of the Lillias Eden depart from Grand Cayman in search of this elusive catch they have little more than their own wretched poverty to urge them on. The ship is a ramshackle schooner converted to diesel power, the captain is a hard-driving throwback to sailing days, and the crew is a mélange that includes some of the lowest Caribbean riffraff. With gusto, Mr. Matthiessen draws us into the comical rude dialect of the turtlers, and, in the exquisite prose one has come to expect from his nature writing, sketches the ravaged but still awesome Caribbean. Portents

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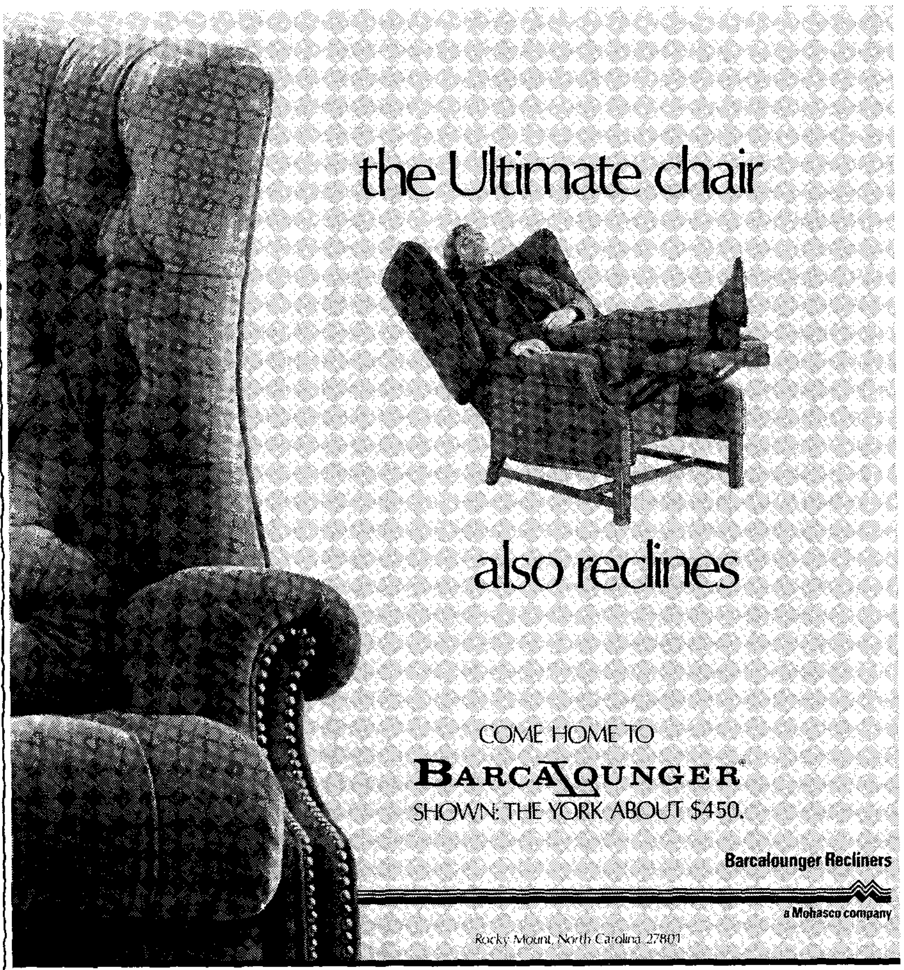
appear: disrupting winds, unlucky currents, a trailing sharklike shape, a disappointing haul. The book skillfully grows in resonance, and we begin to relish the familiar echoes: the storm at sea, the captain's rages, the dumbstruck sailor lashed to the mast. We enjoy the clever way—with words grouped in blocks and squiggles of unconnected type—in which Mr. Matthiessen brings his tale to stark, insistent life. In the end, the exact significance of the book has to be surmised. Is it a parable of nature's vengeance? A postscript to pirates' crimes? A lesson on searching and illusion? In any case, it is a superb feat of storytelling.

THE LOST HONOR OF KATHARINA BLUM, by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill). An angry, cuttingly matter-of-fact, deeply humane novel about a young German woman whose life is ruined (along with her friends' lives) when she falls in love with a young Army deserter who is under police surveillance. She is cruelly exploited by a local big-city tabloid, and before the paper is done with her, she is made out to be a slut, a Communist, and a dangerous femme fatale—the sort of woman who would commit any outrageous act for her "false ideas about Socialism." In fact, Katharina Blum is a simple, hardworking, apolitical young woman of such reserve and rigid sexual probity that the gossip, obscene phone calls, and general opprobrium that follow the newspaper stories completely unnerve her, and she ends up by murdering the journalist who has been libelling her. Mr. Böll tells the reader about the murder at the start and then proceeds backward to its cause. In that way, and in the author's close scrutiny of the smallest corners of Katharina's life, the book is very like Simenon's psychological studies. The people and the institutions in the story are uniquely and unmistakably German, however, and it is Mr. Böll's intimate understanding of them that makes this book so worthwhile.

GENERAL

ALEXANDER DOLGUN'S STORY: AN AMERICAN IN THE GULAG, by Alexander Dolgun with Patrick Watson (Knopf). The author is frequently mentioned in Alexander Solzhenitsyn's "The Gulag Archipelago," for the two men met in Moscow and exchanged recollections



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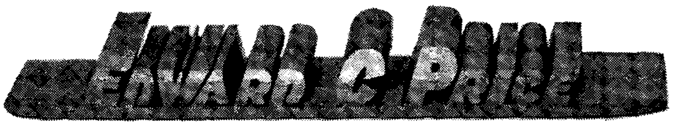

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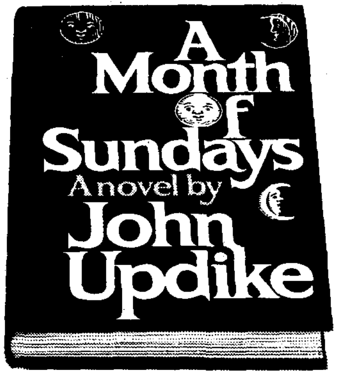

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after both had been released from slave-labor camps. Mr. Dolgun was born in New York. During the Depression, his father, an engineer, accepted a contract to work in a Soviet automobile plant; six years later, when the Second World War was approaching, the Russians refused to let the Dolguns leave and drafted the father into the Red Army. After the war, the son got a job at the American Embassy, and one day in 1948 was plucked off the street and taken to prison. He was supposed to be a spy. Mr. Dolgun, both ignorant and innocent, lived through abominable tortures and was sent to a slave camp. He was freed in the general amnesty of 1956. Everything he has to tell is interesting and, mostly, appalling. One learns, for example, that the shoddiness of some Russian goods, about which Russians constantly grumble, is the result of their having been made by sick, starving prisoners. Most interesting, though, is Mr. Dolgun's own nature. What resources saw him through? At the start, his most striking quality was sheer cockiness. His strengths for the long pull were intellectual curiosity and friendliness.

THE NOVEL, by Richard Freedman (Newsweek Books). An unnecessary but irresistibly attractive book that traces, in words and pictures, and in the most humdrum way imaginable, the development of the novel from Samuel Richardson's "Pamela" (1740) to the present. Though only freshman-English students stand to profit much from the dry-as-dust text, bookworms of every persuasion will love the extraordinarily beautiful portraits, photographs, and engravings of everybody from Tobias Smollett to Gabriel García Márquez and the charming illustrations of everything from Balzac's smudged, ink-stained, rewritten galley proofs to Proust's notebooks for "Remembrance of Things Past." One hundred and sixty illustrations, more than a third of them in color.

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Mr. and Mrs. Carl B. Early of 1410 Virginia St., will be honored Wednesday with an open reception marking their golden wedding anniversary.... Residing in West Virginia since their marriage, he is a retired blanket and she is the former Susie Mason Easley of Bluefield. —*Charleston (W. Va.) Sunday Gazette-Mail.*

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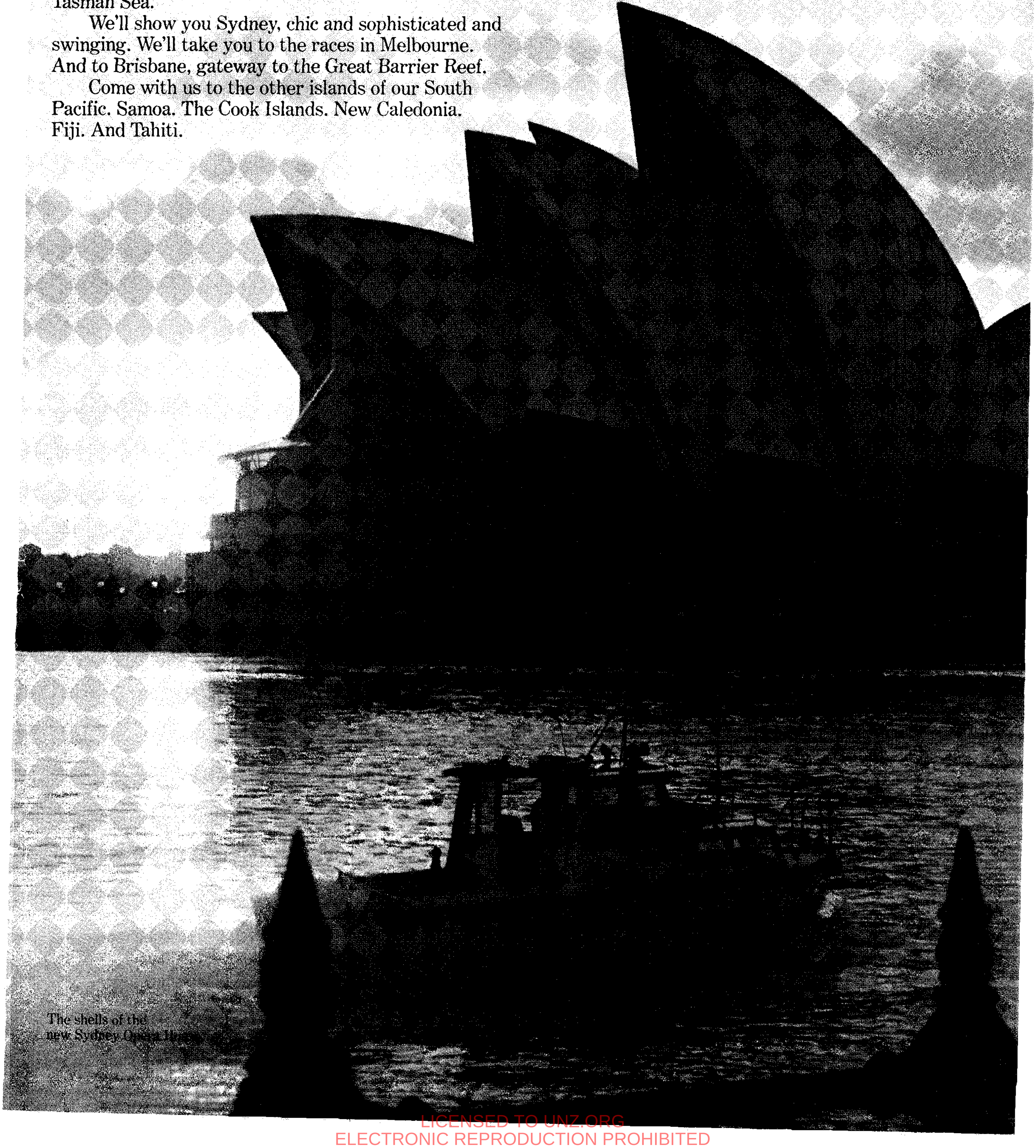

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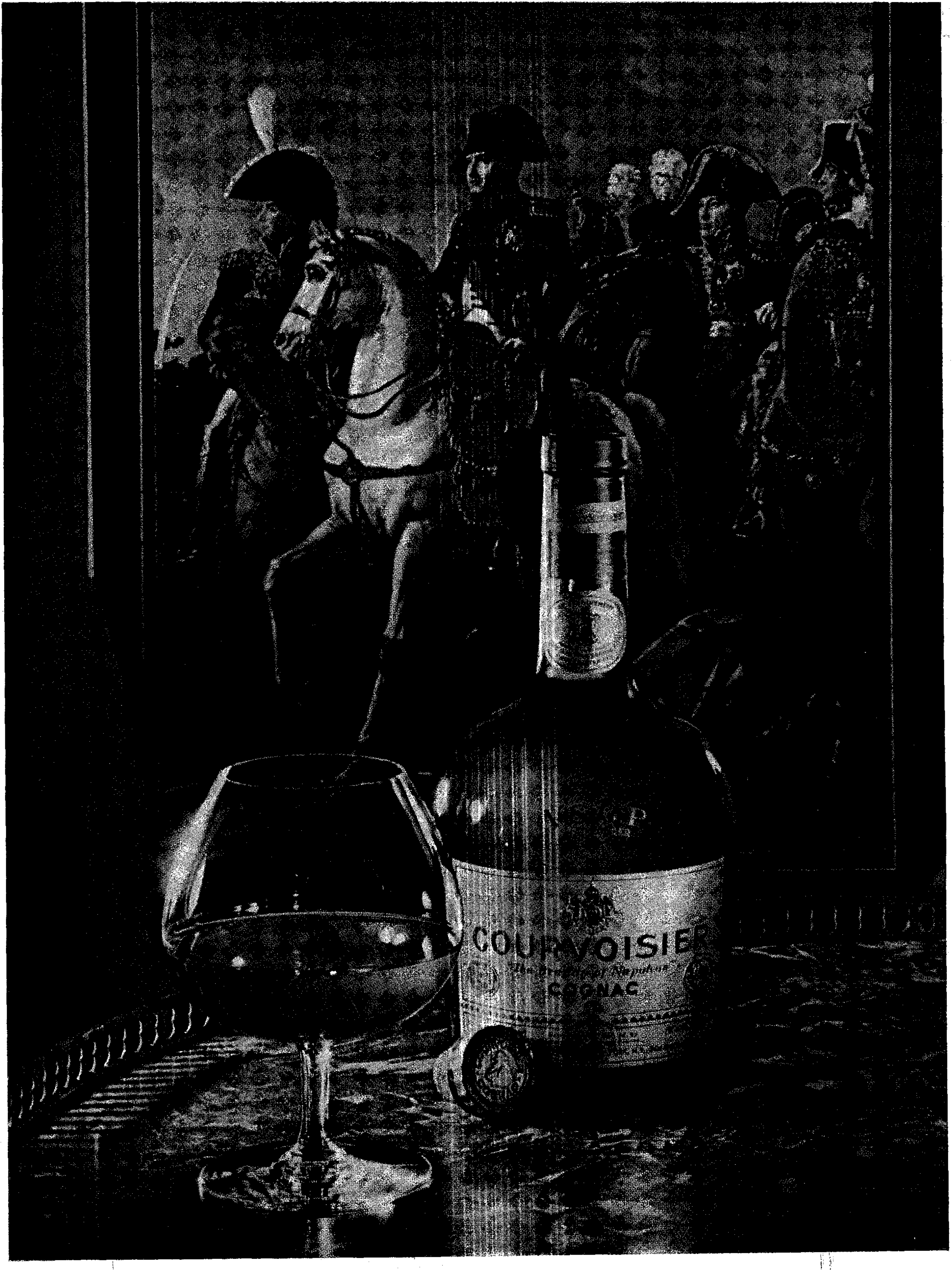
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